AND STEAMBOATS.

& Navigation Co.

East leaves Ash street
3 00 P. M. Arrives
East at 10 30 A. M.

Sleeping Cars
Paul, Council Bluffs and
Dayton.

AND SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.
night, Leaving Spear st. wharf at
at 10 A. M. as follows
July 4 Columbia, Friday July
8 State, Tuesday
13 Columbia, Sunday
18 State, Wedn'y
20 Oregon, Sunday
24 Columbia, Thurs
28 State Monday
Aug. 1 Oregon, Friday
ved on morning of sailing except
and those not after 9 A. M.
ves the right to change steamer

ASTORIA, CLATSOP
AND ILWACO.
ET DOCK, PORTLAND, DAILY
except Sunday)
Monday Wednesday and Fri-
day, Thursday and Saturday
A. M. Tuesdays and Thursdays,
Astoria at 12 noon, Wednes-
and 7 P. M. Sundays.
6 A.M. Tuesday Thursdays and
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fri
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PACIFIC DIVISION,
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The Sunday Oregonian.

THE UNION

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CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

Beautiful Surroundings of one of the Most Famous American Resorts

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Organization—Its Object and Beneficent Results—A School of 60 000 Students.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian

There are ideas scattered all over this land. It is safe to say that the brain of every man since Adam has held at least one But ideas vary. Some are as evanescent as dew. Others, like a variety of the mushroom, rise with the night and die with the day. Still others, like the quivering aspen, thrive well beside shady walls, but when transplanted to hill tops they perish. A few, however, are like the oak. They grow slowly, but they grow. The more exposed their position, the stronger their foot-hold. Wind and storm and hurricane make them sink their roots only deeper in the soil until at last they become so mighty in their struggles as to be almost proof against dis-placement. A number of years ago an idea presented itself to Dr J H Vincent—not but what other ideas had presented themselves before, but to this one particular reference is made. He took a fancy to the plant and nourished it. It grew. He showed it to his friends. They were enraptured with it. Mr Lewis Miller of Ohio suggested that it be trans-planted. The suggestion was approved. One bright day in 1878 Dr Vincent and his friends journeyed to the extreme southwestern part of the great state of New York, and on the shore of a lovely lake humbly knelt and planted their faithful germ. To-day the "Chautauqua idea" is known in every state and territory of the Union.

There are few more picturesque lakes than Chautauqua. It can be reached in five miles from the southern boundary of New York, eight [illegible] miles from the western boundary and five miles from the southern shore of lake Erie. The general direction of the lake is northwest and southeast, is twenty miles long and varies from three-fourths of a mile to three miles in width. Several authorities state that Chautauqua lake is the highest body of navigable water on the continent, being 730 feet above Lake Erie and [illegible] feet above sea level. Lake Tahoe, how-ever, is a larger lake in California, is 6000 feet above sea level and has been sounded to a depth of 1500 feet. Excursion steamers daily furrow its silvery bosom. I have somehow mislaid my notes taken several years ago while at the lakes, but as I remember, upper Klamath lake is near-ly 4000 feet above sea level every day a steamer breaks its waters. Harney and Malheur lakes are each upward of 4000 feet, while Goose and Summer lakes are at least 4000 feet. All of these Oregon lakes, varying from eight to twenty five miles in length, are more or less navigable.

Chautauqua lake is the great water basin in which the partially surrounding and not far distant hills pour their surplus rainfall. The country between the lake and hills is rolling and used chiefly for grazing purposes height of hills, 500 or 600 feet. The outlet of the lake is Connewango creek, which empties into Alle-ghany river. You can reach Chautauqua lake in two ways—by rail from Buffalo to Mayville, at the western end of the lake, or by rail from the east, south and west to Jamestown at the eastern end. The latter is the [illegible] Reaching Jamestown you can either take the steamer and follow up the narrow and winding creek to the lake, or, continuing a short distance, reach the sailing [illegible] of Lakewood and board the steamer when it arrives. The lake boasts of two lines of steamers, the boats of [illegible] being of fair size and comfortably fitted. On one line the circuit of the lake forty miles, can be made for 25 cents. Visitors from warmer regions find the experience so novel and entrancing that they spend much of their time on the water.

Made the odd number of a party of five per-sons who a trifle over a year ago are on a visit to the home of the Chautauqua literary and scientific circle. We take the steamer at Lake-wood. A pleasant change it is from the dusty [illegible]. Getting fairly seated it seems that we are transported to another world. Fan, fan, fan leisurely, fan briskly fan at morning, fan at evening, fan at any time and in any way, just so you fan. This little word has been ever pres-ent in our minds as the ambitious mercury has been daily climbing higher, higher, higher. But here we sit idly, dreamily and are fanned by the cool breezes of a mountain lake. Several bends, projecting irregularly and from both sides, obstruct the view from one end of the lake to the other, but after six or eight miles are passed there is an unbroken view to Mayville. On our left, for a part of the distance, are seen rolling meadows, clover grown pastures, large grain fields, picturesque homes and an occa-sional cluster of buildings that perchance may be the embryo of a future city. Immediately skirting the lake is generally a growth of trees and underbrush, the trees for the most part being ash poplar, maple and water-elm. The two latter often stretch out into the water for a considerable dis-tance. In among the trees grow rushes and [illegible], but where open land reaches down to the water the shore is girt by a rank growth of [illegible] weeds and flowers. Fronting these are beds of water lilies half [illegible] for all the world like [illegible] of golden heads. A prospective view of the north shore shows it to be mostly covered with timber.

Continuing up the lake there is seen on the [illegible] bank and sloping upward from the water [illegible] the top of a picturesque promontory a num-ber of cosy cottages. Here, during the early summer of every year is held a Baptist conven-tion. The Baptist church owns the grounds and has built, back among the trees a large [illegible]. The name P[illegible] Chautauqua has been given to the promontory. The steamer is now drawing up toward the left bank, and to us it appears to be a low dense grove, and we find ourselves involuntarily wishing that we might find a lodgment in the point beyond. After landing we find that Dr Vincent and his co-workers chose wisely. A steep incline may be picturesque, but when one is compelled to go up and down the slope a half-dozen or more times a day what should be pleasurable becomes laborious.

Our steamer is moored to the wharf. The [illegible] step off and press toward the en-trance to Chautauqua grounds. In entering we pass through a gateway much resembling one used by shepherds when numbering their sheep. Here we get admission tickets, the cost of which for the short sojourner is 40 cents a day. Season tickets proportionately less. We are conducted to a home-like cottage on Simpson avenue, where we make our toilet, take lunch and are ready to be formally presented to the "Chautauqua idea." But, no, for this [illegible] we do violence to social rule and unsped [illegible] dwelling before being presented to its [illegible].

The grounds of Chautauqua have a frontage on the lake of near a mile, and a depth of one half a mile. In general the slope is gradual, but being somewhat irregular gives a pictur-esqueness that could not otherwise be obtained. Some three-fourths of the grounds are heavily timbered, and right royal trees these are that lift their straight, tall bodies heavenward and bathe their tops with the sunshine. The assembly holds the land in fee simple. For the purpose of protecting the society against non paying in-truders a tall picket fence was built on every side except that fronting the lake. The fence could easily be scaled, however, if any person was determined to gain entrance. But, as an attendant remarked, "the devil has a care that his children do not get too near to the fire, for if they should ever get within the en-chanting very atmosphere of the place so [illegible] that they would have come forth [illegible] men."

The grounds are irregularly laid out. Bryant street is farthest removed from the lake, run-ning almost parallel thereto and also parallel to the highway that is separated from the grounds by only the fence. By this highway do the ones who prefer carriages come from Jamestown, seventeen miles, or Mayville, three miles. The carriage entrance is at the southwest corner of the grounds. Entering through the gates you find yourself in Palestine avenue. This avenue runs westward over about three-fourths of the grounds then turning northwestward passes the great amphi theater, the hotel Athenæum, then bearing northward terminates at the steamboat landing. Palestine avenue is longer than any other, but approaching near to it in length is Wythe ave-nue, which extends from end to end of the en closed space. Pratt and Clark avenues divide the ground in nearly two equal parts. Among the avenues nearer the lake and running more or less parallel thereto are Andrews, Roberts Terrace, Whitfield, Simpson, Summerfield Lake, etc. Prospect avenue makes a semi-circle sweep over the top of an open rise on the west and commands a fine view of the lake and its environs. Some of the avenues nearly a right angles with the lake are Harris, Wiley, Forest Ramble, Ames, Vincent, Mills, James and Ha ven. Taken all together the avenues number over half a hundred. Lovely parks are scat tered here and there while wells, springs and rills are found at different places. Glendale, Wildwood, Chapel and St. Paul parks are among the most pleasing to the eye.

The number of lots laid off in the recorded plot of ground is nearly twelve hundred, and although those to the west are unoccupied many near the centre have two or three buildings thereon. Generally speaking the cottages are plain and unpretentious, yet there are a few, mostly in the Queen Anne style, that are models of architectural beauty. Many visitors bring tents in preference to renting houses. To a per son pitching a tent for a season or to persons owning cottages a tax of $3 is imposed. This money and the gate fees are applied toward the general expenses of the assembly including pay of lecturers. Good board and lodging can be secured at the cottages at from 75 cents to $1 50 per day. At the fine hotel Athenæum ac commodations can be had almost corresponding to the length of your purse.

And now for a slight introduction to the Chau tauqua idea and its workings. It is founded on the assumption that there are men and women of mature years who have not been able to se-cure a collegiate education. The love of knowl edge is universal. Were this class of people given an opportunity, at their homes, of making a general acquaintance with the school and col lege world they would embrace it. With this thought in view a course of reading was pre-pared embracing four years. As then so now, by simply sending your address and fifty cents to the society's chancellor, you are enrolled as a member of the Chautauqua Literary and Scien tific Circle, C L S C. To quote "The course embraces simple entertaining and instructive reading in ancient and modern history and lit-erature, in physical mental and moral science, and in all matters that pertain to a true life—physical, intellectual, industrial, domestic, so-cial, political and religious. It is unsectarian and unsectional, promoting good fellowship and fraternity, inspiring help to the home, the church and the state. All are alike welcome to its fellowship. No preliminary examination is required. The prescribed books must be read—forty minutes a day being all the time necessary—and memorandums made out each year. You send answers to the printed questions to the central office. If 80 per cent. of the ques tions are answered, at the end of four years you are entitled to certain seals signifying gradua tion. If you like, you can take a post graduate course and other seals will give your educational crown."

The success of the Chautauqua society has been phenomenal. It now has a membership of over 60,000. Almost exactly 1,500 students were graduated last year, Oregon being repre sented among them. From the present outlook the society will graduate, in 1888, a class num-bering 4,000.

Do not the gatherings of the Chautauqua society much resemble camp meetings is a question often asked. In some respects, they do. But who ever heard of a skating rink on a camp meeting ground. Who ever heard of a [illegible] under the sanction of the assembly. The general tone is intensely moral but the mana-gers do not count it a sin to laugh. There is glee everywhere, but it is the glee of the honey bee, not of the butterfly. The first exercise of the day may be an address by an eminent minis-ter or bishop the next a musical concert with a chorus of 500 or 600 voices, later a side-splitting lecture by a native of the Orient, attired in Oriental costume, in the evening a scientific lecture. The programme for the following day may include an address, concert by the original jubilee singers reunion of northern and south ern soldiers and a magic lantern entertain ment. All of these exercises are held in the amphitheatre. For those pursuing a particular line of study, lectures are given elsewhere. It often happens that a half dozen lectures and recitations are in progress the same hour. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, art, science, philosophy and theology are taught by eminent instructors.

The seating capacity of the amphitheater is [illegible] 000, and at some time during every day it is filled to overflowing. Oftentimes there are as many turned away as are seated. The amphi theater is semi-circular and is built at the head of a small ravine, the rostrum being as far be-low the outer row of seats as the stage of a large theater is below the gallery. The next to the outer row of seats is level with the ground, so the rostrum appears to be far down in the earth. To the rear of the rostrum is a large pipe organ. The pianos are on the platform in front—and staging whereon sits the choir. The acoustic properties of the amphitheater are so excellent that any common voice can be heard by every person in the audience. An elevated roof fur nishes shelter and shade electric lamps furnish light. The ordinary lounging-cap is worn by men on all occasions while opera glasses are as much used as in a theater. The hall of philoso phy, the Greek [illegible] roof of which is sup ported by Doric pillars—children's temple, alumni hall and school of languages are used for various gatherings. The auditorium, the fore runner of the amphitheater will seat 3000 per sons.

Biblical students find rare opportunities for study in the paintings, charts and models in the museum. A fine model of Palestine is here found. In one of the parks is a large sectional model of one of the Egyptian pyramids. Near by is a representation of the Jewish tabernacle while between this and the pyramid are a num ber of memorial trees planted at different times by distinguished visitors. Down by the water [illegible] is an out-of-door model of [illegible] The river Jordan runs parallel with the lake as it does the dead sea. The latter is sunk below the level of Chautauqua lake, while for the purpose of illustration represents the Mediterranean sea. Clay villages are found here and there throughout the valley of Jordan. [illegible] growing at the feet of Mounts Lebanon and Hermon are already beginning to overtop the summits of these representative sacred peaks. Mount Hermon is a fond retreat for lovers. Human hearts seem to beat the same at Chautauqua as elsewhere in the world. With [illegible] A few rods westward is a large model of [illegible] Jerusalem that will well repay a visit.

During the six weeks [illegible] the assembly the [illegible] is published on the grounds under the supervision of the society. Newsboys cry their paper through the avenues with as much zest as those in the streets of New York city. The [illegible] is a well edited journal and contains in full the more important addresses of the previous day and an epitome of others besides the current news of Chautauquans place a deal of trust in their associates and visitors. But few of the keys in the different cottages are turned forward at night, windows are left open chairs, overcoats and shawls are frequently left on piazzas during the night letters are deposited in little wooden boxes. Chautauqua has its policemen but their chief duty is to keep quiet the the surging crowds that seek admittance to the amphitheater. Bells are rung to announce the different exer cises. At 11 P M a bell is sounded, when it is expected that every light in every cottage will be extinguished. Sunday is rigorously observed. Steamboats are not allowed to land or depart. No papers printed or sold. There is nothing melancholy however, about the observance of the day. Cheer reigns supreme. A whole-some yet enlivening atmosphere seems to per vade every corner of the grounds.

Looking at it in every phase here is not an influence at Chautauqua that is baneful. A charming spot to spend a summer vacation, out of door life with the convenience of a city honesty and moral worth in nearly every person, of the gathered thousands the best thoughts from the ripest minds, social communion with per sonages from nearly every state and territory, Christian encouragement and strength, if this you are lacking and of it have need—all these inducements and more are held out by the man-agement and from its success already attained the Chautauqua society bids fair to become of the most potent factors for good of which the na-tion can boast.

T. C. JUDKINS

MAX O'RELL.

His Views on the Recent Change in the British Ministry

A Startling Story of the Death of Prince Frederick Charles of Germany Gossip Concerning Oliver Pain and Henri Rochefort

Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian

LONDON, July 1—England is now entirely in the hands of the aristocracy. Lord Salisbury tells us that his cabinet of peers and peers' sons was almost forced upon the nation by the act-ive interference of the queen. It is true that, with the exception of Mr Smith, the great bookseller who is now war minister, all the men in office are Lord Somebody or Sir So-and so. In the new cabinet Mr Smith and Sir Richard Cross, home minister, may be regarded as the only practical men of business. But their influence will probably be very small, if one may judge by the manner in which they are treated by their noble colleagues, who sneering ly compared them the other day to Marshall and Snelgrove, the great drapers, and regard it as monstrous that they should be obliged to admit them into their counsels.

The Tory party sustained an irreparable loss when Lord Cairns died a few months ago. The only available lawyer, in the party that could succeed him to the woolsack, was Sir Harding Giffard, now Lord Halsbury, a third or fourth rate lawyer. According to *Truth*, John Giffard grandfather of Lord Halsbury, was an Orange apothecary of Dublin, of whom Sir Jonas Bar rington writes "His detestation of the pope and his admiration of King William he carried to an excess quite ridiculous." If so the Irish nationalists will hardly find a friend in the new lord chancellor. But this appointment did not cause much surprise, compared with that mixed with amusement, caused by the appointment of Lord Randolph Churchill to the secretaryship of state for India. To see Lord Dufferin, the greatest English diplomatist, and Lord Randy Churchy, the platform mountebank together at the head of the government of India is really highly comic.

John Bull ought to be served well, for he is generous enough towards his servants. It is a fact that all ex lord chancellors, however short their tenure of office may have been, enjoy a pension of £5000 a year for the rest of their lives. Accordingly, if Mr Naish, who has just retired from the office of lord chancellor of Ire-land, after a service of thirty-five days, and Mr Gibson, the newly appointed chancellor, to whom about a hundred days of office should be awarded, were each to live to be 70 years of age, they would receive together £200,000 for what would in all probability be about 700 hours labor. To work at the rate of £290 an hour is what I call fine, and if it is true that John Bull only appreciated that which he has paid for, and paid for properly, he ought to ap-preciate the services of his lord chancellors.

Lord Randolph Churchill having been ap-pointed secretary of state for India, had to re-appear before the electors of Woodstock and his pretty wife (a countrywoman of yours) has been working hard for him. Every one has heard of the lovely Georgiana, Duchess of De-vonshire, and how she won votes for Fox. I im-agine that Lady Randolph Churchill has scarce ly gone such lengths as to buy the votes of the W[illegible] with a [illegible] but at all events [illegible] persuasive has been her canvassing that the committee of Mr Corrie Grant, the liberal can-didate thought proper to enlist the services of two fair Girton graduates to try and counteract it. In fact, ladies are altogether in request for this kind of work, for I see that the combined political committee of the Chelsea radical clubs have passed a resolution, "That the assistance of women agreeing to our platform be gladly accepted, and that the influence of the commit tee be used to get them on the borough coun cils."

Germany has just lost two of her greatest warriors Prince Frederick Charles, surnamed the Red Prince, and General von Manteuffel. There is a somewhat sensational rumor current about the death of the former, echoed by the Paris *Telegraphe*. The Red Prince had married the princess of Anhalt Dessau, but the union had been anything but a happy one. The princess was several times on the eve of leaving her hus-band and but for the energetic interference of the Emperor William, she would have obtained a divorce. After she had married her daughter to the duke of Connaught, however, she lived apart from her husband until a few days before his death, the emperor exacted an apparent reconciliation between them. Then the princess went to live with the prince at Klein-Glienicke, when each day witnessed fresh quarrels be tween the pair. It is related that the Red Prince several times forgot himself so far as to strike his wife, and it is now rumored that after an altercation followed by threats and blows, the princess in exasperation took a pistol from the panoply and shot her husband dead on the spot. The *Telegraphe* which is re-sponsible for this startling piece of news, adds that this is the true account of the sudden death of the prince announced in the papers. If this incredible story should be true, there is a curi ous coincidence in the fact that Prince Frederick Charles, the bitter enemy of France, died at the hands of a woman, like Gambetta, the irrecon cilable enemy of Germany.

A Madame Ledru whose house near Paris the Red Prince had chosen for his temporary quar-ters general, during the war of 1870, said that her heart sank when she was in his presence. She saw a bloated, surly officer, without a ray of human sympathy in his round prosaic face. She told the following anecdote to the Paris correspondent of [illegible]. "The prince wanted to know what there was in the cellar, and warned the lady that as he was pressed for time she would do well to show his orderly her best vintage. He sat in speaking to her, with his cap riveted on his head, and his legs stretched out. When she was speaking to him he had occasion to get up and stood in doing so on the Angora cat. The animal protested in cat cries. Prince Frederick Charles was exasper-ated at the noise it made, and, taking it up by the tail dashed it through the glass doors of a buffet where choice porcelain was piled up. Pussy behaved like a bull in a china shop which caused almost a gleam of mirth to pass over the countenance of the prince, who was tickled at the destruction that was going on. This anecdote shows that he was a Hohenzollern of the old fashioned hard grained rough and unusual type." *[illegible]*

Everybody knows that the Mahdi's foreign minister was M Olivier Pain, the French com-munist who escaped from New Caledonia some twelve years since. News of this gentleman's death reached Europe a few days ago and a good many French journalists intimate that he was assassinated by Arabs at the instigation of a certain Colonel Smith on suspicion of being the bearer of some papers compromising Eng-land. Foremost among Colonel Smith's ac-cusers is M Henri Rochefort the well known editor of the *[illegible]*. Now M Roche-fort is a bitter Anglophobist, and I will tell you why. He and M Pain were companions in misfortune in the Oceanic Island, but escaped together in an open boat and were picked up and taken to Sidney. From Sidney they came to London, where M Rochefort re-sumed the publication of his *La Lanterne* which had been interrupted by his depar-ture for New Caledonia. But in vain did he offer the British public his weekly pamphlet written in French and translated into English. Neither in French nor in English would they properly patronize it. So M Rochefort left England, and went to reside in Geneva. From that time he has been the bitter enemy of England and her people. At all events, an interesting trial may be looked for some time after the long vacation if we are to credit the "Syndicate of the Professional Association of French Repub-lican Journalists," a portentous title, as re-marks the *Globe*. The syndicate announce that they are going to institute proceedings in the English courts against Colonel Smith and Lord Wolseley for setting a price on M. Olivier Pain's head. I do hope that this gentleman will not turn up one of these days with his head com-fortably on his shoulders, and make his friends highly ridiculous.

The municipal council of Paris is doing its utmost to latinize the name of Paris streets. The word saint is everywhere to disappear. At a meeting held the other day a member proposed that the names of the heroes of antiquity should adorn the walls of the metropolis, and among others named that of Cincinnatus as suitable. M Mesureur, of the extreme left rose and strongly objected. He would have no saints at all, not even saints of antiquity. The worthy edile had heard Saint Cincinnatus.

Gibbets, exclaims Candide in Voltaire's celebrated novel "I am in a civilized country, I perceive." If Candide were alive to-day and would take a journey to Tonquin, he might see there another evidence of European civilization, for the French papers of yesterday make the fol lowing announcement "One of the first meas-ures for the organization of the French pro-tectorate in Tonquin is to be the establishment of courts of justice." These temples to the Bad Faith of human kind announce, wherever they are erected that "civilization has passed this way."

I cannot part with my readers without ad vising them to read a French book just brought out. It is a most interesting study on America, entitled "La Democratic Autoritaire aux Etats Unis," by M Albert Gigot. The vivid descrip-tions and lively biography of President Jackson make the book a most readable one.

MAX O'RELL

ANTE BELLUM TREASON

The Manner in Which the Southern Leaders Crippled the Nation's Navy

From Admiral Porter's Forthcoming Book

When Mr Tousey handed over the navy de-partment to Mr Welles it was in a rather de-moralized condition. Southern officers were resigning right and left. Officers of the bureau even were talking of going with their states, and there was a want of confidence in all quar-ters. When men who had held the highest and most influential positions in the navy came for-ward and offered their resignations there was apparently no one upon whom the secretary could rely. Distrust seemed to pervade every branch of the naval service. No commander could be sure who would be faithful to the flag, and the secretary of the navy could not be cer-tain of southern men being true to the govern ment. It was a bad state of affairs for the sec retary to begin his administration with, but the eventful year of 1861 '62 will show that the operations and achievements of the navy were such that great credit was reflected, not only upon the department but upon the *personnel* of the service, which so signally aided the depart-ment in carrying out the measures tending to greatly cripple the confederate cause.

Some there were who, rebels at heart and purpose, held, for several years previous to the war, high positions in the administration pre-ceding that of Mr Lincoln, and had done all they could to dispose of the navy so that it could not be used in the event of trouble be-tween the north and the south. The object was to destroy all its resources, to cripple the navy yards, dismantle the ships, or have them on dis-tant stations, so as to render it impossible for the navy to strike an offensive blow, or, if pos-sible, to throw the ships and yards into the hands of the secessionists.

It may be supposed by those unfamiliar with the events of the times that the rebellion was the result of measures forced upon the south just previous to the election of Abraham Lin coln and that in his election they saw the death blow to the hopes they had cherished of extend ing slavery into new states and territories. If any one supposes that the rebellion was an im pulsive measure, let him dismiss such an idea, for I was told by a southern senator in 1860 that as far back as 1855, when the Colorado class of ships were built, he and others had voted to have them and all other vessels built of such a size and such a draft of water that they could not enter any southern ports so it seems that the thought of secession had been maturing for years, and, while southern statesmen were appa rently urging the building of large vessels in stead of small ones on the grounds that the dig nity of the nation called for these cumbersome structures, it was really for the purpose of crip pling the government in case the southern states should secede. Had her navy at that time con sisted of some thirty small gunboats or a dozen monitors the rebellion would have been unable to raise its head. Yet with all the experience we have had before us we are at the present time in a worse condition than we were on the breaking out of the rebellion.

When President Lincoln entered upon the duties of his office his position toward Virginia differed somewhat from that which he assumed toward the states farther south. It was deemed desirable that the government should do nothing to wound the sensitive feelings of Virginians, and General Scott, the general-in-chief of the army, was particularly solicitous that the gov ernment should give the state of Virginia no excuse to secede. There were several rea sons for this extra tenderness toward Vir ginia. One of the principal navy yards, filled with southern officers, was within the limits of the state. The commanding officer, Commodore McCauley, was considered loyal, and had in his day stood high in the service, but he was now old, and at a time when he should have maintained his self possession he appeared to have completely lost his head.

The secretary of the navy Mr Welles knew very little of the condition of affairs in his de partment. His position was a difficult one for a man advanced in years, for the duties were com plicated and such as only an expert could be ex pected to fathom. Mr Welles was surrounded with officers and clerks whose loyalty was doubt ed, and one bureau of the department in partic ular, presided over by an officer of southern birth and of national reputation, was the head quarters of naval officers who were plotting the downfall of the country to which they owed their position and whatever importance they possessed.

A short time before Fort Sumter was fired upon, the commandant of the Washington navy yard gave a large party at his quarters on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, to which the president and his cabinet were invit ed. A number of distinguished naval officers were present, and [illegible] was everywhere fes tooned with the American flag even to the bridal bed. Yet just after Sumter was fired upon, this commandant with most of those under his command, (including his new son in law), resigned their commissions and left the Washington navy yard to take care of itself. At that very time the secession of Virginia had been resolved upon, which was known to these disloyal officers, although not to the govern ment, for the action of the secessionists had been delayed and kept secret, so that the blow would be more decisive and enable the conspir ators to seize the public property at Norfolk and elsewhere to help them carry out their designs.

An English Girl Turns Buddhist

A novel and imposing ceremony took place on April 9 at the Widyodya Buddhist college in Colombo by which a young and accomplished English lady well known in Bombay, formally became a professed follower of Lord Buddha. Not long ago a clergyman from England, the Rev C W Leadbeater, took the "five precepts" in the presence of the high priest, Sumangala. This time it was Miss Mary Flynn who accepted the faith that is now becoming fashionable among the enlightened classes in the west.

It was a curious sight to see an English young lady, dressed in an elegant robe of black silk sitting in the midst of a crowd of yellow robed Buddhist priests and repeating the Pansil. The ceremony began by the high priest examin-ing the fair candidate as to the reasons that led her to desire to accept Buddhism as her faith, to which Miss Flynn answered that, after hav ing studied the various religious systems of the world, she found the Buddhistic esoteric philosophy as being most in accordance with her own reason and common sense. Other questions having been satisfactorily answered by her, the high priest administered to her the "five precepts" which Miss Flynn promised to observe.

The ceremony ended by the chanting of Ratana Sutta by all the priests. Besides the large number of priests, there were present at the temple, where the ceremony took place, many of the most prominent Buddhists of Co-lombo, the captain and several officers of the screw steamer Tiber of the Messageries Mari-times, and several European passengers who had arrived by that vessel.—*Times of India*

"I hear that you were arrested during the strike for yelling rats." "Sh!" "Well, you were, were you not?" "Yes, but I meant no offense. I yelled rats because I saw them. You see, I'd been drinking pretty hard. Don't mention it, now, will you?"—The Rambler.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Fear of the Cholera Causes a Great Exodus from Gotham

Philadelphia a Wickeder City than New York—Rev Dr Talmage on the Use of Words—A Warn ing to Would-be Travelers

Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian

NEW YORK, July 15—Although the summer thus far has been only moderately warm, there has not been a time in years when there were so few people in the metropolis. There is a pathetic silence and quietude in the great hotels which are full of activity during the greater part of the year the mansions of Murray hill are deserted and many homes in New York, which formerly have enjoyed the uninterrupted presence of their proprietors, are now closed for the summer. With what ease the dread of cholera taketh a city! For it is fear of an in vasion by this thrice armed foe which has caused the inhabitants of New York to take refuge in the country. Of course, it is the habit of those who can command the means in New York, as in other cities, to recuperate in the country during the heated term but the recent exodus has been so general and so precipitate as to leave no doubt that it is refuge rather than recuperation that the city's inhabitants are seek ing. Yesterday a man died in Brooklyn of acute cholera morbus. He was a seaman just in from a Spanish port, and a rumor started to the effect that he had died of Asiatic cholera. Immedi ately a panic spread through the neighborhood, and in an incredibly short space of time several families on the blocks adjoining had gathered up their household effects and left for parts unknown. This extreme nervousness on the part of the more is well founded. It is not my purpose to cause needless alarm, but let no one cherish a sense of security under the impression that all necessary precautions are being taken. Why, I happen to know that a ship from a southern port which carried a case of yellow fever was not only ad mitted to New York harbor but allowed to lay at one of the docks until the present time. The disease was given an inoffensive title and no suspicion was raised. Happily there is now no further danger from this instance, but what may we not fear from such laxity on the part of the authorities when contagion travels in the wind.

The disclosures of the *Pall Mall Gazette* have been the sensation of the week in New York as well as in London. They naturally suggest the query as to whether this great city does not har bor some such hideous monster under the sur face. But the general opinion here (and I think it is the correct one) is that the conditions of life in New York or in any other American cities are such as to preclude the possibility of such inveterate beastliness as has been brought to light in the modern Babylon. The exclusiveness of aristocratic London its au thority, history traditions its old time ability to silence a challenge with an austere and all sufficient wave of the hand which, translated into language, would mean, "Let no mor tal think of judging me"—all these things have served as the bulwarks of patrician crime. The democratic methods of New York life would prevent extensive development of these crimes [illegible] provided against by the statutes. I was talking yes terday with a famous detective. Said he "The crime of procuration is not carried on to any considerable extent in New York. You will be surprised to learn that Philadelphia is in that respect the worse own in America. Particu lars were given which delicacy compels me to withhold. Let it suffice to say that I was aston ished. Although these revelations may not lead to a revolution in England, let us hope they will bring about one among that element of Ameri can society known as Anglo-maniacs. It will furnish a test for the chivalry of American ladies.

Dr Talmage has just arrived in London, and it is safe to say that he will help strangle the serpent. He will give the aristocrats of London some pretty plain talk, and he will add several degrees to his former estimates of the tempera ture of the lower regions. They will never have heard any plainer talk than they will get from this Brooklyn preacher. I had a long talk with him the night before he started. He undertook to tell me how he had become a great preacher. "Why," said he, "the secret of effective speech lies in bringing out the pivotal word. There is, or ought to be in every sentence, a pivotal word around which the rest revolve. If this word is brought out properly the maximum effect will be given the sentence. When I graduated from college I was elected to be the class orator. I worked very hard on my oration until it seemed to be about right, when, agreeably with the regulations, gave it to the president for criticism. In a week or so he handed it back so slashed that I hardly recognized it. Whole pages had been taken out bodily and others entirely rewritten. Well, how ultimately laughing heartily, I was so unspeakably dis-gusted and humiliated that I decided upon a bold step. In spite of the mutilation I deliv ered it as I had written it word for word. I shall never forget how after I had finished the good doctor came and shook my hand as he said "I never heard a better bit of writing de livered here. It is equal to anything in Dick ens." Now, you see when he read the thing in manuscript he did not get the force of it as when it was read by the one who understood the relation of all the words." Behold how easy it is to be eloquent. I found out for the pi[illegible] al words. The [illegible]ector told me he was going to Europe for a rest which is probably true but [illegible] he refused to write a series of letters on which he was offered $100 each.

A book of travels as a rule shows us but the [illegible] side of adventure. The hardships and sufferings of the traveler are not unpleasant to look back upon when the misery is over. But many a young traveler has been tempted to fling in his lot with the pioneer by reading books of adventure in which the wit of the writer has cast a glamour over the trying epis-odes of the traveler. A new and notable book has just been published in London from the pen of Tromholdt, entitled, "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis," a copy of which has been forwarded to me. The statement I make above is touchingly confirmed by a passage concern ing his visit to the wintry world. "Once," he says, "I was on the point of breaking my chains and flying from this desolate dark spot, to the warm, bright world without. The cause was quite accidental, the effect perhaps comic. In an English novel I was reading I came across a situation in which the lovely heroine throws a rosebud from the casement to her lover. A rosebud! What a commotion of feelings did not the word create in my breast. For a time all my thoughts were centered on this idea, engrossed with the fancy of the charm which lay in that one word. As I saw in imagination the land where the nightingale sings in the rose-bush, while before me was the frigid desert where no plant can be cultivated, no rose bloom." Many a traveler at this moment is languishing in in accessible wilds with similar feelings in his heart. At the club one evening this week a friend showed me a very interesting letter from Central Africa. I reproduce the substance of it here because at the present time the world is interested in Stanley's book and because its statements are not in harmony with his. The writer describes the lower Congo as a desolate pestilential region. "It is fine to be a pioneer," says he, "when it is all over and you have got home but the dreary monotony of African heat and African stenches required courage. There is in every conceivable sort of danger here from fever, starvation and massacre. How I long for the good fellowship and security of home." It would be well for those who are looking with longing eyes in the direction of the "free state" to reflect on this.

These are melancholy days for John Roach. The decision of Attorney-General Garland is just now the talk of the metropolis. Whatever may be said of Mr. Roach as a ship builder, as a man he is very highly considered by those who enjoy his acquaintance. At home he is one of the kindest, most genial and hospitable of men. He is an ingenious talker, and his manner at all times is unimpeachable. Said a prominent democrat in conversation with me recently "The Dolphin was boomed and heralded in such extravagant terms that her trial could not well fail of being a disappointment. She is unques tionably a good boat, but she is not the wonder of the waters that the public had been told to ex pect. But that is not Roach's fault, and the statement that she was designed as a basis for repairs should be discredited by all fair minded men. Where there is a diversity of opinion it is wise to hold one's peace."

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

POKER IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Great Games that Frequently Occur. The Secret of Success

Kansas City Letter in the Cincinnati Star

It is no trouble at all for a man who loves a good stiff game of poker to find it in Kansas City. There is a state law here which makes the keeping of a gambling house a felony but it is not enforced against poker "club rooms." There is no faro east of the Kansas state line. The strictly professional gambling amounts to almost nothing, but there are are some stock-men's games that would make cold chills run up the back of the average business man. I have seen $25,000 change ownership in a little friend ly game on hands which went back to the pack without ever being seen. Unsuspecting people never dream of the extent of the poker mania. I believe if the world would look it up it would find that if the poker clearings were included in the weekly statements they would go a long way toward offsetting the loss of 30 or 40 per cent that the metropolis is suffering. At all events it would be so if poker playing is as popular in New York as it is in Kansas City. Woe unto the man who jumps the game thrice disgraced is he who jumps the game when he is winner. Five rich stockmen hired a room in the St. James hotel on Friday night a week ago. They had a poker lay-out and the blue chips were worth $25 the red $10 and the white $5. It was $10 ante and no limit. The night flew away apace and morn ing dawned on the absorbed players. Some were poorer and some richer by thousands. Breakfast and dinner and then supper were brought up, but the play went on. Late Satur day night one of the participants signified his intention to go home to his wife and babies, but he was kept by the promises of his friends that they did not mean to play much longer. An other day and still the click of the chips never ceased. Breakfast, dinner and supper were again served. The play was higher and more reckless. Jack-pots that would each buy a ranch were raked in first by one player and then by another. At breakfast time Monday morning the man who wanted to go home Sat urday night swore that he would wait no longer. As he plunged through the doorway he was followed by this scathing remark, "Damn a man who would jump a game."

A year ago I met a young man who had come out west to grow up with the country. He was a graduate of Harvard and had pleasant man ners, but had evidently left a comfortable east ern home with exaggerated notions of the west. In three weeks after his arrival he was strapped and had all his best duds pawned. I was some what interested in his fate at the time, but did not see him again until a few days ago. He had the ear-marks of prosperity about him and I was told later that he had graduated from a coal dealer's office as a crack poker player and he had learned it all within a few months. Some wonderful stories were told of this young fellow's nerve and it was said that he had a good fat bank account and sat regularly in a stockmen's game. The tide in his fortune was turned by his grit in playing two deuces in a [illegible] He [illegible] drifting into gambling for some time and knew a great deal about a deck of cards. Three of the players had laid down their hands after the draw, leaving only two contestants. The hero of this story had been winning and bet freely on his hand. His opponent kept seeing him and raising him, and finally after the pot had grown big enough to be worth fighting for, raised him $2500. The clerk in the coal office put on his thinking cap. He had two deuces unsupported and he looked at them and then coolly eyed his antagonist. This lasted two or three minutes and not a facial muscle moved. "I call you" he said at last throwing his deuces down on the table. The, won the pot. The other man's hand was not as good as ace high. I am told that this young Harvard graduate is one of the best poker players hereabouts. His luck is charmed and the oldest and most reckless players tremble when they go against him. The great art in poker is to know when to call and when not to call. With $100 in the pot and $5 bet by his antagonist, I once saw the best gambler in Missouri lay down three of a kind. "Why did you not call him it would only have cost you $5?" said I. "He had a better hand than I did, and I would have been just $5 out." Men are born gamblers, and it is this intuition to call at the right time that makes them successful. In a big game at a hotel here not long ago in which five or six friends took part there was an exciting illustration of this delirious sort of doubt. Every player had made good his ante and some of them had put in a few hundred ad ditional before dropping out. At length $10 000 lay on the table with two players fighting for it. I stood behind one of them. He had three queens having drawn to them at the start. His opponent had drawn three cards. The latter at this juncture coolly announced a raise of $10 000. The man with three queens was fairly staggered. His antagonist might be bluff ing. He might have drawn to an ace and king and caught noth ing or [illegible] he might have caught another king and two more aces or he might have drawn to a pair and caught a full hand. Was he bluffing? That was the question. After thinking the matter over he did not consider his queens worth that amount of money, so both hands went to the deck and the man on the other side of the table raked in the stakes. I found out afterward that all this money was won on the following hand Ace, jack, ten and two sixes. The three queens would have won it by a large majority.

It is one of the delights of the stockman whose fortune has grown up on him like a Jack's beanstalk to do absurdly extravagant things. These nabobs will actually shake the dice for one [illegible] and [illegible] dash out of the [illegible]. Seal skin overcoats are worn over [illegible] suits and immense diamonds flash from their shirt fronts. A rich ranch owner would ask no better fun than to throw silver dollars into a crowd of street gamins. There was one poker game here in which every chip, red, white and blue, represented a steer. When a man anted what he threw to the center of the table repre-sented a steer. And it took another steer to make it good. This was a gilt edge game and nobody who could not count his cattle on a thousand hills dare take any part in it. It would make a poor man dizzy to think of the money that was won and lost in this steer game. It is evident that a stockman's game is no place for a poor man anyway.

Murat Halstead on Ohio Democrats

Interview in New York Tribune

"What are the democrats in Ohio going to do?"

"Oh, they will get together after awhile make a platform that dodges everything—the administration, civil service reform and so on nominate a ticket and then try to run a dodging campaign. It is nip and tuck whether a demo crat at present endorses the administration or not. You get three drinks in him and he cusses Cleveland in private. You get five drinks in him and he cusses Cleveland in public. With six drinks he is willing to vote the prohibition ticket to get even with the man in the White house. But when he sobers down he becomes sad and recognizes that it is too bad to say any thing ill of the first democratic administration in twenty four years in the first six months of its existence."

Democratic Business Imbecility

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette

It looks now as if it would soon become plain that the democratic administration is not cap-able of managing the finances of the govern ment successfully, or any other department, for that matter. It went into power with a swag ger. It was going to rip up frauds, make start ling disclosures, turn the rascals out, and all that sort of thing, but it found no frauds, ripped up nothing, and found the "rascals," so-called, necessary to keep the vast machinery of the de-partments in proper motion. If, however, rushed to the New York banks for assistance, before assistance is needed, and for assistance that, under republican management, could not be needed. To this it has come in, less than five months of democratic financial imbecility.

THE CANADIAN FISHERIES.

A Revolutionary Problem that is Still Unsolved

The Right to Catch Codfish in Canadian Waters—John Adams on Fish and Molasses. The Fish [illegible] in the Treaty of 1783

Written for the Sunday Oregonian

Salt fish secured John Adams his place as commissioner to treat for peace with Great Brit-ain at the close of the revolution. Not that Adams numbered among his failings a weak-ness for the New England dainty. A heart truly sensible to the charms of Cape Ann turkey could never have inspired his warnings to Massa chusetts on the folly of laying such stress upon the cod fisheries. Part of the fish, he told his fellow-citizens, they exchanged in the West In-dies for molasses, "to be distilled into rum which injured their health and their morals," the rest came back from Europe in "luxury and vanity, shaped into laces and ribbons." Yet when it came actually to negotiating, the New Englanders turned to John Adams before all other men, sure that he would save them the Newfound-land fisheries if he could. Before every other ad vantage in the treaty, save only independence itself, the New Englanders put the right to the cod fisheries. Forgetting his horror of rum and frippery, Mr Adams insisted that the great in-dustry of the northeast should not be annihilat-ed, and made a fight for salt fish that secured its place on the Massachusetts dinner table and Mr Adams his place in the hearts of those about the board.

From that day to this the struggle for the fish-eries has been periodically renewed. The treaty of 1783 guaranteed to American fisher-men the right to fish in the gulf of St Law-rence on the Grand Bank, and all other banks and waters of the deep sea. It also gave them liberty to fish on certain British coasts and land for drying and curing purposes. The United States regarded the question as settled once for all. So far from that, it is the only question raised in the course of the negotiations for inde-pendence not settled up to the present time and not apparently on the road to settlement save in the way of periodic agreements for limited terms of years.

It was in 1814 that the fisheries problem came up for the second time. At the close of the war of 1812 Great Britain took the ground that the war had invalidated all the fisheries rights of the Americans, and that these were for her to concede or deny *de novo*. The American com-missioners maintained that the grants of 1783 were irrevocable and inalienable. Neither party was disposed to yield, but neither cared to prolong a bootless war and so the rival diplo-matists quietly dropped the whole matter. The treaty of Ghent made no mention of the fisheries. Disputes and collisions followed, as a matter of course. An attempt was made to settle the question in 1815, and in 1818 a convention was entered into which has never been abrogated, and which will be the only regulation in force respecting the fisheries at the expiration of the temporary agreement of the present season. This treaty gives citizens of the United States the following privileges

1 To fish in shore on the northern western and southern coasts of Newfoundland between the Quirpon islands and the Rameau islands on the [illegible] and on the coast of Labrador, from that isle eastward through the straits of Belle Isle.

2 To dry and cure fish on the southern part of the coast of Newfoundland and the coast of Labrador.

3 To enter bays and harbors anywhere in British America for shelter to repair damages to buy wood and [illegible] water but for no other purpose whatever.

This arrangement never proved satisfactory. It opened to Americans only an inconsiderable part of the provincial inshore fisheries, re stricting them for the most part to the high seas, three miles from any British coast, bay creek, or harbor. There were disputed questions about fishing in the gulf of St Lawrence, the bay of Fundy, the bay of Chaleur, etc. American fishermen were con-tinually accused of violating the treaty, and be-tween 1818 and 1854 the same necessity for a new settlement on an equitable basis was felt that agitates diplomatic circles now. Lord Elgin and Secretary Marcy discussed the question in every conceiv-able light, and decided upon the outlines of a plan without much disagreement. When Americans sought freedom to fish in provincial waters without restriction the British govern ment replied that in return for so great a favor the American government ought to grant to the provinces certain commercial advantages chief among which should be the admission of the products of the provincial fisheries into the markets of the United States free of duty. It was on this principle that Mr Marcy and Lord Elgin framed the reciprocity treaty of 1854. The United States secured the right to her citizens to take sea fish in the provincial waters anywhere without restric tion as to distance from shore and also to land there. In return for this Canada got free ad mission into the markets of the United States for the [illegible] breadstuffs live animals [illegible] coal gypsum lum ber dairy product and some minor ar-ticles. Of course the same articles were allowed to pass from the United States to Canada duty free, but as little trade movement was expected in that direction the exemption from duty was looked upon as the price paid for freedom of the fisheries.

The reciprocity treaty was limited to a term of a dozen years. After its expiration in 1866 the convention of 1818 went into force a second time, and led as before to collisions of hostile interests. In both parts [illegible] disputes showed [illegible] misunderstandings and re-[illegible] Canada [illegible] of the home government [illegible] license system on its own [illegible] but soon tired of it and its necessary expenses. The treaty of Washington in 1871 attempted to settle the difficulty on an original basis by opening reciprocally the fish-eries of Canada and the United States, making the privileges of the one offset those of the other. Canada naturally professed dissatis-faction, giving so much and getting so little in return. Compensation of one kind and another was talked of, Great Britain as before asking commercial advantages which the high tariff sentiment of the day denied. Finally, the joint high commission which considered the Ala-bama problem undertook the question of the fisheries as well. The British based their claim to recompense on the fact that the freedom of the United States fish-eries was practically worthless, and asked an award of $12,000,000 for the privilege of the Canadian inshore fisheries with $2,800,000 for the Newfoundland fishing grounds. The result of this conference was the Halifax award of 1877 for twelve years of free fishing. Wherever in the provinces it was not already authorized by the convention of 1818 the United States has given $5,500,000 in money and the free importa-tion of Canadian fish.

The twelve years having now run out, the old question comes up for settlement anew, for the present season the Dominion has pledged itself not to interfere with American fishing vessels found within the three-mile limit, in considera-tion of a counter pledge on the part of the United ~~States that~~ the president shall in his message to congress next December recom mend the appointment of a commission to join with British commissioners in tramp-ing over the well trodden field once more. This joint high commission to be created next winter will have before it precisely the same questions that arose in 1854 and 1871. The Massachusetts fishing interest heretofore so strenuous of its rights is now inclined to as-sert that the inshore fishing is good for nothing, whatever may have been its former value, and that no scruples need be felt about sacrificing it. But it seems to be the general opinion that full freedom of the fisheries is neces-sary for the sake of harmony, if on no other ac-count. Full freedom Great Britain is entirely willing to sell, but the United States is not dis-posed to pay cash a second time. A return to the basis of 1854 seems much more likely. A bargain of free fishing for free fish bolstered up by reminders of duty on some other articles is already talked of. The whole question of reci-procity will inevitably be opened, together with our general trade relations with Canada.

THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

A Visit to the British Museum and Its Treasures of Art

Madame Tussaud's Wax Works—A Sermon by Spurgeon—The South Kensington Museum—Westminster Abbey—English Society

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

The musical chimes of St. Paul's stirred the heavy, foggy, smoky morning air of London, and informed us that it was Sunday. It was so different from the continental Sabbath. The streets were as quiet and deserted as the lanes of Pompeii and Herculaneum. We went down to the street to breakfast at some restaurant. Every shop was closed, heavy shutters barred restaurants and grill rooms, and after a long and fruitless search for some sinful caterer who would furnish Southdown mutton for hungry humanity on Sunday forenoon, we returned, in a religious frame of mind, to the fish and beef steak of our hotel. The din and turmoil of yesterday had totally disappeared. No omnibus, scarcely a cab, rolled over the smooth asphalt, and only a few pedestrians stole softly along the broad sidewalks, like ghosts stalking at midnight through the lonely streets of Thebes. London puts on a very rigid religious air on Sunday. Even the tall, somber houses seemed to look extra solemn and serious, as though they were repeating paternosters and contemplating the utter sinfulness of this world. We returned to our hotel in a heavy mood. Pleasantries were nipped in the bud, and sinful smiles were repressed, even after a painful, vague sensation of emptiness and nothingness had been somewhat removed by steaming Mocha and juicy beef.

The churches seem to have an absolute majority of Sunday entertainments in London. This remark may seem severe, but it is true, and it may probably be applied to some places outside of that wicked city. True religion, true devotion, no matter what the belief, ought never to be subject to ridicule and sneers, and in fact seldom is, but sham and pretence ought never to be allowed to shield themselves behind that mask. How many sincere Christians worshipped in the 1100 churches that day? How many went from other motives than that of lifting their souls in vague longings to the inconceivable, inexpressible on high? And is fraud and deception on a Sabbath day under a gothic dome privileged above that of week days practiced in shop and counting house? The papers informed us that Mr. Spurgeon, the celebrated divine, would preach at Exeter hall, on the Strand, as his own church was undergoing repairs. We went to hear the famous preacher. Dense crowds surrounded the ticket offices of the hall. Admission one shilling. The sale of tickets went briskly on and streams of humanity, devout and curious, poured through the entrances and distributed themselves in the vast amphitheater, which is capable of seating 6000 persons. When the front seats had been occupied by the more opulent, the sale of tickets was stopped and the impatient throng of men and women, unable or unwilling to pay a shilling, rushed in, and in a few minutes filled the back seats, the galleries and all the available seating and standing room in the hall. Then the preacher entered. He is a heavy set, thick necked, round headed man, with massive features and rather low, broad brow. The first impression is that of force, determination and boldness in character. The purely intellectual and spirituelle is pushed to the background. He is evidently a plain coarse-grained man of great will power, intrepidity, mental vigor and physical vitality. He looks like a man that enjoys a good conscience, a good digestion and three solid meals per day, the great requirements for earthly bliss. Such a man must do battle. War is his element. He would be a leading champion in any cause, and Satan has few adversaries as able, determined, courageous and uncompromising as Spurgeon. His audience naturally belong to the middle classes. That is the field for such a man. He could not preach a soft, gentle, elegant religion to a fashionable audience of the aristocracy of birth and wealth, nor would his voice find an echo in the slums and dregs of society, but he must go to the sturdy, robust middle classes, to this perennial fountain of national life and greatness. He is a plain man, who speaks plain truths in plain Anglo-Saxon. There was no attempt at rhetorical ornamentation, and his many apt illustrations were taken from every-day life. He held his hearers in rapt attention for over an hour and although many had come from curiosity it was visible that his words were effectual in that black girdle of manhood and womanhood around him. He is evidently a man of great power, and his influence for good, although not fully recorded in this world, is not exceeded by that of any preacher of to-day.

Towards evening we ventured out on the quiet streets again. The Sabbath was drawing to a close. Men and women, unable to conceal the workings of ardent spirits that moved them, began to refill the sidewalks, especially in the darker and humbler side streets. The night before we had seen them at the depots and on the cars, returning to their homes, carrying baskets and packages. The heightened color of the cheeks, the greater brilliancy of the eye, the loosened tongue and the unsteady gait in many, men and women alike, indicated that they had indulged in something stronger than Thames water, in anticipation of the general relaxation of the morrow. Twenty-four hours had scarcely passed and many of them were out again, in a condition indicating that they had rewarded themselves liberally for their good behavior during the early part of the day. The contrast in Sunday observance between England and the continent is very marked. On the continent Sunday is eminently a day of recreation and amusement, spent by each one according to his or her taste and inclination. Some go to church in the forenoon, but the afternoon and evening is universally devoted by old and young to visits and excursions, concerts, theaters, etc. Instances of drunkenness are rare. In England the law and custom enforce strict outward observance, but I saw more drunken people on three Sundays in London and Liverpool than I had seen in six months on the continent, with the exception of Russia. Travelers generally notice this fact, which to the unbiased moralist and legislator must furnish abundant matter for reflection. Upon apparent external evidence alone the superiority of the English institution can certainly not be claimed.

Two main thoroughfares run from the city to the west end. The one, changing its name at every bend and angle, and including Cheapside, Newgate, Holborn viaduct, Holborn street, New Oxford street and Oxford street, runs from the bank of England in a tolerably straight north westerly direction to Hyde park and beyond. The other, including Ludgate hill, Fleet street, Strand and Whitehall runs from St. Paul's in a large bend, parallel to the river, to Westminster. Oxford and Holborn are perhaps the most frequented streets in the city, since the construction of the viaduct, which spans a ravine. The viaduct is 1400 feet long and eighty feet wide, and as the line of houses on the side of the street is uninterrupted we become scarcely aware of the fact of crossing a long and wide bridge.

A short distance beyond the viaduct, and about one square to the right, is the British museum the most famous collection in the world. The structure is new, and with its Greek portico presents a noble aspect. As in the case of so many European public buildings, the effect is marred by the close proximity of dense and plain quarters. The collection consists of an invaluable library, bronze rooms, medieval rooms and ethnographical rooms. The collections of natural history have recently been transferred to the South Kensington museum. The British museum is justly the pride of England. The unstinted supply of private and public wealth, the extensive travels of Englishmen, and the widespread commercial connection and interests of the nation, have enabled the authorities of this institution to supply it with the rarest, most interesting and most valuable objects of art and science. The collection of sculpture is very large, and arranged chronologically. Of the highest interest and very instructive is the vast collection of Assyrian antiquities, which had been covered by the sands of the desert for over 2000 years, until Layard, forty years ago, laid bare the foundations of Nineveh and Nimrod, on the banks of the Tigris. Here are the undisputed works of a high civilization which flourished on the Euphrates and Tigris about 1000 years before the commencement of our era. How the scales of prejudice drop from our eyes, how we reverse and modify our early taught and previously-conceived notions of the world's history! We had been taught that all the world, outside the semi-nomadic tribes of the Jordan, was wrapped in ignorance and barbarism, but here room after room produces strong convincing evidence that in Hellas, on the Nile, and on the Tigris, nations had risen to a high culture, while the denizens around the shores of Lake Tiberias and of Mount Zion had evolved no art, no science, no philosophy, and scarcely a literature of their own. The tribes of Israel were inferior to their neighbors in everything pertaining to civilization, but they gave to the world two, and really three, systems of religion, which to-day are the only vital and aggressive systems extant. What great moral instructors are these museums! No thoughtful person, unless steeped in religious prejudice and encrusted in bias of race and nation, can walk through these halls filled with the work of six continents painfully evolved during thirty centuries, and not become more tolerant and more humane. He is compelled to throw overboard much of the dead ballast of antiquated ideas and narrow views with which kind and careful parents and teachers had loaded his craft when he set out on his journey of life. But if he be too eager to throw it all overboard without replacing it by something better, his craft will become too heavy and founder in the first storm. Of incalculable value is the collection of rare books and manuscripts in the British museum. Books of all ages and in all languages since the invention of printing, manuscript writings of all the noted men of modern times, and of many of the middle ages, including the famous Magna Charta, and typographical specimens of all kinds, fill numerous cases along the walls. Any rare article, of whatever kind or nature, finds a liberal purchaser in the museum. It is no wonder that the managers find it necessary to use the utmost vigilance against fraud and forgery. The ingenious forgery of M. Shapira of Jerusalem, pretending to be an ancient leather document of parts of scripture, had just been received there and was subjected to the closest scrutiny, which revealed the fraud.

In New Bond street, near its intersection with Oxford, in a small hall, is a collection of Dore's paintings, which, although small in number are powerful in effect, and well worth a prolonged visit. About fifty of that famous French master's works are placed around the wall. Some are sketches, some landscapes, but the chief interest at once fastens on the wonderful cyclus of paintings illustrative of that great drama which took place at Jerusalem nearly 1900 years ago. It commences with the "Massacre of the Innocents," culminates in "Christ Leaving the Pretorium," and terminates with the "Ascension." Besides these there are in this cyclus "The House of Caiaphas," where Judas receives his money, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," "Ecce Homo," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," showing the future triumph of Christianity, the "Night of the Crucifixion," descriptive of the terror, despair and consternation in the streets of Jerusalem, when "It was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour, and the sun was darkened and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst," and finally the "Ascension." Dore is well known to all by his masterly illustrations of the bible, Dante, etc. They are all admirable, and show the wonderful poetic and versatile genius of the artist but it is in the paintings of the last scenes of the great tragedy in Judea that he reaches the very zenith of his power. Religious art had lain dormant for nearly 300 years until Dore arose and formed a connecting link between the age of Raphael and Angelo and the present. The spirit of modern art is intensely realistic. Artists know that any attempt at divinity and the supernatural must be utterly abortive. Dore has succeeded well to rest the divine as much as possible and to bring the human out in bolder relief. The introduction of the unnatural and supernatural in art, however grand the conception, can be productive of nothing but caricature. In the "Entry into Jerusalem" and "Christ leaving the Pretorium," this is almost altogether avoided. These subjects are so sublime in themselves that no auxiliaries are necessary for effect. These two paintings are each twenty feet high and thirty feet wide, and contain several hundred almost life-sized figures. In the first painting Christ enters the city riding on an ass. An expression of calm joy and soft pity for those who now saluted him and would soon demand his execution fills his gentle countenance, while his disciples follow joyously, the multitude of men, women and children along the road vie with each other in rendering homage, and the high priests are looking on with expressions of fear, hatred and revenge. In the second picture the scene is changed. The trial has ended in the sentence of crucifixion, and Christ descends the broad steps of the pretorium on his way to Golgotha. The great physical suffering is now added to mental anguish. It is the supreme moment of the week, and his fate is decided. Here the artist grows sublime. The bearing of the Savior slowly descending the steps, the intense suffering, the pity and benevolence, the majesty, the calm resignation and the consciousness of innocence depicted on his countenance are wonderful, and would rank with the best in art if the master had restrained his exuberant fancy a little and discarded the halo and the effulgence of the crown of thorns. The spectators seem to experience a lull in their highly wrought feelings after the decisive moment when the sentence was delivered. The crowd stares at him in dull awe, as if only dimly realizing what it was doing; the unimpassioned Roman soldiers disinterestedly open the way and the priests show a feeling of perplexity and anxiety under their smile of triumphant hatred and gratified revenge. Every figure, in posture, dress and expression, is a masterpiece, and the distribution and movement of the vast crowd is harmonious and effective. This picture is evidently destined to be one of the great pictures of the world.

From the sublime at the Dore gallery to the rather ridiculous of Madame Tussaud's collection of wax figures and relics at Portman square, to the right of Oxford street, is but a five minutes' walk. But the museum is worth a visit. Three hundred life size wax figures of the kings and queens of England since William the Conqueror, from photographs taken at the time, of modern kings, queens princes, statesmen, poets, scientists, generals, divines, and noted criminals stand around the spacious halls. The execution of the work is generally quite artistic. Features, complexion, whiskers, mustaches, eyelashes, brows and hair are worked admirably. The likeness is largely a matter of faith in the statements of the catalogue. Some figures sit on benches, and are so life-like that not infrequently some inquisitive visitor will sit down and in all seriousness open a conversation with his fearless neighbor, and discover his mortifying blunder only after some unanswered preliminary remarks. Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Grant and Johnson represented the American nation, and rather sorry looking representatives they were. The artist had evidently not been in love with his subject, or was it a sinister motive of these Britishers to use this underhand way of taking revenge for Yorktown and the Alabama claims? The matter ought to be investigated, and Britain be made to pay for the insult or—we will call it a mean act. (*Entre nous*, if our government would only make better headway in naval affairs, I would use bolder language.) It is a perfect shame to see this fine array of greatness, of birth, brawn and brain, wrapped in royal purple and official robe, and among them a half dozen sons of the republic in plain, almost shabby dress, and with features almost idiotic. If the artists have idealized princes why not our great men? In another room are historical relics, chiefly of Napoleon consisting of his carriage taken at Waterloo, the whip which he flourished over Europe so long the sword with which he pointed to the pyramids in his address to the army of the Nile, his tooth brush, used before the battle of Waterloo a scent bottle carried by him when he felt that he was getting a bad odor generally, a piece of the willow tree under which the emperor sat musing on St. Helena, etc., etc. Also Voltaire's chair, the principal key and keyhole of the Bastile, a piece of the cloth of gold from the celebrated field of that name, bristles from the iron duke, the shirt worn by Henry of Navarre when assassinated, with the stains of blood still upon it, coats worn by Nelson, Wellington and Bonaparte, etc., etc., etc., all authenticated, of course. If the successors of the madame continue in this enterprising spirit they will soon distance the foremost cathedrals of Europe in the way of relics. After a hurried glance at the ghastly figures of murderers and murdered in the 'Chamber of Horrors,' we are glad to get away and to see the waving trees and bright lawns of Hyde park near by.

Hyde park, covering an area of 400 acres, Kensington gardens, 300 acres, Green park, [illegible] acres, and St. James park 80 acres, form a succession of large, fine parks extending from the vicinity of Trafalgar square and Westminster bridge in a northwesterly direction through the aristocratic West End. Hyde park is the largest and the most noted of all. It is the rendezvous of the nobility and the wealth of the city every fine afternoon. Long strings of magnificent turnouts enter through the marble arch on Oxford and through Hyde park corner on Piccadilly for a drive through the grounds with its pretty artificial lake, its shady roads of venerable trees and its broad lawns. Gay scions of ancient houses and graceful damsels on spirited thoroughbreds canter along the gravelly riding paths and plebian pedestrians stroll leisurely along shady walks, or rest on the numerous benches, enjoying the gay life of lords and ladies on horseback or on wheels. The English are extensively fond of good mutton, roast beef and horseflesh, and certainly have succeeded in producing a superior article in each of these different lines. It was a noble sight to see these thousands of proud, slender thoroughbreds with docked tails and nimble feet dash along the smooth road. As good and dutiful republicans we turned our attention from effeminate nobility, luxuriating on soft cushions, to the true aristocracy in harness. With our deficient education and neglected taste in such matters, we could not perceive the beauty nor utility in the amputated tails of these splendid animals. With his usual perverseness, the Britisher has concluded that the docked tail is a thing of beauty, and that nature is making a great mistake in her adhesion to the old fashioned long tail. A bitter, determined war between these stubborn, tenacious parties is the result. What will be the final outcome? The Briton never yields, but nature does sometimes. It would not be surprising to see nature, wearied and fatigued from the long struggle, give up the contest and produce a race of bob-tailed horses. At the corner of Hyde and Green parks stands, or rather stood, the colored equestrian statue on a high pedestal erected in honor of Wellington. Scaffoldings surrounded the statue, and workingmen were busy taking down the pedestal and lowering the statue. We did not learn the purpose of the undertaking but presume that it is a manifestation of the prevailing spirit of the times, which tries to bring everything to a common level and does its most effective work in lowering greatness in the eyes of the world.

The vicinity of these parks is the favorite abode of high and low nobility. St. James, Buckingham palace, the city residence of the queen; Marlborough house, the residence of the prince of Wales, and hundreds of elegant palaces of dukes, counts, earls, viscounts, etc., line the streets in the neighborhood. The houses of parliament and the numerous stately government buildings are also near, so that the whole quarter assumes a haughty and pretentious air, quite in contrast with the dingy, gloomy abodes of labor in the East End.

On the south side of Kensington gardens, which are really a western extension of Hyde park, is erected the magnificent Albert memorial. It is a monument 175 feet in height. The colossal, gilded statue of the prince consort is placed under a Gothic canopy highly embellished with statuary and carvings in stone, marble and metal. Allegorical figures of Europe, America, Africa and Asia adorn the broad base. The Indian and buffalo of course symbolize America. A frieze of 169 figures of noted poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, and architects, all in high relief of marble, runs around the base and adds much to the imposing grandness of the monument of a prince who in his limited field used his influence for good, and whose memory is held in high esteem by the English people.

South of the Albert memorial are the Albert hall, a vast oval concert hall, capable of seating 8000 persons, the Horticultural Gardens, the National History Museum, and the cluster of buildings belonging to the South Kensington Museum. The National History Museum contains the vast and extremely valuable collection of natural history belonging to the British Museum, but lately transferred to this place. It is perhaps the best collection of the kind in the world. England can afford to pay the highest price for anything it wants; her ships and travelers visit every nook and corner of the globe, and when to this is added a strong and growing desire to make these institutions the foremost in the world, she must succeed. The large halls of the museum are filled with whatever is instructing and interesting in botany, zoology, geology, mineralogy, &c. The successive phases of the evolution of life during millions of years, the fauna and flora of all zones and altitudes, and the formation and crystallizations of inanimate matter in fire or water are brought before our eyes in such narrow compass and comprehensive form that the mind experiences no difficulty in grasping the physical history of our earth from the earliest manifestations of organic life to the present.

The South Kensington Museum contains a picture gallery and a museum of ornamental and applied art. The latter is extremely interesting. It contains casts, electrotypes and drawings of the famous works of architecture of the different ages and from the different countries. There are arches from synagogues, portals from cathedrals, choirs, pulpits, stalls and doors from noted churches, the column of Trajan, tombs, chimneypieces, baptismal fonts, &c., all copied in plaster Paris, bronze or wood. There are also tankards, vases, kettles, lamps, candlesticks, shields, swords, daggers and other household utensils of metal, clay porcelain, wood, &c., brought from all lands, and giving us an insight into the real life of the people at different periods, such as no book on history could furnish. Schliemann's famous collection was then on exhibition. Digging through the foundations of Hissarlik, he struck in succession the graves of four distinct cities, each being covered by a stratum of debris about seven feet in thickness. The last was the burying place of ancient Ilium, the city which preceded Troy. Four great periods, covering 3000 years, each distinct from the other, were here boldly outlined in the pottery, the weapons, the household goods and the ornaments displayed on the shelves. The paintings consist mainly of portraits of celebrated Englishmen, and some magnificent cartoons of Raphael. The student of art, history and nature can find but few if any places better adapted to aid him in his pursuits than the South Kensington Museum.

From South Kensington we took the underground railway for Westminster station, and after a short ride through dark tunnels filled with smoke, we emerged on the banks of the Thames near the house of parliament and the old abbey. Parliament was in session, and the work was drawing to a close. Our banker had tried in vain to obtain a ticket of admission for us. They can be had only through a member, are in great demand and mostly very difficult to obtain. The halls in which the houses sit are so small that even all the members cannot be accommodated, and the public cannot keep an eye on its legislators, and has to content itself with reading the report of the proceedings in the daily papers. We had seen the legislatures of France, Germany and Austria, and felt disappointed in finding the doors closed to the cradle of parliamentary life in Europe. We wanted to see Premier Gladstone. We had seen Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," and now wanted to cast our eye on another great statesman, somewhat the antitype of the former. Unable to see the commons in session, the members on their benches with covered hats during the proceedings, the officers in gowns and wigs, the famous woolsacks, etc., we contented ourselves with a glance at the immense Gothic pile on the banks of the Thames, and proceeded to the abbey. If we could not see English greatness alive, we could at least see it buried.

Westminster is the Pantheon, the Walhalla of England. It is a fine Gothic church, 416 feet long and 73 feet wide. Like many medieval cathedrals, it is built in the form of a cross. It is claimed that the East Saxon king, Sebert, built a church here in 610, which was afterward destroyed by the Danes. Edward the Confessor, commenced the erection of a statlier building, which after many vicissitudes was at last finished by that celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren. Tradition and historical incidents cluster around the venerable pile, but its chief interest and world-wide fame consists in the fact that for centuries it has been the place of burial of the nation's great men and women. It was at first intended as a place of sepulture for royalty only. All the English kings, from Edward the Confessor to recent times, are interred here. Royalty has still exclusive use of the chapels, but it was unable to ward off the common clay from taking possession of nave, aisle and transepts. Several hundred princes, dukes, earls, statesmen, generals, admirals, poets, divines, actors, artists, etc., now enjoy the proud distinction of mouldering in Westminster Abbey. Several hundred other men from the different walks of life sleep in other cemeteries, but their memory is kept alive by medallions, tablets and monuments placed in their honor in the abbey. Of the 500 monuments, about sixty belong to men and women of widespread and enduring fame, not counting kings, queens and dukes, who are mostly known because they could not help it. The great majority are names of which history spoke, and who came immortal by their interment here. Besides the generals, admirals and princes, here are buried here or have monuments erected in their honor here, of statesmen, Canning, Chatham, Cobden, Palmerston, Peel and Pitt; of poets, Butler, Chaucer, Congreve, Cowley, Dryden, Gray, Goldsmith, Milton, Shakespeare, Thomson, Southey, Spencer; of authors, Addison, Ben Jonson, Thackeray and Macaulay; of scientists, Newton and Watts, and of actors, Garrick and Mrs. Siddons. A galaxy of illustrious names, of which any nation may justly feel proud.

Westminster abbey somewhat resembles the English constitution. It started, grew and expanded into what it now is, without any original design or well defined purpose. In the earlier ages, when the church was first built, it was fashionable for royalty and nobility to be buried in their churches. The custom became general, and during the last few centuries Englishmen know no higher ambition than to be buried under the marble slab of the immortal edifice. How many of the great of the present generations, Gladstone, Tyndall, Spurgeon, Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, etc., walk over the silent graves in these solemn halls, with their mind's eye on some future day, when they, too, shall rest here from the weary struggle of life, with monuments overhead recording their grand attainments in superlatives. Some of the monuments are plain and modest, some are of artistic merit, some are in very poor taste, but nearly all are loud in praise of those in whose honor they are erected. It is astounding how much greatness and goodness lies buried here of which the world never learned until a vain posterity erected a proud monument and informed the world that they had ancestors who were an honor to their family or class. When we saw a long forgotten manufacturer of doggerel raised beside Homer, Virgil and Pindar, when a vain martinet was called a Caesar, when a local politician was ranked with Richelieu and Orange, and when a tyro in art was classed with Michael Angelo and Raphael, we felt that the obliteration of the inscriptions, with the exception of the beginning words "Here lies," would not be so very inappropriate.

Occasionally a little beam of humor shoots athward the solemn gloom. The epitaph of Sir James Fullerton and lady, first gentleman to the bed chamber of Charles the First, informs us among other things, that "He died fuller of faith than of fear, fuller of consolation than of pains, fuller of honor than of days." John Gay, the poet, wrote his own epitaph:

> Life is but a jest and all things show it,
> I thought so once but now I know it.

Mathew Prior, poet and diplomatist, at the beginning of the 18th century also wrote his own quaint epitaph:

> Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
> Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
> The son of Adam and of Eve;
> Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

Kneller, court painter of the profligate Charles II., expressed a desire on his deathbed that he should not be buried at Westminster, because "they bury fools there." Nevertheless he is there, has a fine monument of his own design, and his epitaph by Pope tells us that

> Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
> Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

Pope seems to have been in great demand as a writer of epitaphs. His muse could stop majestically among these damp, cold and somber vaults without taking cold. Sometimes, however, the spirit of satire sat at his elbows when engaged in this work, and induced him to perpetuate grave jokes, as witness the following on Mrs. Oldfield, an actress, who must have been very fastidious to the last:

> Odious! in woolen! 'twould a saint provoke!
> Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
> No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
> Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;
> One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,
> And Betty, give this cheek a little red.

The reasonable dying request of the lady was granted, we are informed, and it is presumed she is happy.

The congregation under the floors of the abbey is rather promiscuous, after all, and not quite as select as it might be. Mediocrity, even coachmen and valets, have invaded these classic halls, and many of England's greatest men rest in the green cemeteries in other parts of the island. But enough of the statesmen who raised their country to the zenith of power and prosperity, of poets who reached the topmost pinnacle of the modern Parnassus, of scientists who penetrated farthest into the secret laboratory of nature, of philanthropists who led in the cause of humanity, and of warriors who on land and sea defended the proud flag of Britain, have found a niche in this grand temple of fame to render it one of the most interesting spots on the globe. In the soft twilight, under the high Gothic vault we walked among the silent yet eloquent, marble groups, which in bust, statue, and allegorical figures speak of the deeds of such immortals as Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Newton, Handel, Canning, Chatham, Cobden, Pitt, Wilberforce and hundreds of others. No modern nation can boast such a place as Westminster Abbey, filled with the glorious record of many centuries, and where the spirits of departed immortals seem to hover over the marble statues and whisper stories of a famous past and noble aspirations for the future in our ears.

Westminster is connected with the heart of the city by Whitehall, the Strand and Fleet street, and the Victoria embankment. The latter runs along the bank of the river from Westminster bridge to Blackfriars bridge at the foot of Ludgate hill. Forty years ago the site of this street was covered with tide flats. Now it is one of the most charming drives and promenades in the city. Massive granite walls protect it against floods, and the opposite side is lined with beautiful gardens and fine palaces. Nearly midway, on a high granite pedestal, stands one of the "needles of Cleopatra," a monolith [illegible] feet high, 8 feet thick at the base, and covered with inscriptions informing us that it was erected by Pharaoh Thothmes III. 1500 B. C., presented to England A. D. 1819 by the viceroy of Egypt, Mohammed Ali, brought over in an iron cylinder A. D. 1878 by Erasmus Wilson, was abandoned during a storm in the Bay of Biscay, but subsequently recovered and placed on this conspicuous place on the bank of the Thames. Thirty three centuries ago, when this huge block of nearly 200 tons was quarried, cut and chiseled at Syene, and erected at Heliopolis, the center of civilization was on the banks of the Nile. Culture, enterprise, commerce, enlightenment long ago fled this fertile valley, and the ignorant fellah stands mute before the colossal ruins of his ancestors, half buried beneath the drifting sands of the desert. This monument stands there a constant reminder of the mutability of worldly affairs. It speaks in sepulchral voice the [illegible] in the face of the busy, toiling city, and vividly brings to mind the splendid sentence of Macaulay, where he speaks of a New Zealander sitting on a pier of London bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul.

White Hall connects Westminster with Charing Cross and Trafalgar square. It is a handsome street, occupied by palaces, government buildings and barracks. The throngs on the sidewalks have a strong sprinkling of soldiers in scarlet coats. The English soldiers, as far as we saw them, are men of fine physique, tall, straight and active and of good bearing. Their uniforms, in cut and color, are quite becoming but when we saw these handsome men in red and blue, a diminutive pretense of a cap tipped killingly on one ear, and a nice little cane flourished with the gloved hand, we felt what a great pity it was to send them out as targets for uncouth barbarians to shoot at. They are really too nice for rough war. In its military organizations England is far behind the rest of Europe, and some day will have to pay a heavy price in blood and treasures for its deep-rooted conservatism. The conservatism of England in so many things, while at the same time that nation is in the lead in others, is a puzzling problem. All enlightened nations are rapidly following in the wake of France and adopting the decimal system in weights, measures and coinage, but England clings to its inconvenient and antiquated methods, and all the rest of Europe are reorganizing their armies after the Prussian model, while England stubbornly maintains its volunteer system. England alone, to-day, is no match for a second-rate power, and the day is passed when she could open her purse and let her allies do the fighting. A critical moment is approaching in the history of that nation. English blood, sinew, bone and brain must come to the front and maintain its honor and prestige. Reverses must come to that proud empire. England must eat the bread of humiliation as well as others, and puffy John Bull must be reduced to fighting trim. The long years of extraordinary prosperity have made the ruling classes of that island haughty, self sufficient and voluptuous, and retribution is at hand. It is foolish to predict England's downfall, for the present at least. The core of that nation is sound. In physical, mental and moral vigor the Anglo Saxon has no superior and few equals. Too rich living has somewhat corrupted the blood of the Englishman, but he will not go yet, like the effeminate and voluptuous Roman, but come out of a long season of hard struggles with adversity a better man than he ever was before.

Trafalgar square is the most noted of the public places of London. As the name indicates, it is mainly devoted to Lord Nelson, and commemorates that hero and the battle of Trafalgar, where he destroyed the fleet of Napoleon, and thus saved England from an invasion. Continental Europe lay at the feet of the great Corsican, but his ambition gave him no peace until the English island was also humbled in the dust. He had collected a vast army at Boulogne, the transports were ready, the soldiers well drilled, well equipped and anxious for another battle of Hastings. The fleet which was to escort the transport was coming from the Mediterranean when Nelson met it, and, feeling the grave importance of the day, gained one of the most important victories of all times. "England expects every man to do his duty," were his orders on the memorable day, and they have become household words to England and the world. Englishmen did their duty, the French fleet was destroyed and disabled, Napoleon's plans were frustrated and his vision of a British crown vanished forever in the fogs of Dover. Nelson was the deliverer of his threatened country, but he paid for this honor with his life, and his grateful people could do nothing more than erect a proud monument to its most famous hero in the center of the nation's and the world's metropolis.

The monument occupies the center of the square. It is a massive Corinthian column, 145 feet high, surmounted by the colossal statue of the admiral. Bronze reliefs on the sides represent scenes from the battles of St. Vincent, Aboukir, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. Four colossal bronze lions, modeled by Landseer, adorn the base of the monument. Statues of Havelock, Napier and George IV. are erected in other parts of the square, but they dwindle into insignificance beside the towering monument of the great admiral.

At one corner of the square is situated the national gallery, in a rather plain building. The collection of paintings is large and valuable, especially of the British school. There are some splendid paintings of the Italian, Spanish, French and Dutch schools, but by this time we had become so thoroughly satisfied with the old masters that the strange landscapes of Turner, the bold illustrated sermons of Hogarth, the excellent horses of Rosa Bonheur and the inimitable dogs of Landseer furnished refreshing relief. No nation, not even the Anglo-Saxon, can excel in everything. The English, like their cousins on the shores of the Baltic and the German ocean, are no artists, and never will be. Their fiber is not fine enough for it. Their superiority shines in heavy work on land and sea, which calls out all the great masculine qualities, but they are too awkward, heavy and clumsy in the realm of beauty. A half dozen names exhausts the roll of famous English artists, and they excel by their bold realism more than by their lofty idealism. Take out the Dresden Madonna, Dore's Christ, and a score of other celebrated paintings and there is not much left in all the galleries superior to Landseer's dogs. Following conventionalities and fashion, we applaud when an artist transcends the limits of the human and finite and surprises us with visions from infinitude and divinity. It is heresy to raise a question, where assertion and denial are equally absurd. We grow dizzy when an idealist tries to lift us up to the realm of the divine, but we experience the comfort of solid ground under our feet when a Landseer raises the brute almost to the level of humanity.

To the north of Trafalgar square, between Oxford street and the Strand, is a labyrinthian jumble of narrow filthy lanes and streets. It is the haunt of ignorance, vice and poverty, a regular breeding place of crime. The Seven Dials, a companion piece of the Old Five Points of New York, is the notorious black spot in the vicinity. Here is the reverse side to the picture of brilliant life in the palaces and elegant club rooms of the West End only a short distance away. Pale ragged, haggard children playing in oozy gutters, gaunt mothers in tattered dress, disheveled hair, and almost insane eyes staring from hollow sockets, sitting on dirty stoops, drunken bloats staggering into the stench and gloom of dimly lighted alleys, sharp featured men with the alert eye of prowling beasts, men, women and children habituated to bad air, bad food, insufficient clothing and harsh treatment, devoid of hope, shame and modesty and familiar with vice and crime in their horrible aspects, such are the sickening sights one meets at every step in the dark gloomy lanes of this dismal quarter. It is dangerous to pass through these streets, even in broad day. Pickpockets and worse criminals watch and pursue the stranger as coyotes their prey. Here the Fagins have established their high schools for pickpockets, from which graduate the expert, deft fingered gentry for which London is so well known. How can children grow up to physically, intellectually and morally sound men and women under such conditions. It is impossible. Man can no more reach a normal state without proper light, air and nourishment than beasts and plants, and yet our dull solons cannot see where to apply the lever of reform. Let all men be properly housed, fed and exercised and reform schools, houses of correction and penitentiaries would soon begin to grow empty. Vice and crime are symptoms of disease and deformity, consequent of improper treatment. A healthy constitution of mind and body naturally loathes vice and crime. No court, jailer and executioners can work reform. The root of the evil lies deeper, and so long as affluence aggrandizes all to itself, to the detriment of the unfortunate, just so long will we have a society wallowing in luxury and sensual pleasures at one end and abject poverty, squalor, filth and crime at the other. The contrast is nowhere so strong as in England. The utmost limits of private wealth and direst misery have there been reached, the strain on the social structure is terrible, and a change evidently imminent. How many thousands of people in this densely populated unhealthy quarter go to bed half hungry every night and do not know where to earn the next meal, while the wealth of a hundred nations pours through the broad thoroughfares, almost at their very doors, and hundreds of palatial mansions within common shot resound nightly with the orgies of the devotees of Mammon, Bacchus and Venus. Two festering cancerous sores are eating at the extremes of English society, the center is still sound and that holds in its hands the future destiny of the nation.

The Strand and Fleet street, its eastern continuation to Ludgate Hill, is one of the busiest and liveliest streets in the city. Ludgate Hill and Charing Cross, stations of the underground railway, a vast number of fine shops, the printing houses, the book trade, art galleries and theaters, attract dense masses to this thoroughfare. In the late afternoon from 5 to 7 o'clock, when the shops and offices down in the city are closed and when 700,000 employers and employes rush in all directions toward the suburbs this street, with Holborn, presents a very animated appearance. It is a feverish rush for cabs, omnibus and trains. The Londoner never walks slowly. Even the men of leisure are carried along *willy nilly* in the mad stampede. With the body slightly bending forward, with springy gait and long strides, the Londoners manage to get out of the way of each other pretty lively. They are superior walkers, men and women and have taught the art to the country people. The English walk much and fast and enjoy the invigorating exercise. Other nations just now copy English ways extensively and much that is questionable, but their walking ought to be imitated by both sexes, especially in our country with good, beneficial results.

H. L. S[illegible]KSDORF.

PRESS PITH

A merchant in Chicago bears the name of Zero Marx. He probably marks his goods very low.—New York Graphic.

It has been discovered why Nicolini is so fond of playing billiards. It is the only thing he can do worse than he can sing.—Puck.

"It is impolite to talk to a man when he is reading." It is just as impolite to read to a man when he is talking.—Philadelphia Call.

The manner in which Ben Butler's yacht, the America, was beaten would seem to show that she ran on the people's ticket.—Boston Post.

Pauline—"Say mamma, was it necessary to get up an improved bible just 'cause the democrats got in?"—Elgin (Ill.) Every Saturday.

The verdict of the coroner's jury on the dead base-ball umpire was "He tried to please both nines." It covered the ground.—Norristown Herald.

Two men in Kentucky killed each other last week in a quarrel about a dog. As the animal was not injured in any way, the trouble may be considered as satisfactorily settled.—Lowell Citizen.

You will seldom see a sadder face than the face of him who wears the anxious look of one who has loaned a lead-pencil and is momentarily expecting that it will be returned.—Boston Transcript.

About this time of the year the city young man visits his country cousins and gains a reputation as an original humorist by working off on them all the jokes he has heard at the theatres during the winter.—Philadelphia Call.

"That's a pretty dress that Mrs. Brown has on," remarked Mrs. Fogg. "Beautiful color, isn't it? It beats on a green." "I don't know," replied Fogg, glancing at the dress, which was unnecessarily low in the neck. "I should say that it bares on the shoulders."—Boston Transcript.

"Whew!" exclaimed Crimsonbeak, surprised, on entering his sleeping apartment, to find his wife waiting for him, the other morning at 2 o'clock, "these stairs almost take my breath away." "Well, I wish they would," replied his displeased wife, catching the odor of the clubman's evening beverage.—Yonkers Statesman.

"No," said the Vermont deacon, "I don't approve of horse racin', and when another member of the church becomes so godless as to try to pass me on the road comin' home from meetin', I feel it my duty to the church to let out a little on the reins just to keep him from putting his trust in earthly things."—Troy Press.

"You are arrested," remarked the judge to the tramp, "for stealing an accordion. Are you guilty?" "Yes, your honor, I admit the charge." "Did you steal it to play on?" "I did not," replied the prisoner in a hurt tone of voice. "I hope your honor does not take me for a musician."—Crawford (Penn.) Journal.

IT IS NOT GOING BACKWARD.

Philadelphia Press.

No, the republican party is not going backward. It is to be judged as a whole and not from a part. Its progress is to be measured by a series of years, and not by a single year.

Here and there it may look for the moment as if the party were facing to the rear. In a single state it may for the time being fall under reactionary influences. For a single campaign it may seem to turn back to old methods and old measures. But the republican line stretches across the continent. Republican history spans three decades and republican tendency is determined, not by the sagging of the line at a particular point, but by the general advance of the broad front. The Pennsylvania railroad turns to the right and the left, but its general course is forward.

The republican party was far ahead in 1880 of its position in 1876, and it is far ahead today of its position in 1880. It recognizes more liberty of action; it has a better grasp of living questions; it is freer from old influences and readier for new demands. In New York it makes Evarts senator, looks to the first rank for governor, and joins hands on the broadest and highest platform. In Massachusetts it quickens positive republicanism with fresh vitality, but makes it progressive as well as aggressive. In Ohio it makes its appeal to the sober second thought of the people. Along this broad sweep there are no signs of reaction. If anywhere the party looks backward it is local and temporary.

Republicanism must in the nature of things go forward. It is justly proud of its past, but its life lies in its progress. It can not win by standing still or turning to the rear. It is made up of thinking men who meet new demands and new duties as they come. Reaction may be fed for a time, but the course of the party is onward and it can not long be stopped.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Mr. Hatton Interviews a Prominent Member of the Tory Ministry.

The New Cabinet's Policy—Life and Letters of Dean Stanley—Literary News of an Interesting Nature.

Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.

LONDON, July 8.—Of the ministry but not in the cabinet, my host is a person of authority and knowledge. He served an apprenticeship to diplomacy, he sat for years in the commons and he has just received an appointment at the hands of Lord Salisbury.

"Yes," he said, "I will be glad to chat with you, and I will give you as far as I know it the tory view of the situation, always provided you do not use my name."

He was a sturdy, handsome Englishman, with a touch of American frankness in his manner. Travel and much intercourse with men had toned down an air of hauteur that was natural to him.

"I was bred in the service and to the service of my country. My family have fought and bled for it from the days of Marston Moor and we have had a hand in the government since William of Orange. You Americans take an interest in our history; we on our side are proud to watch America making history, and she makes it very fast."

"I fear, my lord," I said, "America does not love the tories, but at the same time I am equally sure she has disapproved of the policy or want of it of the Gladstone government."

"'A plague of both your houses,' eh?" he said. "Well, we respect and admire America and are desirous of having her think well of us. My friend Lord Randolph Churchill married an American wife; my friend Lord Dunraven lives in America half the time and swears by it the other half; Lord Salisbury visited the country in his youth; my friend Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, is, I believe, an American by birth, and several others of my colleagues have traveled through the states. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright profess to know a great deal about America, but they have not taken the trouble to cross the Atlantic. I know the new world from Manhattan to the Golden Gate and I believe the good Americans, the great Americans, are in sympathy with the Tories. They must respect us at all events. We are straight. We say what we mean. We are proud of our country. We believe in our country. We know that its salvation depends upon the firm and loyal maintenance of the empire, and we are ready to die for it. America admires pluck—grit, as she calls it. We have the courage of our opinions. We are not afraid of being the ministers of a great country. It is a tremendous responsibility. Our desire is to look that responsibility straight in the face and not shirk it."

"Did the queen exercise the influence she is credited with in arranging the little differences between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone?"

"She did. The expression of her hope that Lord Salisbury would put an end to the politic[illegible]. Intemperance was tantamount to a command that he should take office."

THE TORIES' POLICY—IF THEY DARED.

"Has Lord Randolph Churchill the power in the cabinet with which he is credited?"

"He has power—much power. He represents the young blood of the tory party. It was his influence that shelved Sir Stafford Northcote. Nobody has a greater respect for the late leader than Sir Randolph had, but a leader who does not lead is no more good than a government that does not govern. Lord Randolph Churchill has a much larger business and judicial capacity than even some of his own party credit him with. You have heard him speak, of course? A born parliamentary orator, a born leader—you will see! Why Lord Randolph Churchill has made a position for himself in five years which it took Disraeli a lifetime to make. Disraeli's motto was that everything comes to the man who waits, but Lord Randolph believes in meeting destiny half way and taking time by the forelock. Men cannot wait in these days, do you not agree with me?"

The worst of Englishmen is they do not understand interviewing; they will interview the interviewer.

"And what is the policy of the new ministry?" I asked, plunging at last into the business of my visit.

"Ah, that is a very direct question," he said, swaying his chair to take a turn or two about the room. "But as I said before, always provided that—"

"You may rely upon me, my lord; wild horses would not drag from me a confession that I had ever spoken to you."

"You are diplomats by experience, you gentlemen of the press," he answered, smiling and then pausing reflectively, continued thus: "Well, if we had a majority at our backs our policy would be what you might call a warlike policy, but what we should insist upon defining as a peaceful policy. We should say to Russia, 'So far and no further,' we should say to France, 'No tricks with Morocco;' we should say to Turkey, 'Govern the Soudan, we will help you;' we should say to Egypt, 'Come under the English flag as part of our eastern empire,' and if we sought for alliances we should hope to conclude them with Germany, Italy and Spain. But our immediate policy is simply to wind up the legitimate business of the session, to fulfill as far as possible the pledges to foreign powers made by our predecessors, and then to await the verdict of the country at the general election."

"And your domestic policy?"

"Is very much the same as the policy of the liberals. The barriers between us are very slight. They are not breast high. We can shake hands over them. The enfranchisement of the agricultural laborer is as much a tory as a liberal measure."

"But are you not protectionists?"

"No, some of us are fair traders; we would support a scheme of reciprocity. In extreme cases some of us would be in favor of retaliatory tariff, but all round we are free traders."

"With sympathies the other way?"

"Perhaps, perhaps. We would not see the trade of the country go to pieces without an effort to save it. I think we should have made a fiscal fight for the sugar and silk industries, which have been ruined by French subsidies."

HAVE THE DANGERS OF WAR INCREASED?

"Many persons think the tory accession to power will lead to war, do you?"

"No, but I do think some of the liberals who are glad to see us in office believe that Mr. Gladstone, getting to the verge of war, wished to put the onus of a fight upon us."

"You think, then, there is still some danger of a collision with Russia?"

"There is always that danger."

"But is there more possibility of it to-day than there was a month ago?"

"If the report of an insurrection in Afghanistan is true."

"Is there such a report?"

"Yes, it will be in to-morrow's papers, and here is, we are told, evidence of a Russian intrigue at the bottom of it."

Then turning round suddenly upon me he said: "America would make a large sum of money out of a war between England and Russia, eh?"

"America does not desire such a calamity on that account," I said.

"Of course not," he replied, "only I was thinking that considering this year's wheat crop in the great west is likely to be a failure, it would be better if the war should be postponed for another year."

"By all means," I said, and with this merry shot at America the minister shook hands, offered me a cigar, and we parted, he to go into the commons, I to stroll out of the smoking room of the house and to drive home. As I passed into the shadow of Westminster Abbey, I thought of that kind, scholarly Dean Stanley, who had shown me many courtesies and was so popular with all Americans who had the privilege of his acquaintance. When I reached home I found waiting for me an early copy of the new book by Grace Oliver—"Arthur Penrhyn Stanley: His Life, Work and Teaching." It was an agreeable surprise, and all the more so that an admiring friend of the late dean had annotated it for me, and given me a delightful literary *precis* of its best chapters. I dismissed the tory minister and the suggestions of trouble ahead with which his conversation bristled, and turned to this quiet story of the dear old liberal-minded cleric.

DEAN STANLEY'S BOYHOOD.

The name of the Stanleys forms a little vein in the history of England. A Stanley was present at Bosworth, another did duty at Flodden. Alderley, in Cheshire, was the family home. In his early years Edward Stanley, the dean's father, had a passion for the sea. It is said that he wept at the sight of a ship which he was not allowed to board, and slept on the shelf of a wardrobe in order to fancy himself on the ocean. But a good clerical income of £750 pounds a year from a family living in the church was too large a bait to let pass, and when about 25 years of age Edward Stanley became the rector of Alderley. Here in one of the most picturesque spots in England, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (the late dean) was born on December 13, 1815, the famous year of Waterloo. He was a delicate little creature and gave his young mother great anxiety. Precocious in his mental development, from his earliest years he gave very early evidence of a perfect passion for poetry and historical investigation. He had a singular love of drawing pictures and birds; they gave him excessive delight. His youthful mind was full of the legends of the neighborhood, and "while his more active brother, Owen, was building and sailing ships on the clear brook which dashed through the rectory garden, Arthur was dreaming of the wizard of Alderly Edge, who, with a hundred horses, was sleeping in an enchanted cavern under the blue fields of water, haunted by the mermaids and fishes of gold and silver."

FIRST ATTEMPTS AT AUTHORSHIP.

Little Stanley was a poet. There are lines of his written when 11 years of age; it is a little poem on seeing the sunshine from the top of Alderley church towers, and at 12 years he wrote another on witnessing the departure of the Ganges bearing his brother Owen out to sea from Spithead. Still greater efforts two years later were a long poem on "The Druids" and some verses entitled the Maniac of Betharow." Presently the lad went to school at Seaforth, near Liverpool. Here he made many friends. Mr. Rawson, his schoolmaster, says "he never had a more amiable, attentive or clever boy than Arthur Stanley." His mother in 182[illegible] writes: "Oh! it is so difficult to know how to manage Arthur. He takes having to learn dancing so terribly to heart and enacts Prince Pitiful, and will, I am afraid, do no good at it. Then he thinks I do not like his reading, because I try to draw him also to other things, and as he reads by stealth and lays down his books when he hears people coming, and has no other pursuits or anything he cares for but reading, has a listless look and I am sure is often unhappy. I suspect, however, that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than a boy."

EARLY DAYS AT RUGBY UNDER ARNOLD.

Augustus Hare was consulted as to the best schoolhouse for the boy and said: "Are you aware that the person of all others fitted to get on with the boys is just elected master of Rugby? His name is Arnold. He is just the man to take a fancy to Arthur and for Arthur to take a fancy to." In January, 1829, the lad entered the school. The early days of school life were apparently not too happy. Writing three months later, his mother says: "We arrived at Rugby exactly at 12; waited to see the boys pass, and soon spied Arthur with his books on his shoulder. He colored up and came in looking very well, but cried a good deal on seeing us, chiefly, I think, from nervousness."

Still there were happy days, and in time the boy got to be styled the poet of the school, and his little study bore the name of Poet's Corner. Stanley worked hard and bore off many prizes. On speech day he was more than once nearly buried in books, and it was no uncommon thing to see him on such occasion literally staggering under the load of his well-earned laurels. But his greatest prize was winning a scholarship at Balliol. 'You may think of my joy,' he writes home, 'the honor of Rugby is saved and I am a scholar of Balliol.' Settled at Balliol, Stanley pursued his studies with great zest, winning honors and making close friends. His views, however were too broad for the then Balliol folk, and at the end of "terms" he sought election to a fellowship in another body—University college.

MANHOOD, HONORS, TRAVEL AND REST.

Following these peeps at Stanley's early life come accounts of his labors in literature at college and in the church as canon of Canterbury. Then the chronicle runs briefly over his travels and researches in the east, embodying the idea that of all places in the whole world Rome was the only one that he found "absolutely inexhaustible." And so life sped on in labors after his own heart, till the time came when he was appointed dean of Westminster. And here under the stately pile, founded 800 years ago by Edward the Confessor, Stanley may be said to have garnered in his life of rich experience. On January 9, 1864, Stanley took up his residence in the deanery. Three years after he became dean he published the "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," a rich store of curious information that illumined not a few forgotten corners and shed a ray on not a few neglected spots.

He spent many of his shorter holiday-trips in Scotland. The quaintness of the people interested him, and he would often quote such stories as that of the old Tosee Kirk pastor who ground out "Oh! that we were all baptized into the spirit of disruption!" His last long journey was to America. The dean himself thus summed up his experience: "The two months which I spent on those shores seem to me two years of actual work, or two centuries rather, for in them I have lived through all American history." The book draws to a close with a description of Stanley's "last hours," and concludes with a brief summary of his life. Stanley was rather a man of substance than shadows. He rarely put forward a proposition without first being somewhat sure of his ground. Eminently practical in his word, his life was to a large extent useful rather than heroic. It is this side of his character that is dealt with in Miss Grace Oliver's monograph, and although the world must wait for the story in all its details, this new biography fills a worthy place among the histories of the world's workers.

SOME LITERARY GOSSIP.

The latest craze is an imitation of the cheap handy books that are common in America. "Called Back" set the fashion. It was published at 25 cents. "Found Out," by Miss Mather, and "The House on the Marsh," by Miss Warden, were also successes. "Dark Days," by the author of "Called Back," has had an enormous sale. Hundreds of other cheap novels have appeared, but these are the successes, and the publishers say that the experiment will not succeed, it will not interfere with the old fashion of the three-volume novel and the library system. "A Rainy June" by Ouida (which has appeared in a number of American newspapers), is out at a shilling, but "Dark Days" has sold in thousands, where "A Rainy June" has sold in hundreds. Poor Hugh Conway, who died of fever in Italy, made during his short literary career with "Called Back" and other works $30,000. The London publishers of "Gordon's Diaries" gave $25,000 for the book and have exhausted a first edition of 20,000 copies at $5 each. We have Gordon busts, too, and Gordon lectures by the score, a fine picture, "The Last Watch," is on view, and not a newspaper, it seems to me, but has had a fling at Gladstone under some text taken from the diaries. The Tories have suggested that Gladstone shall be elevated to the peerage with the title of Lord Killgordon. On this side the political side of the diaries is discussed and the social and personal side is left over for a future day. I commend to my American readers who are outside the political turmoil which agitates all society here to the humanities of the diaries. One can not imagine a more natural or a more unconventional gentleman or Christian than Gordon. He would not fit the part of the father of an Arcadian republic. Studied from another standpoint, he realizes the God-like character of a Christian warrior, and however you look at him you find him brave, loveable, and a man.

Although Mr. Ruskin's first part of his autobiography has not received much attention from the press, I am inclined to regard it as a worthy book judged in the lines of Gordon's diary, namely, for its frank, outspoken revelations and its utter absence of false pride. Let me instance Ruskin's description of his grandfather. "My maternal grandfather," he says, "was, as I have said, a sailor, who used to embark, like Robinson Crusoe, at Yarmouth, and come back at rare intervals, making himself very delightful at home. I have an idea he had something to do with the herring business, but am not clear on that point, my mother never being much communicative concerning it." Garrick hated to be told by Dr. Johnson that they both came to London with something less than the traditional shilling in their pockets, and even in the democratic atmosphere of Brooklyn, or Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Louisville, there are wealthy church members who would resent the chronicling of their humble origin and associations, but here is Ruskin, scholar, professor, capitalist, gentleman, confessing that his maternal grandfather was in the fish trade at Yarmouth. Lay this up in your hearts, oh, ye pharisees and snobs of your gilded saloons, and don't forget it, ye Blackfords and other fish merchants of the republic.

JOSEPH HATTON.

Too Many Such Fathers.

Rural New Yorker.

A 14-year-old boy writes us that, wanting a little money that should be all his own, he bought a pig last spring with his saved up pennies, has managed to buy enough mill feed to keep it growing all summer, and last fall he earned all the corn to fatten it by husking corn at every eighth bushel. He has just sold the pig for $20, and his father took the money, saying the boy had no use for it, and that he would give him another pig in the spring. The boy asks was that right.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is recommended by physicians as the only reliable

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PIONEER DAYS.

Reminiscences of One of Oregon's Te torial Governors, John P. Gaines.

The Oregon City Club of 1846—Dick McCary Outlaw. The Argonauts of Oregon on the Homeward Voyage.

ARTICLE XV.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

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VOYAGE OF THE SHIP SUPPLY.

On the voyage down the Atlantic there w evidently a pestilence on board the Supply, the two daughters of the Gaines family died yellow fever and were buried at St. Catherin in Brazil, in the year 1850. Judge Strong c readily supply any details that may be desir concerning this unfortunate occurrence, t must have seriously saddened the party voyag to Oregon.

The following correspondence, that com from our state department, recalls the facts that momentous voyage and shows very ple antly the kindness that Americans abroad fe towards their own countrymen.

D. PEDRO I. RAILWAY,
SANTA CATHARINA, April [illegible] 188

Thomas A. Osborne, Esq., Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, in R de Janeiro: Dear Sir: During the prospecting this line my engineers came across the two gra of the daughters of Governor Gaines of Orego A small house with brick walls, and tiled been erected and contained besides the two gra above mentioned a monument to the memory Consul [illegible] many years ago American con at this port. As the whole structure and surrou ings were rapidly falling into ruins we took up ourselves to have it repaired and the ground a cleared.

I subsequently took a photograph of the to stone erected to the memory of Governor Gain daughters, and thinking it probable that their r latives in the states would like a copy I herew beg to enclose a print.

May I ask you to do what you can in t way of forwarding it and with apologies troubling you in the matter I remain dear s yours faithfully, A. L. ALEXANDER, Chief Engineer.

The following letter explains itself:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 2[illegible] 188

His excellency Zenas F. Moody, Governor Oregon, Salem. Sir: I have the honor to encl a copy of a letter from A. L. Alexander, Esq., ch engineer of the Dom Pedro I. Railway, sent fro Santa Catharina to our minister at Rio and photograph of the tombstone erected to the me ory of the daughters of Governor Gaines of O gon at that place to which it relates.

The department will thank you to transmit th enclosures to the family. I have the honor to your excellency's obedient servant,

T. F. BAYARD.

The governor's private secretary forwarde the same to the Gaines' family through th hands of Norris H. Looney, Esq., of Jefferson brother in law of Mr. Abner Gaines and on th way I secured copies.

The tombstone reads:

Sacred to the memory of the two daughters Gov. Gaines of Oregon who died of yellow fev at St. Catharines while on their way to Oregon the U. S. store ship Supply in 1850.

Grounds cleared up and re-enclosed by the U steamers M[illegible] and Powhatan in 18[illegible] 1860.

Tomb repaired and ground cleared by English residents in Desterro, Santa Catharina, 188

From the last clause of the inscription would appear that Mr. Alexander and othe who accomplished the recent renovation are E glish residents of Desterro, which is placed the map of Brazil as the capital of the provinc of St. Catharina, while near the coast is an isl of some size also named St. Catharinus. De terro is a port several hundred miles s of Rio de Janeiro.

EARLY TERRITORIAL DAYS.

These facts recall to mind the early days territorial government in Oregon. A gene ion has passed and Governor Gaines is n General Hamilton has fulfilled an honored age, and thus also gone the actors of that ear time are among our very aged men if yet living. I have a pleasant memory of Governor Gaines who was a fine type of the Kentuckian, a came to Oregon to remove his family from the evils of slavery. I was well acquainted with him and visited occasionally his beautiful home in the hills about seven miles south of Salem where he tried about the very first experiment of introducing short horns, or Durhams as they called in this region. It is unpleasant to know that his enterprise was ahead of the times and so premature that he was a heavy loser. His life in Oregon was a disappointment, for he failed to realize results from his cattle importation and as his means were limited it seriously crippled his finances. But the Gaines herd was the foundation stock of many good herds and the enterprise of Governor Gaines was of great benefit to Oregon cattle interests. Our stock men will recognize that fact and unite with me in rendering due justice to an early venture that rewarded the public rather than the public spirited projector.

A KENTUCKIAN ON THE STUMP.

John P. Gaines was of excellent family and thoroughly excellent man and kind neighbor. He was a man of principle and had many tra for leadership. The whig party was in a la mental minority in those days, with a few pillars like Ben Waldo and Jesse Looney, the Applegates and many other good citizens, and they willingly conferred the barren honor of nominations on Governor Gaines, who bravely took the stump as bravely backed up by T. J. Dryer and THE OREGONIAN. It is doubtful if there ever will be such public gatherings again here, as responded to the call when Gen. Lane and Gov. Gaines claimed a hearing. They turned out *en masse* and each party was satisfied with and proud of their champions. I remember when once here in Salem they had an intellectual encounter when we thought Gaines was decidedly the best man. He capped his argument with a story of an old farmer who watched a hen trying to sit on too many eggs: "Old speckle, you'll have to spread yourself," said the farmer. The application was made when summing up the multitudinous promises Lane had made in the opening speech, and the homely wit and humor of it took the crowd so that the Lane adherents and the old general himself had to join in the laugh at his expense. Governor Gaines was a good [illegible] and made some very remarkable canvasses when the fact of democratic supremacy being so absolute is taken into account. He was the subject of most undeserved and very persistent abuse in the days when the Oregon style of journalism was prevalent. I remember that the very week that his wife was killed at Clatsop by an accident, while riding, the opposition press gave him its usual dose. Gaines was a man only to be known and appreciated by those who knew him well enough to understand him well. Owing to newspaper prejudice those opposed to him no doubt be [illegible] him cowardly, dishonest, dishonorable and base, whereas he was brave, honorable, [illegible] far above average men in true principle and moral and religious sentiment. Even at this late day I take pleasure in [illegible] honor to the memory of a true man, who l slavery behind him and sought a home for his children beyond its reach.

His son Archibald returned to the east and settled in Arkansas, where an elder brother lived. He was a most excellent man, of the highest principle and my personal friend, so that I knew him well. He is a worthy son of a worthy sire. Mr. Abner Gaines married a daughter of Jesse Looney, and has raised a large family in Linn county, all of whom have reason to be proud of their connection with Oregon's early governor.

THE OREGON CITY CLUB OF 1846.

Among the very early arrivals in Oregon of white men was Dick McCary, a reckless adventurer who probably led a life in the mountains until the beaver became scarce, when he emigrated to the beautiful Willamette with his Indian wife and the customary belongings. Dick was a [illegible]. He had more enterprise than practical industry, and, scarce as population was, he tried to live by his wits off of the few whites and numerous Siwashes of that time. McCary's enterprise followed illicit courses, and he rigged up a still of very primitive design, to manufacture some sort of intoxicating fluid to feed the vicious appetites around him. Dick's liquor was distilled from very raw molasses and enough bran and middlings to give body to th he rector of Alderley. Here is one most picturesque spots in Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (the n) was born on December 13, famous year of Waterloo He was a ittle creature and gave his young eat anxiety Precocious in his men ment, from his earliest years he gave evidence of a perfect passion for po istorical investigation He had a sim f drawing, pictures and birds also excessive delight His youthful mind f the legends of the neighborhood, e his more active brother, Owen, was nd sailing ships on the clear brook hed through the rectory garden, Ar dreaming of the wizard of Alderly o, with a hundred horses, was sleep enchanted cavern under the blue fields haunted by the mermaids and fishes d silver"

ST ATTEMPTS AT AUTHORSHIP

tanley was a poet. There are lines of en when 11 years of age it is a little seeing the sunshine from the top of urch towers and at 12 years he wrote on witnessing the departure of the earing his brother Owen out to sea head. Still greater efforts two years a long poem on "The Druids and es entitled the Mania of Betharow" the lad went to school at Seaforth, rpool Here he made many friends, on, his schoolmaster, says "he never ore amiable, attentive or clever boy hur Stanley" His mother in 1828 Oh! it is so difficult to know how to Arthur He takes having to learn o terribly to heart and enacts Prince nd will, I am afraid, do no good at i hinks I do not like his reading be y to draw him also to other things, reads by stealth and lays down his en he hears people coming, and has her pursuits or anything he cares for ng, has a listless look and I am sure is appy. I suspect, however, that this is worst time, and that he will be a hap than a boy."

Y DAYS AT RUGBY UNDER ARNOLD.

us Hare was consulted as to the best se for the boy and said "Are you at the person of all others fitted to get he boys is just elected master of Rugby? is Arnold He is just the man to take Arthur and for Arthur to take a fancy January, 1829, the lad entered the The early days of school life were ap not too happy Writing three months mother says "We arrived at Rugby t 12, waited to see the boys pass, and d Arthur with his books on his shoul colored up and came in looking very cried a good deal on seeing us, chiefly, om nervousness."

ere were happy days, and in time the be styled the poet of the school, and study bore the name of Poet's Corner. worked hard and bore off many prizes. h day he was more than once nearly books, and it was no uncommon thing n on such occasion literally staggering e load of his well-earned laurels. But est prize was winning a scholarship at "You may think of my joy," he writes he honor of Rugby is saved and I am of Balliol" Settled at Balliol, Stanley his studies with great zest, winning d making close friends. His views were too broad for the then Balliol at the end of "terms" he sought elec fellowship in another body—University

HOOD, HONORS, TRAVEL AND REST.

ing these peeps at Stanley's early life ounts of his labors in literature at col in the church as canon of Canterbury. chronicle runs briefly over his travels arches in the east, embodying the idea ll places in the whole world Rome was ne that he found 'absolutely inex And so life sped on in labors after heart, till the time came when he was dean of Westminster And here stately pile, founded 800 years ago by the Confessor, Stanley may be said t ered in his life of rich experiences ry 9, 1864, Stanley took up his resi the deanery Three years after he be n he published the 'Historical Memo Westminster Abbey,' a rich store o nformation that illumined not a fe corners and shed a ray on not a fe spots.

nt many of his shorter holiday trips a The quaintness of the people inter n, and he would often quote such that of the old Tesee Kirk pastor wh ut "Oh! that we were all baptized int of disruption" His last long journe merica. The dean himself thus summe perience "The two months which those shores seem to me two years h work, or two centuries rather, for I ave lived through all American history draws to a close with a description o "last hours." and concludes with a mmary of his life. Stanley was rather substance than shadows. He rarely ard a proposition without first being at sure of his ground. Eminently prac is word, his life was to a large exten ther than heroic. It is this side of his r that is dealt with in Miss Grace monograph, and although the work t for the story in all its details, this graphy fills a worthy place among the of the world's workers.

SOME LITERARY GOSSIP.

atest craze is an imitation of the cheap books that are common in America Back" set the fashion. It was publishe ts. "Found Out," by Miss Mather, and House on the Marsh," by Miss Warden so successes. "Dark Days," by the f "Called Back," has had an enormous undreds of other cheap novels have ap but these are the successes, and the rs say that the experiment will no it will not interfere with the old f the three-volume novel and the lib system. "A Rainy June," by (which has appeared in a num merican newspapers), is out at a shill "Dark Days" has sold in thousands "A Rainy June" has sold in hundreds gh Conway, who died of fever in Italy uring his short literary career wit Back" and other works $50,000. The publishers of "Gordon's Diaries" gave for the book and have exhausted a first of 20,000 copies at $5 each. We have busts, too, and Gordon lectures by the fine picture, "The Last Watch," is on d not a newspaper, it seems to me, bu a fling at Gladstone under some tex om the diaries. The Tories have sugg hat Gladstone shall be elevated to the with the title of Lord Kilgordon side the political side of th s discussed and the social an side is left over for a future commend to my American reader outside the political turmoil which ag society here to the humanities of th One can not imagine a more natural o unconventional gentleman or Christian rdon He would not fit the part of th f an Arcadian republic. Studied from standpoint, he realizes the God haracter of a Christian warrior owever you look at him fo im brave, loveable, and a man ugh Mr Ruskin's first part of his autob has not received much attention fro s, I am inclined to regard it as a worth nged in the lines of Gordon's diary for its frank, outspoken revelations and absence of false pride. Let me instance s description of his grandfather. "My l grandfather," he says, "was, as d, a sailor, who used to embark, lik n Crusoe, at Yarmouth, and come back intervals, making himself very delight me I have an idea he had something with the herring business, but t clear on that point, my mother being much communicative concern Garrick hated to be told by Dr. John they both came to London with some es than the traditional shilling in the and even in the democratic atmosphere klyn, or Chicago, or Philadelphia, or le, there are wealthy church members ould resent the chronicling of the origin and associations, but here scholar, professor, capitalist, gentle nfessing that his maternal grandfather he fish trade at Yarmouth. Lay this hearts, oh, ye pharisees and sinners, ded saloons, and don't forget it, oh, ye rds and other fish merchants of the gre

JOSEPH HATTON

Too Many Such Fathers.

Rural New Yorker

ear-old boy writes us that, wanting a ey that should be all his own, he bought st spring with his saved up pennies d to buy enough mill feed to keep r all summer, and last fall he earned fatten it by husking corn nights ghth bushel He has just sold the and his father took the money, saying y had no use for it, and that he would n another pig in the spring. The boy s that right.

s Sarsaparilla is recommended by the ns as the only reliable blood purifier.

PIONEER DAYS.

Reminiscences of One of Oregon's Territorial Governors, John P Gaines.

The Oregon City Club of 1846—Dick McCary, the Outlaw—The Argonauts of Oregon on the Homeward Voyage.

ARTICLE XV

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Those of us who were here in the early territorial days will remember that the territorial officers under the Taylor administration made the long voyage around by the ocean in the U. S. store ship "Supply." There were on board the family of Governor John P Gaines of Kentucky, consisting of wife, two daughters and two sons, only one of the latter now remaining in Oregon—Abner Gaines, Esq., of Linn county; also the families of Surveyor General W. B. Preston, secretary of state, General Hamilton, consisting of wife and daughter, the latter of whom is now Mrs. Lloyd Brooke of Portland, then a young lady in her teens, also Judge Wm Strong and wife. I think all their living children were born in Oregon.

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Among the very early arrivals in Oregon of white men was Dick McCary, a reckless adventurer, who probably led a life in the mountains until the beaver became scarce, when he emigrated to the beautiful Willamette, with his Indian wife and the customary belongings. Dick was a "hard case" He had more enterprise than practical industry, and, scarce as population was, he tried to live by his wits off of the few whites and numerous Siwashes of that time. McCary's enterprise followed illicit courses, and he rigged up a still of very primitive design, to manufacture some sort of intoxicating fluid to feed the vicious appetites around him. Dick's liquor was distilled from very raw molasses and enough bran and middlings to give body to the spirits. Somewhere he procured an ancient kettle of sufficient size, and managed to secure a coil of tin piping to distil through, and with this primitively original outfit he commenced his manufacture.

THE ORIGIN OF BLUE RUIN

Whatever was the quality of the spirits that came from the "vasty deep" of his cauldron, it managed to make drunk come and upset the equilibrium of the convivialists who partook of it. It was a rather remarkable product, and its color described its character, for its complexion was blue. The witty spirits about Oregon City, of whom Nesmith was in the lead, gave it the significant name of "Blue Ruin," a name that was original with that time and that especial beverage The early legislators had passed a stringent prohibitory law, and the people saw that it was actually enforced. Neither Maine, nor Kansas, nor Iowa have ever begun to enforce prohibition as did the people of Oregon at that early time Even the Hudson's Bay Co, despite the immense profit in this nefarious trade, dared not to sell liquor commonly The respectable settlers all knew that to dispense liquor to the savages would be to invite massacre and ruin of their hopes. Dick McCary was not respectable, neither was his liquor, the first notice the people had that "blue ruin" was made in the country was seeing the results in the acts of those who partook of it

DR ELIJAH WHITE ON HIS MUSCLE

Dr. Elijah White, Indian agent, recognized it as his duty to prevent such manufacture in the Indian country, and following the many clues of "tangle-foot" that were visible, he captured the still and abolished it in a summary way. But "blue ruin" was in circulation, and in the absence of anything more inviting convivial spirits made use of the existing circulating medium. Our story has not so much to do with Dick McCary's liquor as with a select *coterie* of good fellows who used it, more because it was against law than for its intrinsic excellence, but I will stop to give a little episode that occurred when White was on a "still hunt" and had finally got possession of the concealed outfit. Said McCary "Oh, yes, Dr. White, you have a little authority back of you, and put on a —— sight of airs, but if it wasn't for the law I'd knock —— out of you right here"

Dr. White was a slight made man of a highly nervous temperament, and he wasn't to be bluffed easily by any such outlaw as Dick McCary. He knew the value of official character, and made the most of it. So he answered Dick's bluff with "Dick McCary, sir, Dick McCary, sir, I can tie my left hand behind my back, sir, behind my back, sir, and whip you like a dog, sir" All of which was very edifying to the intelligent bystanders

THE BEAN POKER ASSOCIATION

At that time there was about $25 in loose change in all the Pacific Northwest, known as Oregon, and a few boon companions had gathered it in and used it during the dreary wet season, when evenings were long drawn out, to make bean poker stakes to pass the time away These were "Jo" Watt, I. G Campbell, "Jim" NesMith, "Jess" Applegate, Prigg, an Englishman—a doctor who liked "blue ruin" and whose people were well off He was killed in '49, and thrown over the bank or fell over when tipsy Some thought the soldiers did it for money Jim Ware, a carpenter, who died at The Dalles ten years ago S S Holderness and J S Rinearson Times were dull. Society was hardly in existence, and the winter, in absence of newspapers or convenient literature, waned slowly It will be recognized that our list included a number of choice spirits, capable of passing the time. Bean poker was the staple occupation, and "blue ruin" was as often "the stakes" as the loose change afore mentioned. There was sport in a game for something contraband, and when the McCary fluid was on the table and the drinks went round, it was with closed doors and darkened windows for fear that the minions of the law might drop on it and confiscate the liquor as well as arrest the imbibers thereof It had taxed the ingenuity of this "jolly company" to find "something to drink" when the long winter evenings drove them together Something was needed to neutralize the eternal patter of "the rain on the roof."

THE ORIGINAL OF "BLUE RUIN"

The discovery of Dick McCary's enterprise solved that doubt, and "blue ruin," which received its appropriate name within that famous circle of wits, was in regular demand But they undervalued the fighting force of "bran, middlings and molasses" under the skillful manipulation of McCary, for they partook rather recklessly of his whisky when they first made its acquaintance It was an evening when the clouds that fed the rolling "Oregon" hid the gold hills and the rain poured down in torrents They all drank until they were rather mellow, and some were becoming sick and some were savage It was fighting whisky and no mistake, but they had no idea of the strength of it. There was a sudden alarm within, probably the fun grew so furious that some outsider put his face to the window to learn what was going on within There came a rap at the door, and while some other one gathered the liquor and stowed it out of sight the coming "Sage of Yoncalla" gathered a butcher knife and striking a warlike attitude was ready to stab to the heart any minion of the provisional government who should dare to invade the premises When they got ready to admit the visitor, none was found The semi ragedy was caused by some wag who gave the surreptitious knock at the door The actors of '45 who are left have passed to the "sere and yellow leaf," but they love yet to get together and narrate the pranks of forty years ago Nesmith has "just gone to join the silent majority" Watt, Applegate, Rynearson are yet with us Campbell was a brilliant man, accomplished and generous These incidents may seem trifling, but they are part of that time and illustrate the humor of pioneer days, when our part of the world was in embryo and the unformed elements of society and of the politics, as well as business of the coming state were being shaped and formed by the head and hand of American pioneers, who reduced chaos to order and made and executed laws

DICK M'CARY "STILL" ON IT

Dick McCary improvised another distillery, but prudently fitted it up in some mountain recess where the law did not think it wise to follow "Blue ruin" found its way to market, though not in such quantity as to demoralize Indians or whites very seriously It was unsafe to trespass upon good order very grossly at a time when all good citizens felt the serious danger that might result from having intoxicating liquor within reach of the native tribes, all of whom seem to have a strong passion for it, and are worse than fiends when under its influence The men we have named as patronizing "blue ruin" then would have been the first to really aid its manufacture and use to any dangerous extent, though they might, in a mood of convivial humor, claim its assistance to pass the time Our humorists went slow in their demands for blue ruin after the initiation of sick and savage humor it gave them on their first acquaintance

Home Voyage of the Argonauts

Ancient poetry tells of the voyage of the men of Argos of the Golden Fleece and the time may come when poetry and history will deal with the voyages and saunterings of more modern seekers of the golden fleeces, very few of whom came home shorn

I have in mind a memorable voyage that occurred in 1849 when a hundred Oregonians who were stranded in San Francisco chartered the bark Jeannette, an East India built ship, made of teak wood to take them home Shipping was plentiful at that time in San Francisco bay because the fleets of all nations were beginning to arrive, many of them to lie there and broil in summer suns vainly waiting for some turn of fortune to send them home The commerce of the world set only one way then and that was toward California. Most of those Oregonians were returning after fortunate efforts in the mines Oregon was early at work in the diggings and the luck of an Oregonian was a proverb The immigrant who dared so much and braved uncounted hardships and danger found his recompense in part in the reward he got for his labor in the gold fields to the southward

OREGONIANS IN SAN FRANCISCO IN '49

There was a meeting of those who wanted to voyage homeward, and they appointed a committee to charter a roomy ship to take them to Portland The committee stood on the shore and selected a vessel with high bulwarks, but as preparations were making for departure, they learned that the shippers had substituted a much smaller vessel They held indignation meetings, and remonstrated loudly and secured the vessel originally chartered This was roomy between decks, and was fitted up with bunks amidships The cabin proper could only hold a dozen, and was devoted to the comfort of General Lane and a few leading men and the elders of the company. The ship had no cargo and very little ballast, and was a rather slow sailer The smaller vessel they discarded sailed after they did and reached the Columbia first, but our Argonauts were carrying their gold dust home, and cared more for comfort than for speed.

Colonel W. W. Chapman for the first time met General Lane in San Francisco at that time. He has been resolving to remain in California permanently, but General Lane persuaded him to return to Oregon and take a hand in public life, as he was going there to establish a territorial government. Oregonians were numerous in San Francisco that winter, and could "paint the town red" if any occasion warranted such artistic effort. It looked like it when the ship owners tried to force them on board the little Mercedes, but they made a demonstration that was effective and had their own choice of ships.

"A GALLANT, GALLANT CREW"

There were many prominent men on board the Jeannette, men who were to make their mark in the history of their times. There was General Jo Lane, just returned from being a hero in the Mexican war. He was afterwards to be governor of Oregon, our delegate to congress, a senator during the troublous times that preceded the great rebellion and who was to be candidate for vice president on the confederate nomination of 1860, when Breckenridge ran for president. There was Jim Nesmith, a young fellow, full of mischief and alive to all possible humor and frolic. Nesmith, then a young man with moderate aspirations, a scarcely educated frontiersman, yet would live to be a senator in congress and to noble duty for his country in time of need. There was Colonel W. W. Chapman, who came fresh from prominent dealings with public affairs in the new state of Iowa, Jo Meek, the mountain man, who was to take his first tussle with the sea, the Monteiths, who settled at Albany and have been always prominent, Colonel Ford of Polk county, S. S. White, Sol Tetbrow, and scores of men Colonel Chapman cannot now recollect, whom to name would be to recall many who have proved to be eminent in the work of building up our state.

"ABROAD ON THE WIDE PACIFIC"

Over 100 passengers paid $100 each, so the good bark Jeannette made a good cash business of carrying them She purchased a load of lumber for her return, so it is likely the trip was profitable all around Our Oregonians were not even fresh water sailors, most of them, and the freaks of old ocean annoyed them immensely They had to beat up against a north wind, and it was, in sea parlance, a long leg and a short one. The long leg was hundreds of miles out to sea the long tack. And they found themselves 800 miles on the fair Pacific when they put about to make the Columbia river. Among the hundred passengers were some who were piously inclined They had rested on the Sabbath when going inland to the diggings, but somehow they couldn't see how to keep the Jeannette in a proper frame of mind on Sundays They had to consent to Sunday travel as there was no way to tie up on that day. But they protested against those who relieved the *ennui* of the long days by playing cards. Many who kept Sunday disorderly before they went to the mines, in some manner "lost their grip" on the Sabbath, as on some other things, while working in the gold mines.

Those who kept their faith warm and bright protested against Sunday card-playing, and a committee of them made a tour of the ship to urge the carders to respect the day. It is related that Nesmith added greatly to the power of their solicitations by accompanying and singing with great effect a song that was very popular with all good people, entitled

"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me"

We can imagine what sort of a voyage they had when we learn that Nesmith was on board, and was not seasick. He was in his prime then, and though his experience was not so varied as it afterwards became there had been enough variety in his life to make him a boon companion not to be despised

"A LONG TACK FROM WINDWARD"

The horrors of sea-going culminated when the Jeannette put about and from 800 miles to windward started forth before the wind for the Columbia river The Jeannette had no ballast to hold her down, and went rolling and plunging towards Columbia bar, heedless of all complaint and reckless of all consequences It had been bad enough before, so bad that Sol Tetbrow, hearing one day that the ship was not far from the mouth of the Umpqua, had feebly held up his sack of gold dust, valued at $6000, and offered it to the captain if he could be put ashore He forgot that the Umpqua Indians were more hostile than the billows of the rocking ocean He staid on board and outlived the rolling of the ship and the fear and devilment that Nesmith furnished so freely

Just imagine a hundred Oregon land grabbers rolling for 800 miles before the wind! The situation was only ludicrous, but most of them thought it dangerous Bob Kinney was unable to sit up or sit down so he laid his body fir across the cabin table When the vessel went over one way his heels were in the air on the recover his head was up, and it took all the grip he had to keep where he was He yelled periodically, that he was "gone this time, sure Some of them actually believed the ship would roll over and under Judge S. S. White was so apprehensive and so sick withal, that he could do nothing but say "Now we are going under, sure So they did, but it was before the wind with a spanking breeze The cabin was full of groans and lamentations and between whiles would be heard the voices of "Nes and his brigade of funny fellows, who were neither seasick or afraid, singing, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," or prescribing remedies for seasickness that were worse than the disease

But the wind drove them at last to the Columbia river and they safely crossed the bar Once inside they chartered a launch to take them up to Portland On the voyage they couldn't eat, but now they had voracious appetites

Colonel Chapman tells amusing incidents connected with that journey up the Columbia. At Welch's there were four or five kettles over the fire filled with food of various sorts, and hungry Argonauts wondered if the fish, meats and vegetables were equal to their needs The result proved that there was no surplus They brought back from California a fair store of gold and good appetites

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

In most all cities in the eastern and western states they have what is called an "Academy of Science," a place where they preserve all the historical relics of early ages and settlement, and the Indian relics of the locality stone implements of utility and warfare of every kind as well as other art sites that may be collected, mineral specimens of all kinds and descriptions that may be collected from all quarters The facilities for collecting these things in Portland are numerous, from Alaska, Arctic ocean and islands of the Pacific The people in the east take pride in maintaining an institution of this kind, and keep it supported by public lectures on scientific matters, such as geology, astronomy, mineralogy and chemistry and kindred subjects A place of this kind here in Portland could be well filled in a year or so by contributions of specimens collected from all points of the world

No state in the Union is richer in fossil remains and material of this nature than Oregon yet she is like the shoemaker's wife—goes bare footed During the last fifteen years I have collected and forwarded samples of mineral of all kinds to the California mining bureau to the Iowa academy of science, to Yale and Harvard colleges, to the natural museum of Boston and the Royal Microscopical society of London, and have never asked for a scruple in exchange, because we have no place to exhibit them Besides, a place of this kind should be a public institution and not a private one And here let me say that the drainage basin of Oregon and Washington territory are the finest and most interesting in the world, and I have many applications for them, and could get many samples in exchange

A place of this kind would be a place of amusement, and a place when strangers visiting the city could see all the mineral products of the country Besides the early history of the settlement of Portland and the memory of many of her public men would be preserved to our children's children Our leading citizens will all soon be dead and gone, and they would be no worse off by lending their names to an institution of this character Many will admit that we ought to have a place of this kind but who will, that has influence enough, take the necessary steps and give the thing a boost

J H FISK

Debts of New York Cities

The municipal debts of the five principal cities of New York, piled up by "Jeffersonian democratic" bosses, slugs and gangs are as follows

City	Population in census 1880	Assessed valuation of property real and personal	Per cent age tax rate at rain 1884	City Debt
New York	1,206,299	$1 [illegible] 05 88	$2 [illegible] *	$[illegible] 844 05
Brooklyn	566 663	317 [illegible] 8.0	[illegible]	[illegible] 776 630
Buffalo	155 134	103 374 14[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rochester	89 300	40 952 070	4 2[illegible]	5 244 000
Albany	90 750	67 301 882	2 04	3 101 099

*$2 [illegible] 1885 (estimated) ‡$3 09 in 885

Those cities have precious little to show for their debts, except groups of rich robbers

Cleveland Leader If there were more school teachers and fewer tramps in the democratic party, it would have less horror of the civil service competitive examination system.

REBELLION SKETCHES.

Capture of Bowling Green and Nashville by the Northern Army.

Blockaded Highways—Poisoned Streams—Under the Snow—A Bursted Boiler—The First Crossing—Some Frightened Fugitives.

(Written for the Sunday Oregonian)

A great army was now in the field Little by little it had grown upon the soil of Kentucky. Most of the troops sent from the north had been forwarded by companies and regiments, to be organized into brigades and divisions afterward. Following the battle of Mill Springs, skirmishing took place at many points, mainly between opposing bodies of cavalry, and with varying success The more important battles were those at Pikelow, Prestonberg, Middle Creek, Pound Gap and Rowlett's station These decided nothing The main line of the Union army remained unchanged It was now composed of six divisions numbered in that order, and commanded respectively by Generals Thomas, McCook, Mitchell, Nelson, Wood and Crittenden. It must be remembered this was the first organization of this department, now under General Buell Later in the war some of these officers commanded corps.

Buell's army now had ninety-two regiments of infantry, exclusive of twelve regiments sent to aid General Grant, aggregating seventy-one thousand three hundred and seventy-four men, eleven regiments, one battalion, and seven detached companies of cavalry, aggregating eleven thousand four hundred and ninety-six men twenty-eight field and two siege batteries, with three thousand nine hundred and thirty-five men. Of this number seventy-four thousand four hundred and seventy-two men, with one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery were in the field, and reported for duty These are official figures, and we have been particular to give them because "thereby hangs a tale" Senator Blaine has been criticised by the friends of General Rosecrans because in his memorial address on the life of the late President Garfield, he incidentally stated that on assuming his place on General Rosecrans' staff, Garfield found troubles in the Army of the Cumberland Some light will fall on this question as we proceed.

The first great movement began from Green river about the middle of February, 1862. To General Mitchell's division was given the advance of the army. Turchin's brigade, composed of the eighteenth Ohio, nineteenth and twenty-fourth Illinois, and the thirty-seventh Indiana regiments, was given the advance of the division The nineteenth Illinois was one of the finest regiments in the service. It is doubtful if any American regiment ever was better drilled It was composed principally of the old Chicago fire zouaves, which originally came into existence before the war, under Ellsworth Its magnificent bearing and drill was at once a model and an inspiration to the entire brigade While on the march the regiments in the brigade alternated with each other in leadership, each taking the lead for a day at a time The rain had been pouring in torrents for weeks. Roads were a most impassable. Bridges were swept away or had been destroyed by the enemy The timber had been cut and fallen in every conceivable shape and tangle across all the roads. An Oregon wind-fall in the mountains will best describe it In every pool and stream had been placed carcasses of cattle, hogs, horses and mules. The design was to make the country impassable to the Union army, or at least, to so long delay its march as to be able to thwart its purpose Buckner had confidently assured his troops that it would prove almost, if not quite, impossible for Buell to reach Bowling Green with a great army, and he would not dare come with anything less It would certainly take him at least thirty days to clear the roads, and in this time his troops would be dying by thousands, drinking of the poisoned streams This was another brilliant military feat of Buckner As a palliation to so grave a mistake, however, it must be remembered that up to this time we had experienced no great military movements, and even our own leaders did not understand what a formidable affair such a movement was. The condition of the weather was a far greater obstruction than Buckner's poisoned streams and tangled blockade. Some idea may be formed of the herculean task before the Union army, if it is remembered that over these muddy roads, besides Buell's 73,000 troops, must pass 500 heavy army wagons loaded with supplies and camp equipage to the last square foot, more than one hundred pieces of artillery with their caissons, 100 ambulances, and more than 40,000 animals The wagons alone made a train more than six miles in length With the ambulances and artillery this train was more than twelve miles long The roads are thus rendered almost bottomless but the train must be kept together and well guarded to prevent capture, and thus the great movement begins.

A railroad bridge, sixty feet high and uncovered, spans Green river Planks are laid between the rails and on either side, and upon this temporary and narrow footing men and teams must pass It is a dangerous undertaking Each wagon had six mules A government mule and a negro driver is the prototype of stolid stubbornness The fun begins and the first day is enjoyed crossing the infantry and regimental teams One rears and plunges, at length goes over the unprotected side, and drops on the rocks below The wagon falls on the mules, and the darkie on the cover of the wagon he tumbles off and scampers away All the animals are killed or crippled The driver alone escapes The damaged mules are dispatched, the wagon unloaded, and wagon and mules in a nameless mixture are now left to their fate No immediate account is taken of the driver In due time he will turn up in some new role

Buckner's blockade was passed in a single day The sappers and miners of the army were one of its most valuable and efficient arms, and these cleared away obstructions so rapidly that having a few hours the start, the army in their rear was hardly delayed The rain had turned to sleet and snow, and the night must be passed without shelter, Mitchell's division occupying an open cotton field A few miles more and the goal will be reached As we lay down our weary bodies on water soaked earth, the rain still pouring in torrents upon us, an unusual silence broods over the camp Even the irrepressible clown of the command is no longer at his post Substantially wet, we are socially dry A bed of mud with a heel of water for covering is bad enough but there is still another cause—the battle comes on the morrow and this may be the last night some of us will ever see

A DAY [illegible] SHELL

Reveille sounds. The whole command is snowed under In a moment these silent snow mounds stir with new life and the snow flies in every direction Icicles hang from every shirt The clown is still alive and equal to the occasion He has just managed to adjust a sharp icicle under the tail of an unsuspecting and innocent looking mule on watch in blissful ignorance of a negro The mule looks tired and thought ful Suddenly it furls its ears, takes a reef in its vertebra and the darkey gracefully rises the air as if shot from a howitzer The mysterious incident takes no further account of his rider or the incident, but begins to browse on a thornbush with an uncertain and injured air The negro looks suspiciously at himself and then at the mule, but is never quite certain which did it A roar of laughter and the fun begins, and fatigue and hunger, wet and cold, are forgotten

We are again on the march All is excitement Our advance cavalry reports the city within sight No enemy has yet been seen The troops are now ordered to clear the road Our batteries are brought up from the rear, and like fire engines, pass on the gallop From thousands of voices breaks out a long and loud huzza. It is caught up by those in the rear until miles and miles of men answer each other and even the braying teams catch the inspiration

Boom! boom! boom! We give our first salute! Shoulder, arms! Right, face! Right shoulder shift, arms Forward, march! Again we are in line, and rapidly move forward Our guns are now opening on the doomed city We had great faith in Loomis' battery It had been with us for many weary months, and those long black steel guns had become our pets. We knew if Loomis ever got within range—and this was anywhere within three miles—that Bowling Green would suffer Indeed it was common gossip throughout the brigade, that in target practice Loomis had pierced a barrel-head three miles away It was no difference as to the truth of the statement, the effect was to heighten our admiration of Loomis and his battery, and it did not disturb the narrator in the least to tell him a barrel-head could not be seen half the distance.

Most of us were now getting our first real introduction to war. We were all braver men, but it was more than suspicious that much of the courage and enthusiasm of the hour was fired. One man was so anxious to get forward that he carried his own and his comrade's gun. Later in the service this man threw away his own gun

We reach the river. The bridges are destroyed, No boats are at hand A great dense smoke hangs heavily over the city, settling so low upon the buildings that most of the operations within are obscured. Our batteries get no response, and cease firing The railroad depot is nearest the river and movements here indicate that a great train-load of army supplies is about to start south. Loomis is watching. At last all ready, the engineer jumps aboard, steam puffs from the cylinders and the train slowly starts forward We hold our breath. Boom boom! The train moves on and increases her speed. Boom! boom! boom! The steam flies up in a great white curling cloud, the old train creaks on her axles for the last time, and then stands still. Huzzas rend the air! A solid shot has gone through her boiler, and so ends her career A few minutes later great columns of smoke ascending, show the train is on fire

How shall we cross the river? It is evident Johnson will not fight, and the more we see this the braver we are. It is now certain that we cannot cross in time to prevent a retreat, and our courage increases accordingly. Every private had a plan, The government was cursed for not having pontoons ready Commanders were cursed for being so slow in getting there, and Jobson and Buckner were cursed for burning the bridges.

Smoke from other portions of the city indicated the destruction of more army supplies, and there could no longer be doubt but that the confederate army was preparing for a hasty retreat southward. Evening was again approaching The river was not yet crossed Heavy clouds darkened the sky, and already the sifting snow betokened another dreary night. The day wore away, Turchin's brigade was moved some distance below the city, and halted An old mill stood upon the shore of the river Steep bluffs hemmed in the stream. Sacks of grain, flour and bran were secured, and a bridgeway constructed down the precipitous sides of the bank An old flat boat found somewhere was placed in readiness below Over these sacks a company of cavalry horses, one by one, had been pulled and pushed into the boat, until all were crossed to the other side. The brigade of infantry followed All night, in a blinding snow storm, this work continued, Groups of men stood here and there Others were under their blankets, all waiting turns to cross. At daylight the command was all over, and with the 18th Ohio in advance, silent as a thief in the night, we crept through the old canebreak and up into the streets of the city. All around us was silent as the grave The snow has ceased. The half-burned train stands in ruin on the track, charred and blackened The depot is consumed The city is somber as the ruins of Herculaneum Here and there the embers of great fires—evidently the remains of destroyed army supplies—are still glowing A great pile of corn, many hundred bushels, is smouldering in an open space, filling the whole city with the odor peculiar to farm fed-fires. The hills in the rear frown with the most elaborate fortifications, but all are empty. There is no battle The army is gone

Though half a life time has passed, and many who crossed in that old flat boat on that dreary night have long since made the last crossing the vision of silent falling snow, the subdued tones of command, the dreary march through the tangled canebrake, and the uncertainty and misgiving as we entered the sleeping city, has never passed away. The bustle was over Even the dogs did not bark The only noise made was the heavy tramp, tramp, of the men of our command, as they marched up the deserted streets, taking positions here and there to await reports from the cavalry, which in small squads at once swept over the city to ascertain the condition of things. We had come unexpectedly More than one good southerner met the greatest surprise of his life when, peering from his window in the gray dawn of the morning, he saw the Yankee blue-coats swarming on the streets. It was not supposed that we could cross the river without at least one day's delay in preparation The Texas rangers were the last to leave. They covered Johnston's retreat, and remained in the town until late in the night, when the whole army, with a large amount of army supplies, and many frightened citizens, hurried toward Nashville Not a shot was fired after crossing the river Our cavalry pushed on after the retreating enemy, and later in the day returned with a few prisoners, having captured some supplies Johnston had destroyed more than a million dollars worth of property, besides carrying off large army stores, which for many months he had been accumulating

The city at once became loyal No flags except the stars and stripes could be found, and no words could be heard except praise of "Uncle Sam" and admiration of his loyal soldiers but the boys in blue could not so easily be deceived Each day unearthed some new evidence of treason, and little by little the loyal and disloyal elements became known Guards were placed over the property of Union men, while the disloyal portion was left to the tender mercies of the god of war

Johnston's force was greatly overestimated He never had more than 3,000 troops, and of these a portion was sent to Floyd to aid against Grant It is doubtful if half that number defended the city on the approach of Buell Up to this period Bowling Green was the most important capture of the war but the shout of the nation had only begun when Forts Henry and Donelson surrendered to Grant, and Nashville likewise was captured by Buell Such a series of victories, all within a few days, was a new page in the war history of the nation, and a new and terrible lesson to the south

While these events were maturing in Kentucky, Nashville was in its highest glory, the pride and boast of southern aristocracy Just before the war it possessed 30,000 inhabitants. Its public buildings, private dwellings and great highways leading in all directions were of the grandest and most imposing character The state capital at that time was said to be the finest structure of its kind in this country Its streets thronged with the gayest and wealthiest people of the land Eight macadamized pikes led far into the interior and to other states Controlling a vast and profitable cotton and tobacco trade, monster mercantile houses crowded the streets Its churches and schools are among the best in the land At the commencement of the war it was considered the southern key to the whole battle-ground of the west Its inhabitants were intensely southern Everything was pledged to the cause of secession Great military depots were created, shops, foundries and manufactories were established, cannon were cast, small arms were made and great clothing and packing houses worked day and night for the cause Everything was thus moving at high pressure The sound of battle had been heard only afar. Confidence in southern chivalry has received no check, and fear of disaster to this far famed and strongly guarded city had never been felt Up to the last moment the most flattering reports of southern successes poured over the wires When Johnston's army withdrew from Bowling Green it still did not occasion alarm It was only southern strategy Fort Henry surrendered to Grant on the 6th, but Fort Donelson was yet strongly garrisoned, and considered impregnable, while an additional reinforcement under Buckner had been dispatched to its aid by Johnston! The remainder withdrew before Buell, and was to concentrate at Nashville The inhabitants were thoroughly deceived On the evening of the 15th the city was wild with excitement over the report of a "glorious victory" at Fort Donelson Nashville danced with joy far into night, and then dreamed of still greater conquest and glory What a dawn! The scene on Sunday, February 16, 1862, never was equaled in the history of this country The fall of Donelson and the unconditional surrender of Floyd's whole army had occured during the very hours of exultation over an imaginary victory for the south and now, before the weary eyes of those revelers, are again fairly open to the new-born day Johnston's army under the greatest excitement is striking tents for a still further retreat southward Worse than all, the inhabitants were not apprised of the condition of things until 11 o'clock The day was beautiful. Bright sunshine poured its glory over the city and lit up its parks and groves Streets and highways rang with the feet of blooded horses, and quiet walks and promenades were thronged with a glittering multitude The churches were crowded Ministers rejoicing in the success of southern arms, had fervently thanked God for his great deliverance, and domes and spires quivered under the loudest and deepest tones of great organs, never more earnestly or skillfully played Messengers hurry up the aisles and hand in their messages Excitement increases More good news! When lo! "*Donelson has surrendered*"

Had an earthquake suddenly shaken down all the steeples or a tidal wave swept down every street, the excitement could not have been greater People rushed in wildest confusion from their places, endangering each others lives In the streets, if possible, the panic is still worse The city authorities only add to the excitement and commotion Governor Harris mounted a horse and rode up and down the streets shouting that Donelson had fallen, that the gunboats were on their way to shell the city, and that Buell's army might be expected to take possession any moment. He then convened the legislature, adjourned it to Memphis, and with all the books and state papers fled from the city. Children rushed into the streets screaming with terror. Trunks, furniture, and valuables in the haste were thrown from three-story windows. The wild confusion bred a mob Store houses were thrown open to the poor, inasmuch as their contents could not be removed, and then commenced a scene which cannot be described. The lower classes, with which every southern city swarmed, forgetting all danger, thought only of the spoils. It was the chance of a life time, and well did they improve it. Every conceivable vehicle was pressed into their service. The great run commenced on the army supplies. Men and women, white and black, native and foreigner, chased each other through the streets, dripping with loads of greasy bacon piled helter-skelter on the top of soldiers' clothing and army blankets. As the more respectable poured out of the city, and the day advanced, the mob grew worse and worse. In the midst of these scenes General Floyd arrived, and made an effort to check the excitement. This was not possible. From the army depots the thieves turned to private business houses and vacated residences. When detected they refused to surrender the goods, and were chased through the streets. In some instances men fought for possession of stolen property, and were badly wounded. Colonel Forest with a small squad of cavalry remained for some hours in a vain attempt to restore order, but the mad frenzy continued until more than $1,000,000 in army stores was stolen or destroyed, and private property to the amount of many thousands more shared the same fate.

The most remarkable scenes were witnessed outside of the city A hasty gathering up of valuables had been followed by a more hasty retreat from danger, and highways, byways, hills and valleys were filled with a rushing, crowding panting, motley multitude, mounted and on foot loaded and unloaded, black and white, old men and women, young men and maidens, children, babies, dogs and cats, chickens, geese and pigs. Such a company has doubtless never before been seen since the day Jacob fled from Laban toward Mount Gilead, with his wives and servants and flocks. Negroes with their wives, household effects, children and future prospects, all mounted upon a single old mule, whipped and spurred and yelled, while delicate and cultured ladies in silk hose and embroidered slippers panted and struggled forward on foot. Men led horses and their wives and children walked Children were lost. One old negress staggered onward under a washtub, and another by her side puffed like a porpoise behind an empty handcart. A little girl carried a kitten, and an old maid a parrot. Darkies yelled, men shouted, women screamed, children cried, dogs barked, and donkeys brayed, while all pushed and jammed and crowded and ran, and raced, they knew not where. Such a scene of terror and confusion was never before witnessed on this continent. Bull Run was the rout of an army This was a rout of everything—soldiers, men, women, children, negroes, horses, cattle treasure, wagons, hacks, carriages, carts, bedsteads, blankets, bureaus, babies and bundles, and the "fastest and fittest only could survive

But this was a single act in the drama. Ludicrous and laughable in the extreme, it had a side of suffering almost without parallel. It was the middle of winter They fled without proper clothing, food or shelter, and with no place before them. Night overtook them on the highway and in the hedges, in utter destitution. Scores had not even the means to kindle a fire, nor a shawl or coat to cover their shoulders. Worn out and exhausted, cowed, broken hearted and humiliated, they sank down one by one until this great caravan of foolish, flying fugitives had at last melted away. Unable to go farther, foot-sore and heart-sore, great numbers during the night found their way back to their homes, and others returned the next day

While these scenes were enacting among private citizens, squads of soldiers left behind were doing their best to cut off and blockade all northern approaches to the city. The large railroad bridge was burned Axes, saws, hammers and cold-chisels were used on the beautiful suspension bridge across the Cumberland river, until it was wholly destroyed Thus the capture and humiliation of this arrogant southern stronghold was complete and that which added greatly to the chagrin and mortification of the south was the fact that, after all this terrible fright and destruction of property, no Union troops entered the place until one week later. When they did so they were subjected to every possible indignity at the hands of the haughty and disloyal inhabitants The women especially vied with each other in devising and practicing insult. They were hooted at as "dirty Yankees," and spit upon from the windows and in a few instances slops and filth were thrown upon them from upper chambers It was difficult to restrain the men from shooting people in their own houses and burning the city All was of no avail Generals Buckner and Tilghman and Pillow, with their commands, had made an unconditional surrender to Grant at Forts Henry and Donelson Generals Floyd and Johnston and Polk had made an inglorious and disastrous retreat south Bowling Green and Nashville had cowardly surrendered without a battle, and he boasting, strutting, southern chivalry so long heard of, one of whom was to "whip five Yankees," had become the by word and laughing-stock of the whole world

J H EATON

THE REAL ESTATE MARKET

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished the OREGONIAN by J Fred Clarke, real estate and stock broker

If doubt has existed in the mind of any resident of Oregon as to the final outcome of the state it should be dispelled and forever banished now Some three years ago Mr Henry Villard told us Portlanders "The future is upon you and you do not realize the fact," or words to that effect. We did thereafter realize a spurious prosperity, that was very much like Jonah's gourd, which sprung up in a day and was destroyed in a night The prosperity of the Villard period was only a repetition on a larger scale of the Holladay excitement which preceded it Both owed their importance to the expenditure of millions of money put into circulation whilst the construction of railroads was in progress, and after both, came a disastrous collapse That the northwest is entering upon a new era of prosperity and this time a healthful one must be manifest to everyone who has taken the pains to study the situation—and there are manifold reasons for the belief that prosperity will be continuous and permanent. At a time when almost all states and territories of the Union are suffering from shortages in crops the northwest, and Oregon more especially, has crops everywhere, magnificent crops of grain, fruits, etc The northwest is also steadily and perseveringly developing its great mineral resources, and bids fair in a short time to take high rank in this respect Numerous immigrants are arriving They are inspecting these things perhaps more carefully than we are They are for the most part charmed with our equable climate and the productiveness of our soil It is safe to predict that, on an average, each bona fide settler will attract five more next year and that five will be the means of twenty five more coming the year following. A great deal of nonsense is spoken and written about manufactures Such manufactures as can find a home market and such as can find a profitable one by exportation may be safely engaged in But what we first want is the occupancy of our surplus soil, and the utilization and development of our natural resources If these things are rightly attended to, population (which means consumers) will rapidly increase and the desired manufactories will inevitably appear when there is a certain market for the manufacturers' wares

That population is coming is matter of daily observance, and since none who have to labor, after once perceiving the advantages of climate of the northwest, will ever desire to return to the extremes of heat and cold, the cyclones and lightnings of the east, the south and the middle states, it is certain that population will increase year by year at a continually expanding rate Hence it is right to affirm that our real progress has begun It will be gradual and steadily progressive It will not go by leaps and bounds There will be no more railroad bubble booms, but there will be sure and satisfactory progress of the state, and the same for all who are willing "to labor and to wait" The business of the week, as exhibited by the county records, was as follows

	Deeds	*Amount*
Country	8	$11 [illegible] 6
City	[illegible]	10 08
Couch	3	4 6 1 00
East Portland	4	2 [illegible] 1[illegible]
Cemetery	[illegible]	00
	19	$18 [illegible]

How to Cook Corn

From the Household

Now isn't it strange that so many people do not know how to cook corn? They cook it too long. It should be popped in a pot of boiling water—no salt—and left there for ten minutes—to be sure the water is in a great rage—then taken out and wrapped in a large napkin until you are ready to eat it. Boiled longer than ten minutes, the milk hardens in the kernel, and it is not a tenth part as palatable and it is much less digestible

Chicago Inter-Ocean: The wife of a Virginia democrat has named her triplets Cleveland, Hendricks, and Reform. The middle one will likely set down on both his brothers before they cut their eye teeth.

BUNTLINE'S WILD DAYS.

Fighting Seven Duels and not Receiving a Scratch.

How he Won his Spurs in the Literary Field—Earning $50,000 a Year with his Pen—Writing a Big Book in Two Days.

New York World.

"I suppose Ned Buntline has got more bullet holes in him than any other living American," said an admiral in our navy whom I recently met at the Fifth Avenue. "He carries around in his right knee a bullet which he received in Virginia, and he has twelve other wounds, inflicted by sword, shell and bullet, seven of which were got in battle. He went into the navy in 1836. Every officer had to fight a duel in those days. Midshipman Ed. Judson, or 'Ned Buntline,' as he has since been better known, fought seven duels when he was 13 with other officers who had affronted him."

I asked if there was not some mistake about the age, and the admiral said "No, Judson was 13. I ought to know, for I was one of the officers who had duels with him."

In answer to further questions, he continued; "Judson was not educated at any naval or military academy His father was a Philadelphia lawyer, and insisted on putting Ed through a tough course of Latin and Blackstone when he was a mere child. The boy rebelled. His father flogged him very severely The boy ran away and went to sea as a cabin-boy when he was 11 years old, sailing around the Horn. The next year he enlisted as a government apprentice on board a man-of-war He was large of his age, strong as a horse and precocious. One day a boat, of which he was cockswain, was run over by a Fulton ferry boat and upset in floating ice, She drifted down to Governor's island, where Judson managed to get ashore with the whole crew Then he fainted under his injuries and was taken back to the Macedonian unconscious.

PROMOTED

"The crew were so loud in his praise for rescuing a couple of them that the officers united in a request to have him made a midshipman, and President Van Buren sent on the commission within a fortnight. Then we young middies whose appointment was due to 'influence' refused to mess with him because he had been a common sailor before the mast. On the way to the Gulf squadron, on the ship-of-war Levant, whereour refusal was made known to him, young Judson challenged thirteen of us in a day. Some withdrew their refusal and associated with him, but seven of us fought him one after the other, in Florida, in New Orleans and in Havana. He didn't get a scratch, I believe, and four of us were marked for life. To the satisfaction of everybody in the navy, he established the presumption that he was as good as anybody. Perhaps one circumstance that reduced the number of midshipmen that he had to fight was a little exhibition on the way down. The captain, who made a kind of pet of the boy, hung a bottle out on the yardarm, and Judson, at the word of command, broke the bottle with one bullet and cut off the string above it with another. That was the first intimation we had that he was, as he is to-day, one of the half dozen best shots in the United States."

"Was he known at all as 'Ned Buntline,' then?" I asked.

"Oh, no, he began to write a couple of years later, and a sketch entitled 'The Captain's Pig,' which he wrote for the *Knickerbocker Magazine* under that pseudonym, gave him his first notoriety"

"Judson, or Ned Buntline, who picked up the rank of colonel, as chief of scouts, in the war for the Union, is by no means a wild man of the woods, as some think. He is not even a Bohemian He owns and lives with an interesting family in one of the handsomest houses in the valley of the upper Delaware, and is much esteemed as a neighbor and citizen He is a temperance man in theory and practice. He does not indulge in tobacco. He converses in a most entertaining way, and never uses profane language. His residence cost $20,000, and is surrounded by a 120-acre dairy farm He drives a handsome pair of 2 40 bays, and last year drove them from his home in the Catskill to Washington, 720 miles, in nine days. The colonel must have done a heap of writing in the last quarter of a century but you know as much about that as I do"

NED BUNTLINE AT HOME CENTER

The next day I started up the Hudson to hunt up "Ned Buntline," and found him pleasantly surrounded, much as I had been told. He is now 63 years old, and a young son 4 years old is the light of the house He is probably destined for the army, for I had not been in the library ten minutes when the colonel was putting him through the manual of arms with wooden sword and toy gun The youngster has more playthings than any other boy in the state, and a good many of them are suggestive of mimic battle "I mean that his childhood shall be happy," said the colonel, fondly regarding him, "as mine was not I get for him all the toys anybody needs during my boyhood I never had a kite or ball, a trumpet or a marble. I never knew how to play He has a trumpet and a tremendous drum and a banjo, and this house is musical, for besides these we have a violin and two guitars, a tambourine, orguinette, zylophone and piano And I mean to bring up Eddy with an affection for the old flag. Every morning he helps me raise a twenty foot flag on that tall spruce pole on the lawn, and every night at sundown he and I man the halyards and lower it All day every pleasant day it floats when I am at home, visible for twenty miles up and down this valley"

The leg that carries the bullet is somewhat stiff, and I asked the colonel why he didn't get a pension "I don't want to be a government pauper," said he "I suppose I am entitled to four pensions, and a pension under proper conditions is honorable enough, but I have seen so many loafers and shirks get pensions for disabilities incurred before they went to war, that it just disgusts me with the notion"

I told him he was reputed to have made more money with his pen than any other American writer

"I don't know about that,' he said, "but I have earned and spent a good deal. One or two years I received not less than $50,000 or $60,000 a year For a good many years I averaged $20 000 annually I usually get $2000 for a story to run twelve weeks Once I earned $12,500 in six weeks, and at another time, under pressure, I wrote a book of 610 pages in sixty-two hours But during that time I hardly slept or ate How many novels have I inflicted on my beloved land? Well, I don't know exactly, but it is between 300 and 400, and each would make a good sized book

WRITING STORIES

"What is my method Well, I never lay out a plot in advance I shouldn't know how to do it, for how can I know what my people may take it into their heads to do First, I invent a title, and when I hit on a good one, I consider the story about half finished It is the thing of prime importance Then take one of these bound books of blank paper, set my title at the head of it, and begin to write about the fictitious character who is to be the center of it. I push ahead as fast as I can write, never blotting out a word that I have once written, and never making a correction or modification Here is a book I have just finished for the Weekly Flip the leaves of manuscript and you will see that the pages are clean there are no erasures, no interlineations If a book doesn't suit me when I have finished it, or at any stage of its progress, I simply throw it on the fire and begin again without any reference to the discarded text. When I speak, as I generally do on Decoration Day, and during the political campaigns, I talk straight on, as I write, without notes or previous preparation I was always a republican till Blaine was nominated, then I and a brass band stumped the county for Cleveland"

The colonel weighed at least 200 pounds, his short-cut hair is nearly gray, and so is his mustache, the only beard he wears his square-set face is full of thoughtful energy, and he always dresses in the fatigue uniform of the army, blue and tassel attached with patriotic badges and decorations on his breast. He has lived an eventful life, and recalls it with retentive memory and fluent, picturesque speech. Willis Gaylord Clarke once wrote an affectionate obituary of him when he was hanged by a mob in Nashville and supposed to be dead. He is still very much alive and stands a first rate chance to see a good slice of the next century and get Eddy through West Point.

A Conundrum

New York Sun (Ind Dem)

If free trade is the sure preventive and unfailing remedy for financial and commercial depression and distress, and if protection is the inevitable cause of such public calamities, how is it that in a free trade country like England the depression and distress are now just as severe and just as injurious as they are in protectionist countries like the United States"

Mamie—"Why, Sadie, you have let your hair grow dark again. Last time I saw you it was a lovely blonde." Sadie—"Yes, dear, but you know I am in mourning now for poor, dear papa. I'm not wearing light shades at all."—The Rambler.

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1885

TO REST IN CENTRAL PARK

The remains of General Grant are to be interred in Central park, New York City No place could be more fit. The city of New York is the head of the United States, as other cities and states are its members, and there is no spot so appropriate as the great city for the interment of the man whose name symbolizes the restored and permanent unity of the Great Republic

The life of a great man does not end with himself. It is a germ, a seed, that grows as a spreading tree through many ages Gen Grant embodied the determined purpose of the people of the United States to preserve their nationality unbroken. He combined with that purpose and brought to the direction of it his own great individual qualities—military skill of the first order, an absolute inflexibility of will and directness of energy, a fortitude that nothing could shake, a resolution that no obstacles could daunt, a power, the rarest among men, of maintaining a perfect mental equipoise in the greatest crises; a conception from the first of the underlying ideas of the struggle, and a perfect loyalty to nationality and to freedom. He saw, when the guns of Sumter announced the opening of war, that not only must the Union be maintained by war, but that slavery, the inciting cause of the war, must be abolished by it Political generals, like McClellan, who had not grasped the ideas that were to be maintained and worked out through the war, and who were continually trying to arrest their tendency and progress, failed utterly and no wonder Grant, however, did not trouble himself about the merely political aspects of the struggle. He knew that the rebellion could be crushed only by hard blows, and that the success of the national armies would signify the triumph of the political ideas appropriate to the Great Republic and necessary to peace with freedom

That these results might not be questioned after the clash of arms had ceased, General Grant was made president. It was the natural impulse of the people that called to the chief magistracy the man who represented the purposes that had beaten down the rebellion, abolished slavery, and conferred the rights of citizenship upon a people who had been held in bondage. Through the influence of the preceding administration a spirit had arisen by which the results of the war were being actually questioned and to the manifestation of this spirit Grant's election to the presidency was the response of the people who had put down the rebellion, abolished slavery and maintained the nationality of the United States. During his presidency of eight years the results of the war were fixed by firmer guarantees and thus through his civil career Grant confirmed the results which his military career had established Thus the great events of his career, military and civil, have been firmly fixed in the history and in the policy of the country

The memory of such a man is a national possession, and it will remain so forevermore. What place so fit for his interment as the heart of the greatest city of the republic, where a monument will rise forever to symbolize the cause of nationality and human rights to which his life was devoted? That monument will be an educator of our people through all time Against any future attempt at national disintegration it will stand as the most powerful of appeals and to it, as to a shrine of national patriotism, millions of our countrymen will flock, through all generations.

Whether the country would have come successfully through the Civil War without Grant is merely a speculative question but it is extremely doubtful whether it would All men see that the qualities he possessed were the indispensable qualities for military leadership in such an emergency, as the qualities of Lincoln for political and civil leadership at the same time were similarly indispensable Both kinds of leadership are very trying in such a crisis in a country ruled by the conflicts of popular will All the world now admits that Lincoln was just the man for his place and time and yet, had another man been president, with a Grant to command the armies, it is probable that the issue of the war would have been the same But without a Grant to command the armies no president could have saved the country It is strictly within historical truth to say that the qualities possessed by Grant are the rarest found among men Hence it is not likely that if he had not appeared the war would have developed any similar commander Without Washington it is certain that the Revolution would not have been successful. For that crisis he was the one indispensable man Without Cromwell the struggle of the parliament against the king would have failed utterly and so without Grant the effort to subdue the great American rebellion in all probability would have resulted in failure He alone of the commanders of the war could order, direct and sustain the terrible fighting necessary to overthrow it. He it was who gave the country victories from the start and he it was who continued them to the end Chance may win or lose a single battle but chance never presides over an entire career like this The might of an army is not solely in numbers. It is in the intelligent force that directs it. Firmness, self reliance, ability to meet greatest responsibilities without being appalled or overwhelmed by them calmness unshaken by appearance of disaster, and quick intelligence in the adoption of energetic measures to repair it, are qualities far higher than mere headlong courage Whether, therefore, the Great Republic, had not General Grant appeared, would now be one and indivisible, may be seriously doubted Therefore the American people look upon Grant as the man whose life typifies the national existence to which they paid their vows of patriotism in the days when that existence was assailed and to which they renew their vows as citizens in the homage they pay to the memory of the old commander Central Park, New York, holding his remains will take a new character and become a national ground

FARM AND COUNTRY BREEDING

Some weeks ago the Louisville *Courier-Journal* remarked incidentally that the son in law crop in Louisville had been bad for several seasons back and that the whole available supply had to be imported from the out-of-town districts The remark has been taken up by journals all over the country, and a general comparison shows that the conditions at Louisville are repeated in nearly every other city of the country The discussion has branched into many interesting directions, among others into a comparison of town bred with country boys Nobody seems able to account for the almost invariably better outcome of the latter than the former under the apparent inequality of early advantages

The truth is that what are esteemed advantages are not advantages at all in the matter of practical preparation for life The town boy has more and better schooling has more and better association, sees and hears a thousand more things than the country boy and the effect is to make him observant and quick to take in impressions But he does not learn to think He is certainly entertained with matters of interest in movement about him, constantly receiving and never producing On the other hand the country boy is surrounded by a few familiar things, which afford no novelty and little interest. His situation affords no entertainment, and so, if he have a busy mind, he learns to entertain himself *by thinking* He becomes a man of ideas in a small way, his mental faculties acquire the habit of digestion His mind becomes productive and so when later he gains knowledge, he is able to use it. A thinking man and a man of knowledge is always a man of grace and so in time if he goes to the city, he has all that the true bred man has of value and much that he has not. We speak, of course, of the class known and distinguished as able men and in whose ranks four out of five are country bred.

Boys from the country succeed in business better than city boys because they are more attentive to the duties of business. The city young man is accustomed to diversions, is "in," perhaps, with a fashionable set, and these matters though in themselves harmless, take time and vitality. The country young man is often raw and awkward, feels uncomfortable amid the diversions and associations of his city desk-mate and so devotes to business the time and energies which the other dissipates in idle pleasures These are a few of the reasons why country boys get on in the practical contests of business and why they win the prizes in the game of life

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY

The administration has turned out of the pension agency at Philadelphia a veteran soldier of the Union to make room for a "Jeffersonian democrat," in the person of W. E. H. Davis. Now Davis has a "record." He is a printer, and his name as such is on the title page of a 400-page book printed in 1868, containing nothing but venomous abuse and denunciation of the great patriotic statesmen and leaders during the war, and praise of the rebel leaders and the principles on which the rebellion was based The title page to this volume is as follows

Scraps from the Prison Table By Joe Barbiere, lieutenant colonel, late C S A, Doylestown, Pa., W H H Davis, printer, 1868

A note appended to the work is as follows

Six years have elapsed since these "scraps" were written Constant travel since the war and want of opportunity have prevented their publication, yet the writer deems them as appropriate to-day as then, and has no alterations to make in them, regretting naught.

This extract is from its pages

It is amusing to witness the efforts of the abolitionists to deify their old master, Abraham Lincoln, the "joker." He has brains as has a hog These ignorant fanatics worship man, and that man Abraham Lincoln

Here is another

The murderer and despoiler who is he? The author of the war who is he? Who is the author of all this hellishness that has made a saturnalia for the north? You, the mean, whining, prying, hypocritical, white-livered, negro-stealing, fanatical Yankee

Throughout this book there is much choice reading of the "Jeffersonian democratic" variety For instance, Jeff Davis is styled "our beloved chief" Wirz, the author of the Andersonville atrocities, is called "the murdered Wirz, more sinned against than sinning" Wendell Phillips is styled "that dirty dog and fanatic, and Stanton is called a "fiend, a "miscreant" and a "ghoul." This is the book published by Mr Davis

But, according to the Philadelphia *Press*, which furnishes this information there is more and even worse to be told. Davis, as pension agent, has discharged his chief deputy, a wounded soldier, and has appointed in his place this Lieutenant-Colonel Joe Barbiere, "late of the confederate states army," author of the book from which these extracts are taken This is the man to whom Union soldiers in the Philadelphia pension district will hereafter be compelled to apply for their quarterly allowance, and he will dole out to them the money appropriated for their benefit by the United States government. There is a great uproar about it among the Union soldiers, who say that Davis and his confederate colonel will "go," or they will know the reason why

A word to the bogus journal Did you ever hear that there is a difference in time between the eastern and western sides of the continent? Well, there is Between Mt. McGregor, New York and Portland, Oregon, the difference is just about three hours Now General Grant died at 8 08 A. M The news therefore could reach here and did reach here at 5 25 A. M, and this gave from fifteen to twenty minutes for its transmission which was ample. THE OREGONIAN put the announcement in type and had its press going at 5 45 It beat you by a day in the publication of the news, but it usually beats you a week so you needn't take it so to heart. However keep on maundering if you choose about the "10 dispatch" It furnishes an easy subject for writing, and one about level with your average performances The public, however, aware of the difference in time between the east and west, know right well that a dispatch sent from New York at 8 08 would get here, when there was nothing in the way of it, at 5 25, or even earlier Hunt up your "Astronomy in Six Easy Lessons," and strike out for a night school

It is related that in several of the states of the Mississippi valley the frequent occurrence of cyclones has led many persons who have had experience with the same to dig pits in which to hide when the symptoms of a hard wind begin to show themselves This practice, seemingly harmless and ridiculous has nevertheless created a wide schism in a Georgia church. A majority of this devout congregation concluded that the construction of these pits was a direct intimation to providence that it was incompetent to care for true believers, and notified their erring brethren that their conduct was an insult to the almighty, and could not be tolerated The minority respectfully replied that they were as firm believers in the wise intentions of providence as their more numerous opponents, but when an able-bodied cyclone came along they proposed to 'shin' for those holes every time Thus the matter stands, and as each party resolutely clings to its opinion, the church has been rent asunder

A recent report comes from St Petersburg that a firm in Texas has offered the services of 100 cowboys for use in the prospective war with England This is an excellent idea and should be encouraged That England may not be jealous of the offer, the services of a few hundred Indians should be tendered her Thus both cowboys and Indians would have a familiar foe to deal with, and afford the conflicting armies an excellent means of amusement after they had done their share of fighting Should the supply become exhausted it would doubtless be easy to send more cowboys and more Indians while the assortment lasted If the report be true, it may afford, at last, a solution of what has hitherto proved an annoying problem

A more honorable act than was recently performed by the St Louis *Globe-Democrat* is seldom chronicled in the annals of journalism That paper had ordered and received a cable dispatch of over 6000 words containing the revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette* but as soon as their impure contents were realized by the paper it promptly suppressed them, although at the loss of the entire cost It is noteworthy that none of the better class of American journals have published more than a brief explanation of the nature of these exposures Publication of details would be wholly unnecessary here and only be productive of evil The action of the *Globe-Democrat* deserves the highest commendation

If we rightly apprehend the *[illegible]*, it is taking great credit to its party because it is only 18 years behind the general progress of humanity and mankind in reaching a point where it can feel and express a proper detestation of human slavery That lively paper quotes from the *[illegible]* of October 1, 1867, wherein slaves were advertised for sale, to show that the republican party isn't so much ahead of the democracy on the slavery question That the democratic party of the country comes limping along only a hundred years or so behind may satisfy the *[illegible]* but we like a somewhat more progressive party

The death of Irenæus Prime the venerable editor of the New York *Observer*, who died a few days ago, [illegible] was the recognized oracle of [illegible] in the United States A man of talent, erudition and piety he was a power both as a writer and speaker and remained in the harness with wonderful persistence He preached many sermons, wrote countless newspaper articles and was the author of many books The country had not a harder or more faithful worker

It must be a humiliating thing to be a poor prince and have to live on charity or it would be if such superfluous beggars had any sensibility But Battenburg, who has just married Victoria's last daughter probably doesn't feel the humiliation. Parliament votes a big sum of money for his support, wrung from the toilers of England, and he isn't ashamed to live on it Some day the English people will put an end to these things.

ROACH AND THE ADMINISTRATION

Eastern newspapers generally discuss the failure of John Roach, and all except thick-and-thin democratic organs say plainly that it was brought about by Secretary Whitney who, filled with the democratic idea that Roach has long been a pensioner of the government under republican rule sought to make party capital by harassing and crushing him

But, as the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* says, contrary to the general opinion, Roach has done comparatively little work for the United States He began iron and steel shipbuilding in 1871, and such has been the excellence of his work and the moderation of his prices that he has supplied nearly all the steamship lines plying on the coasts of the United States with vessels He has built some also for the Spanish government All these have given the best of satisfaction He has built but few vessels for the United States government, except those now in controversy, and the sole source of the democratic howl of corruption on his part which has been heard for some months, is the repairing of government vessels, the charges for which are matters for expert opinion and presumably honest

The fact that by his enforced failure from 1 00 to 2500 mechanics are thrown out of employment in these distressful times, will not be forgotten by the workingmen of the United States when they are called upon by the national administration to support the policy recently inaugurated at Washington under the joint rulings of Whitney and Garland.

The Providence, R. I., *Journal* has just fallen into line and last Sunday published the first issue of a regular Sunday edition It says

The growth and development of journalism, the demand the accumulation of news and the necessity of supplying the people with sound and quick reading to-day which has changed many of its characteristics of observance, have compelled the leading journals of the country to issue Sunday editions and the *Journal* feels that no apology is necessary for fulfilling its functions as a newspaper of the first class. Whatever argument there may be in regard to the most proper observance of Sunday facts have to be accepted, and one of these is that the public demands its food of news and current comment on that day and that if it is not supplied reputably and wholesomely it will be disreputably and unwholesomely

It is said that Mrs. Grant thinks $12,000 would be fair remuneration for the doctors who have attended General Grant—though they have put in no bill whatever. This amount has been raised—six thousand dollars being given by Stanford, Huntington and Crocker, and the remaining six thousand by Mackay and others

TO MABEL.

Pass the butter gentle Mabel
Shove it lightly through the air
In the corner of the dish love
You will find a nut brown hair.
What fond memories it awakens
Of the days ere we were wed
When upon my new coat collar
Oft was laid your little head
Lovingly I stroked those tresses
In the happy days gone by
Now I strike them every meal time
In the butter or the pie. —*Ex*

Latest Styles of Domestic Pattern Send stamp fo Catalogue Portland Hair Emporium 163 First st.

Chas A. Wass, Artistic Wig Maker, 85 Yamhill st Special prices.

NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED—ROOM BY SINGLE GENTLEMAN Address B L care of this office 26jl

FOR RENT—VERY DESIRABLE ROOMS Gentlemen of first class, call at 207 East Park st near Taylor 6jy&dsat

SITUATION WANTED AS HOUSEKEEPER or general housework Call or address (r live days) at 45 North Fifth st. 26jl

WANTED—A GENTLEMAN OF EXTRAORDINARY energy to the right party a good salary Address Y Z care Oregonian 26jy s&f

FOR ALL WOOL READY MADE DRESSES go to B H LITT The Leader, Third & Alder Also Dressmaking and fine Dressmaking 10d3

WANTED—A GIRL FOR ALL WORK GERMAN or Swedish preferred large house east side Eighteenth street, N and O East Portland 26j1

A YOUNG MAN FROM INDIANA WITH SIX years experience as bookkeeper and stenographer wishes a similar situation Address S E B care Oregonian 26jy

WANTED—A SMALL FURNISHED HOUSE for a short time by a family of three adults Pay rent in advance can furnish best of reference Address A O X care Oregonian 26j

FOR SALE A VALUABLE FARM ON THE Columbia river, adjacent to the crossing of the cars going from Portland to Tacoma Well improved For further information call at 128 Third st 31jy

FOR SALE FARM OF 160 ACRES ALL UNDER fence 50 acres in cultivation good dwelling house, barn 2 miles from Cedar Mills Post office Washington Co where apply for particulars 26j1m

FOR EXCHANGE—TWENTY ACRE VINEyard and orchard with water right of 150 000 gallons per day from the King River Canal, situated in Scandinavian Colony, four miles from Fresno Cal and valued at $5000 will be exchanged for real estate of equal value in Portland or vicinity good barn stables, dairy and chicken houses, and a comfortable farm house ten acres in alfalfa three acres in [illegible] and malaga grapes sold last season for $1,000 Address A B box 70 Portland Oregon 5j

MONEY TO LOAN $1000 TO LOAN ON IMproved [illegible] Address P O box [illegible]

PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR
October 8 to [illegible] A S WHITING Supt

FOR TILLAMOOK.

SCHOONER QUEEN OF THE BAY will receive freight at foot of Morrison st until to-day [illegible] Freight received at wharfage [illegible]

MONEY
TO BE SAVED BY BUYING YOUR
Buggies, Phaetons & Carriages
[illegible]
FRANK BROS IMPLEMENT CO
68 and 70 Front St

Moonlight Social and Lawn Party.

GIVEN BY THE LADIES OF THE CHRISTIAN Church Wednesday evening July 29th at the residence of J H Roblin No [illegible] Main street between Tenth and Eleventh Admission 10 cents Music [illegible] Refreshments Come all our friends

GRAND EXCURSION
By the Ladies of the Taylor st. M. E. Church
To Young's River Falls,
[illegible]
On the Elegant Steamer Multnomah
TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1885,
The steamer leaves foot of Morrison st at [illegible] Adults $1 Children 50c.

CASINO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner East Park and Washington Streets
J. S. GIBBS Proprietor and Manager

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 31.
[illegible]
HARRY GATES,
[illegible] will be presented
Auber's Celebrated Romantic Opera in 3 Acts of
"FRA DIAVOLO,"
With a Star Cast.
Admission [illegible]

Grist Mill, Saw Mill and Farm Property
IN CLACKAMAS CO
FOR SALE AT A BIG BARGAIN.
LOOK HERE

[illegible] COUNTRY GRIST MILL built by [illegible] 16 feet fall [illegible] good [illegible] Splendid tributary farming country [illegible] SASH SAW MILL on the other side of the creek can be enlarged to any capacity Eight acres of ground for mill sites

142 ACRES OF FARMING LAND adjoining with Clark creek running through it [illegible] Twelve miles to Oregon City This perfect warranty deed given.

Price only $4,000 for the whole of it—$2,000 down, balance in one to five years at 8 per cent. The mill is worth more than the money Apply at once or you will lose it. H. E. CROSS,
25j5* Attorney and Real Estate Agent, Oregon City,

ST. JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago Backache Headache Toothache
Sore Throat Swellings Sprains Bruises,
Burns Scalds, Frost Bites
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO
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WANTED—HELP

WANTED—TWO STAIR HANDS AND ONE good joiner Apply to the Portland Construction Co No 10 First st 31jl

WANTED—BOY OF 16 OR 17 YEARS OF AGE to learn a mechanical trade and attend store Address Mechanical care Oregonian 2djr2

FOR SALE—ONE LARGE MOSHIER BARMAN safe, size 3 feet 9 in by 5x3 double doors and contains a large burglar chest, weight 5500 lbs cost three years ago $ 0 It is as good as new Any one wishing a safe will do well to call and see us or write for further information GILBERT BROS., Salem, Or

GIRLS WANTED AT MRS. PLATO'S Dekum Block (20 r)

WANTED—AGENTS

WANTED—A WOMAN OF FINE ADDRESS to sell an article needed in every house in the city Apply at 125 First st, room G 14jylm

WANTED—A LADY OF GOOD ADDRESS NOT afraid of work in every county on the coast Big pay to right person A L BANCROFT & CO San Francisco Cal 15jylm

AGENTS WANTED FOR U S GRANT'S PERsonal Memoirs written by himself State territory desired and number of orders you can take in it Send references and $1 00 for prospectus, money refunded if application is not accepted J DEWING & CO 420 B sh st, San Francisco 5jylm

AGENTS WANTED—ADDRESS PORTLAND Electric Lamp Co P O box 22, Portland Or for circular cuts samples and terms of the 65-candle power genuine Gas Electric lamps 4ls

THE BOOMING BOOK FOR AGENTS—JOHN B Gough's wonderful new book Platform Echoes thrillingly portrayed by anecdotes, incidents personal experience startling facts and disclosures side-splitting stories, humorous situations, and wonderfully graphic and fascinating tales of the most touching pathos. Strike quick The field will soon be taken up A L BANCROFT & CO San Francisco

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—2 OR 3 FURNISHED ROOMS SUITable for housekeeping for man and wife. Address P O box 52 2 j13

WANTED—TO BUY ON INSTALLMENT PLAN a small cottage and lot in Portland or East Portland Address stating price and location A Mc care Oregonian 4j16

WANTED—A RELIABLE TABLE ADDRESS [illegible]

WANTED—BY A SINGLE GENTLEMAN IN best east a well furnished room in the western suburb references given if necessary Address G rion P O box 39 17jy1&s f

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED—SITUATION AS NURSE OR housekeeper Address M O C care Oregonian

A N EDUCATED YOUNG MAN 25 YEARS OF age, of long experience and just from the east, desires a position can give all references Address J O B x 16

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT AS PORTER DRIVER or work in a store by a young man in the city Address M F L care Oregonian 1j5

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—HOUSE AND LOT SITUATED ON Columbia st for sale cheap to a cash buyer Apply at 255 First st.

FOR SALE—160 ACRES 80 IN WHEAT & OATS) 1 mile of railroad and telegraph station in heart of Yamhill county terms easy Address J C COOPER McMinnville Or 16jy1

NORTH BEACH FOR SALE—A CHOICE LOT [illegible] North Beach near where Mr M [illegible] is erecting [illegible] By PARRISH WATKINS & O'NEILL Real Estate and Loan Agents 1 Washington st

ONE, FIVE AND TEN ACRE TRACTS OF LAND [illegible] near the city of Portland For particulars call on or address HARRISON B OATMAN No 7 Stark street.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—YOUNG FOX HOUNDS FOUR weeks old Inquire of RITZ PFUNDER's Second st 25j

FOR SALE CHEAP—A SECOND-HAND 8 INCH Buffalo Pitts Band Separator with 10 Horse [illegible] Apply at [illegible] Front st

FOR SALE—ON FIRST ST BETWEEN YAMhill and Taylor a fruit and tobacco stand doing good business sickness cause of disposal Inquire on premises. 20jy6

FOR SALE CHEAP—ONE SECOND HAND double cylinder hoisting engine, nearly new Address Eastern Machine Co foot of Morrison st

RESIDENCE PROPERTY FOR SALE ON N W corner of First and Hooker for lots 60 feet on First running back to Second with house and stable for sale as a whole or in lots. Apply to HALFOUR GUTHRIE & CO corner First and Vine sts.

SPECIAL NOTICES

OLD HORSE SALE THE BAGGAGE LEFT AT the Lurton House will be sold at auction at Wells Fargo's Warehouse [illegible] street [illegible] in 30 days from this date J HAAS July 19 1885 Assignee [illegible]

CHALLENGE—I EMIL LEPLANE CHALLENGE any man in Oregon to swim from one to five miles for $100 [illegible] Man and money at Nhi's [illegible] First and [illegible] sts. EMIL LEPLANE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned will not be responsible for any debts contracted by Eugene La Rocque M H RALEIGH Guardian of the estate of Eugene La Rocque May 18 1885.

HO CAMPERS—THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREpared to do hauling and all parcels or freight forwarded or entrusted to my care will be safely cared for and delivered at reasonable rates also hay for [illegible] J DARLING [illegible]

TWO HOURS A DAY FOR A MONTH AT THE [illegible] Second and Salmon JAMES [illegible]

LEATHER AND FINDINGS

HERBERT BRADLEY & CO., SUCCESSORS TO Bradley & Doheny, 109 Front, bet. Washington and Stark sts. Leather and Findings, Shoe Store Supplies,

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE LAMPS

HEGELE CROWELL & CO., IMPORTERS 52 and 54 Front st Portland Or

Carpets,
Lace Curtains, Portiers.

We have resolved, in order to meet the times, to reduce prices on all our goods to the very
LOWEST SCALE.

We keep the Choicest
Designs & Colorings.

WALTER BROS.
85 FIRST ST.

WILHOIT SPRINGS.
SUMMER RESORT.

[illegible] ...

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.
JOHN SLAVICH,
THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR,
Has just refitted his large elegant and well appointed Restaurant, First St., bet. Morrison and Yamhill.
Meals can be obtained at all hours, day or night. A number of fine rooms have been fitted up for ladies.

TO RENT—ROOMS AND OFFICES.

SMALL SUITE FOR ONE OR TWO WITH BATH in private family 181 Yamhill and W Park 14jylm

FOR RENT—TWO VERY NICELY FURNISHED rooms with gas and use of bath at North east cor Fifteenth and Davis. 25jy4

BAY WINDOW ROOMS FURNISHED EN suite or single bath and gas 372 First st. 25j5

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS, GAS, BATH etc. convenient to street cars. Inquire at 334 Morrison st. corner Pacific.

FOR RENT—OFFICE IN A VERY DESIRABLE location on Front st. Inquire of MOONEY, VALENTINE & GOLDSMITH 11jytf

FOR RENT—DESIRABLE HOUSEKEEPING rooms [illegible] rooms [illegible] or single [illegible] 1jylm

BALDWIN LODGING HOUSE—PERSONS IN want of airy, comfortable lodgings call at 220½ Second st bet. Salmon and Main. Terms reasonable.

FOR RENT—CORNER SUIT OF NEWLY FURnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping [illegible] 24jytf

TO RENT HOUSES AND STORES.

HOUSE FOR RENT—EIGHT ROOMS AND BATH [illegible] Seventh [illegible] Baker [illegible] 4l

FOR RENT NEW COTTAGE 5 ROOMS MODern improvements cor Seventeenth and B sts Inquire of B L NORDEN cor Seventeenth and B sts

FOR RENT—ON SOUTH FIRST ST GOOD 5 R room house $15 per mo P W Gillett 7 Stark

BUSINESS CHANCES

CIGAR AND FRUIT STORE FOR SALE, IN [illegible] First st [illegible] 4l5

FOR SALE—A WELL ESTABLISHED GENERAL merchandise [illegible] grain [illegible] Address M FRIED Hubbard Or 4j6

SHEEP OR CATTLE RANCH—A GRAND OPportunity to secure very cheap a very valuable ranch stocked with fine sheep and commanding splendid range, or will trade for good well improved farm Inquire Portland J FRED CLARK 15 Stark 25j4

YAQUINA FINE BUSINESS LOCATION AT Toledo on the line of the Or Pacific railroad [illegible] two story store building with residence attached will be sold cheap for cash. Address W E FAD Assignee estate C J Bishop & Co. Corvallis 11j5l

A SPLENDID BARGAIN A HOTEL (FUR nished) Saloon with Billiard Table Grocery Store with P O—each in separate buildings Business from $ 000 to $5,000 per annum R R, steamboat and telegraph in 1600 feet Price $4 600 Call or address W H STUART Tarsus Whitman Co W T

FOR SALE—A GOOD CHANCE—ON ACCOUNT of being compelled to leave for Europe on pressing business the candy factory and ice cream parlors of G M Simon cor Seventh and Washington near Cash is offered for sale at a great bargain The purchasers will be learned the trade of making French candies if desired. 20jylm

$1000 WILL BUY HALF INTEREST IN best paying business for the money in the state light gentlemanly, and a monopoly pays well, and income constantly increasing. Apply to A J WELCH Attorney at law 133½ First st tf

WATER POWER FLOUR MILL FOR SALE—This is the best cheap mill in the state where a business of 100 bbls per day can be done Power first class large substantial building with storage capacity of 30 000 bushels located within 300 yards of railroad. In a good wheat section with a dwelling house and nice surroundings, a very desirable place. For particulars address JAS THOMPSON 240 E. Park st Portland Or

PAYING HOTEL BUSINESS FOR SALE—ACcommodations for 60 lodgers, 36 hard finished bedrooms. Will lease house of a term and sell furniture half cash half on time commodious bar and billiard room old established business house full of boarders now and favorably located for transient custom Address or apply to F C HOLDEN Real Estate Agent Astoria Or 10jy1m

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

SUTTON & BEEBE, SHIP CHANDLERY AND naval stores, 16 N Front st., Portland Or

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D Sts., Portland, Or

H. E. BATTIN GENERAL COMMISSION MERchant and produce dealer 130 Front street

C. CASER & CO SHIPPING AND COMMISsion Merchants 30 North Front street Portland

TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO SHIP BROKERS AND Commission Merchants, agents for San Juan Archipelago Lime Co. 31 Front street, cor Ash st.

MILLER & WEST—G. C. MILLER, W. H. WEST commission merchants in general and dairy produce 1 1 Front st., between Washington and Stark.

J. McCRAKEN & CO IMPORTERS & WHOLEsale grocers and shipping and commission merchants Nos. 60, 62 and 64 North Front st Portland Or

GIBSON CHURCH & CO., SHIPPING AND COMmission Merchants, specialties—wheat, flour salmon, grain bags, etc N W cor Front and Ash sts. Portland, O

W. S. MASON WHOLESALE GROCER AND commission merchant, Nos. 2 and 4 North Front st. Portland Or

HERMAN METZGER, PURCHASER OF hides pelts furs wool and tallow and general commission [illegible] consignments solicited No. 45 Third street P O box 703 Portland Oregon

MAFE LEVY COMMISSION MERCHANT importer of and dealer in tropical and domestic green dried and canned fruits nuts figs dates and raisins. [illegible] Consignments of Oregon and California [illegible]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. S. E. JOSEPHI HAS REMOVED HIS RESIdence to N W cor Eleventh and Main sts Portland Office Washington st First and Second

A. C. NICKLIN PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office [illegible] Washington street [illegible] No

W. S. NEWBURY ATTORNEY AND COUNsellor at law rooms 5 and 6 Cambridge block cor Third and Morrison sts. Portland Or 8ly

F A JONES M D J G BRYANT M D
DRS JONES & BRYANT CAN BE FOUND AT their office day and night. Midwifery and diseases of women a specialty Office 45 First near Ash

F. A. COLBY M D PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Office [illegible] First and Yamhill residence with Mrs. Hill [illegible] & Yamhill Disease of children a specialty Country patients promptly attended to.

MRS M H WHITNEY M D (SUCCESSOR to Dr Murray) cor First and Yamhill sts. rooms [illegible] Mrs Chillson assistant formerly with Dr Murray Office hours from 10 to 12 A M [illegible] P M [illegible]

JOHN D. WILCOX ATTORNEY AT LAW Room No 40 California street San Francisco Cal. Collections made or Portland firms. m&wtf

MILL AND FARM MACHINERY

Z. T. WRIGHT DEALER IN FARM & MILL Machinery [illegible] Brass Goods [illegible] Bells [illegible] Portland

FRANK BROTHERS IMPLEMENT COMPANY importer and dealer in farm and mill machinery 68 and 70 Front st., Portland, Or

CHAS. H. DODD & CO SOLE AGENTS BUCKEYE Mower and Reaper Canton Pitts Thresher, Hall's Header Studebaker Wagons Front, First and Vine sts.

KNAPP BURRELL & CO WHOLESALE FARM machinery and dealers in agricultural implements, farm and spring wagons, buggies, carriages, etc. portable and stationary engines saw mills and grist mill machinery a specialty rubber and leather belting

WHOLESALE GROCERS

ALLEN & LEWIS WHOLESALE GROCERS, COR ner N. Front and D sts. Portland, Or

CORBITT & MACLEAY WHOLESALE GROCERS and Commission Merchants, 64 and 66 Front st. Portland.

WADHAMS & ELLIOTT WHOLESALE GROCERS Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Nos. 46 and 48 Front street, Portland, Or

J. O'CONNOR WHOLESALE AND RETAIL grocer dealer in ship stores garden and grass seeds, grain and domestic fruits etc. N. E. cor Front and Alder sts. Portland, Or.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. I WEIHEL & CO CIGAR MANUFACTURers N E cor First and Alder streets, Portland [illegible]

WM GARDNER & CO PRACTICAL PLUMBers Gas and Steam Fitters Hot water heating a specialty Cor Third and Alder sts Portland

PERSONAL

A HIGHLY AGED LADY LATELY FROM THE east would like [illegible] to matrimony [illegible] Address [illegible] this office Portland 2jy1 w1

CHISEL-TOOTH SAW

TATUM & BOWEN SAN FRANCISCO AND 34 Front st Portland Or sole agents for the original Hoe Chisel Tooth Saw now made with our patent [illegible] protecting segments which places it far in the lead of worth [illegible]

SAWMILL MACHINERY & ENGINES, BOILERS ETC.

TATUM & BOWEN SAN FRANCISCO AND 34 Front st Portland Or We have manufactured [illegible] this class of machinery in use on the coast and our experience and valuable patents enable us to supply the wants of mill men.

MACHINISTS.

TRENKMAN & WOLFF MACHINISTS, CORNER B and Third sts.—Housework doors, railings, iron shutters, and machinery of all descriptions planing and moulding tools to order

SAILS, FLAGS AND TENTS

V. E. SMITH SAIL FLAG AND TENT MAKER 24 North Front st. Portland Or

SADDLERY

R. SHERLOCK SADDLERY HARNESS HARDware 74 Front st. Portland Or

MERCHANDISE BROKERAGE

FRANK WOOLSEY COMMISSION AND MERchandise broker [illegible] First st. Portland

MINING MACHINERY

PARKE & LACY MILL RAILWAY & MAchinery [illegible] 66 North Front st.

SHOW CASE MANUFACTURERS

DIXON BORGESON & CO, 102 FRONT ST. Portland and 8 Market st., San Francisco.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SNELL HEITSHU & WOODARD ESTABLISHED 1864, Portland, Or.

SMOKE
HORACE R. KELLY & CO'S
CREME DE LA CREME
BEST
Havana Key West Cigars.
For Sale Everywhere.
H. ROSENFELD & Co., Sole Agents.

A NEW
[illegible]
—THE—
"LITTLE WONDER!"
Successors to A. LOBE & CO

THE OBJECT OF THE LITTLE WONDER will be to sell
Crockery,
Glassware,
Plated Goods,
Cutlery, Etc.,
For all purposes [illegible] Household Restaurants, Hotels and at lower prices than has been the rule with other crockery stores. We propose to be what our name implies.

"A LITTLE WONDER!"

We are under small expense, have [illegible] facilities for buying and to all who wish goods in our line call on us before going elsewhere.

Country orders given careful attention, and we guarantee our prices.

"[illegible]"
169 First street,
Between Morrison and Yamhill

NORTHROP & STURGIS,
PROPRIETORS
Portland Soda Works!
MANUFACTURE THE BEST
Soda Water, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, etc.
No Marble Dust used no Glucose used for Syrups; Closest inspection invited.
Also in stock and delivered free to any part of the city
MEDICINAL AND TABLE WATERS.
APOLLINARIS, pints and quarts.
WILHOIT pints and quarts.
HUNYADI SELTZER, etc
NORTHROP & STURGIS,
93 and 95 Oak st. cor Fifth, Portland Or.

—THE—
"[illegible]"
CHOICE FAMILY
PATENT ROLLER
FLOUR
Takes the Lead Wherever Introduced!
For sale by leading dealers, and by
GIBSON, QUACKENBUSH & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS OF THE
Portland Flouring Mills Co.
[illegible]

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
OF PORTLAND.
Over 12 000 Volumes and 125 Papers and Periodicals
CORNER OF STARK AND FIRST STREETS.
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MEMBERSHIP OPEN TO ALL
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MISS CANFIELD,
MANICURE
—AND—
CHIROPODIST.
Is now prepared to pay special attention to the treatment of the feet, also permanent removal of superfluous hair by a new method in addition to her usual care of the hands, hair and complexion.
Room 17, Labbe Building. Take Elevator

The Bishop Scott Grammar School
A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS The eighth year under its present management begins Sept 1. Boys of any age or degree of advance are admitted Boys fitted for college or business. Three late graduates among the teachers. Special instruction in penmanship, drawing music and modern languages. Discipline strict. No bad boys admitted. For catalogue and circular or any information address J W HILL, M D Head Master
23jd&wtm P O Drawer 19 Portland Or

ST. DAVID'S,
715 Howard St, Near Third, San Francisco
A first class Lodging Hotel containing 100 rooms Water and gas in each room no better beds in the world no guest allowed to use the linen once used by another A large reading room Hot and cold water baths free Price of rooms—Per night 50c and 75c, per week from $2 upward Open all night.
H. HUGHES Proprietor
At Market street Ferry take Omnibus line of street cars to corner of Third and Howard [illegible]

THE MERCHANT HOTEL.
Cor. Third and D sts Portland, Or
HAS 125 WELL LIGHTED, WELL VENTILATED elegantly furnished rooms, en suite or single, and is supplied with Hydraulic Passenger Elevator Electric Calls, Bath Rooms, Telephone and all modern improvements and conveniences,
Private Dining rooms for Families and Parties
KELLOGG, DAVIS & CO., Prop's.

MANHOOD WONDERFUL RESTORED
The reason [illegible] SEMINAL WEAKNESS [illegible] MANHOOD a direct result of abuse or excesses, soothing to a special on [illegible] PROSTATORRHEA DR LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR is the ONLY cure for PROSTATORRHEA. Price, $2.00 per package. 6 packages, $10.00. Guide to Health and Self Aid, sent free. Address LIEBIG DISPENSARY for Diseases of Men. 400 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

CORBETT STABLES [illegible]
Used free for calling. Telephone [illegible]

—TO—
OIL Dealers and Consumers.
—THE—
Phœnix Oil Works
Have now on hand and for sale in lots to suit
Thirty Thousand (30,000) Gallons
—OF—
REFINED,
STRAINED
—AND—
CRUDE
DOG FISH OIL
—AT—
Greatly Reduced Prices.
KELLY, DUNNE & CO., Prop'rs,
42 Front St., Portland, Or.

KOHN,
THE
[illegible]
WILL REOPEN AUGUST 15TH IN BRICK'S now building
33 and 35 MORRISON ST.,
Corner Second, one block back of the old stand. will leave for New York city June 1st to purchase my entire stock and will also have a first-class MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT, and I am determined to give the public better fitting clothing than ever and at living prices. Thanking my many patrons and friends for past favors and soliciting their future kind consideration, I am very respectfully ARTHUR KOHN, 33 and 35 Morrison st.

P. A. ICE CO.
Office, 68 Front st. - - Telephone 1[illegible].
Works, 17th and U sts, Telephone 218.
ICE DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE CITY at the following rates
10 lbs every other day, $1 50 per month.
10 lbs daily, $2 50 per month.
50 to 100 lbs daily ½c per pound.
200 to 500 lbs, 45c per hundred.
500 to 1000 lbs, 40c per hundred.
1000 to 2000 lbs, 35c per hundred.
Ton lots, $6 00.
Ice securely packed for shipment; one dollar per ton extra on above rates.
The public are respectfully invited to visit our works and see the most modern ice machine in the United States making ice of distilled water Factory open at all hours.

INSURANCE.

THE OREGON
[illegible]
OF PORTLAND, OR.
N W FECHHEIMER President
H W CORBETT Vice President
EDWARD HALL Secretary

AGENCY
London Assurance Corporation of London, Eng.
Established A. D. 1720.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE—[illegible]

THE THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LIVERPOOL.
Capital [illegible]
Reserve fund, (in addition) [illegible]
Deposit in Oregon [illegible]
Agency in Portland at No. 6 First street
PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, Agent

Union Insurance Company
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
FIRE AND MARINE.
Capital - - - $750,000.
BRANCH OFFICE FOR OREGON,
North side Stark bet. Front & First, Portland.
JAMES S. REED, Agent.

PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
QUEEN INSURANCE CO.,
OF LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.
NEW YORK LIFE INS. CO.
Cash Assets $[illegible]
AMERICAN SURETY CO.
American Steam Boiler Insurance Company,
Lloyd Plate Glass Insurance Company.
F. V. ANDREWS & CO., Agents, [illegible]

MARKETS

O'SHEA BROS.
Wholesale Butchers & Packers
And Retail Dealers in all kinds of Meats
Special attention given to supplying ships.
Stalls 22, 23 and 24 Central Market, Portland

A. H. JOHNSON,
CENTRAL MARKET,
Wholesale Butcher and Packer.
Special attention paid to supplying ships.
Highest cash price paid for all kinds of fat stock

PACIFIC MARKET.
M. M. SPAULDING THOS PAPWORTH.
SPAULDING & PAPWORTH,
BUTCHERS AND PACKERS, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF MEATS,
Corner Third and Ash Streets.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO.,
Shipping and Commission Merchants,
AGENTS FOR
The British and Foreign Marine Ins. Co., Ld.
Import and offer for sale—Steam and Household Coal, Foundry Coke Pig Iron Fire Bricks English Cement, Soda Crystals, Soda Ash Caustic and Ash Soda, Coke Charcoal and Roofing Tin Plate, Tin, New and Second hand Grain Bags, etc.
Office—Corner First and Ash streets.
Wharf—Mersey Dock, foot of O st.
BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., San Francisco
BALFOUR, WILLIAMSON & CO., Liverpool.

Metropolitan Savings Bank
N. E. Cor First and Stark sts, Portland, Or.
Transacts a General Banking Business, allows interest on deposits as follows
On 3 months certificates 4 per cent
On 6 months certificates 5 per cent
On 12 months certificates 6 per cent
Directors:
W. W. Thayer H. W. Scott, Ira F Powers
E. D. Shattuck H. W. Monastes, C. H. Dodd
C. P. Hogue, J. E. Smith, R. Williams
Van B. DeLashmutt.

London and San Francisco Bank
LIMITED.
Capital and Reserve [illegible]
Head Office, 22 Old Broad st., London
This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business, makes loans, discounts bills, issues commercial and travellers' credits available in any city in the world.
Portland Branch, 48 First St.
W MACKINTOSH, Manager

VISITORS TO
Astoria, Seaside and Ilwaco
Should not fail to call on FRANK FABRE, who serves the very best experienced Restaurateur. He serves [illegible] Meals, Oysters and Ice Cream, at all hours at moderate prices.
Fabre's Model Restaurant
Next to Odd Fellow's Hall, Cass st., Astoria.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND

The Colorado editors and their wives left for home yesterday, much pleased with this cou[ntry]

Mr and Mrs Oscar F. Mayer, of New York returned Friday from a short visit to Clatsop beach

Miss R D Allmond, art teacher of the territorial university, Seattle, is visiting friends in the city

Mr S Hosenblatt left for Ilwaco yesterday for the benefit of his health His wife and daughters accompany him

The Oregon crossed out yesterday at 1 15 P M The Columbia left up at 1 P M, arriving about [illegible] o clock last evening

Garfield post, G. A. R., has appointed Messrs [illegible] Miller W T Atwood and J W Shipley a committee on the obsequies of General Grant

Rev George S Watson of New York, who is visiting relatives in East Portland, will occupy the pulpit at Grace M. E. church this morning at the usual hour of service

Wallace R Struble, a well known writer on the Pacific coast has been engaged as editor of the East Portland *Vindicator* The paper is much improved since the acquisition.

There will be a special meeting of Garfield Post No 3, G A R., at their hall on Monday evening next, for the purpose of taking action upon the death of General U S. Grant.

Rev Mr Robertson has returned from his sketching trip to Mt. Hood, thoroughly satisfied with one thing, that in order to sketch and write up a mountain one must climb it.

Frank Blake, the popular reporter, writes from New York that if he ever gets back to Portland and "makes a break" towards the Atlantic he hopes a guardian will be appointed for him

The writer of the ridiculous stuff that appears in those columns of the *News*, which in other papers are devoted to editorials, ought to take a vacation and let the police reporter mount the tripod

The Concordia Society gave an excursion up the Columbia last evening on the Multnomah. They expected to go as far as Multnomah falls but did not intend to land. A fine band accompanied the party

The ladies of the Taylor street M. E. church give an excursion Tuesday, July 28, to Young's River falls, below Astoria, as pretty a spot and as delightful a ride as one could wish for. The handsome new steamer Multnomah has been chartered for the occasion.

The wedding of Mr B. R Scott and Miss Amy M Reynolds occurred Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 318 First street, Rev C. H. Hobart officiating. The rooms were handsomely decorated and nothing was lacking to make the affair pleasant. Mr Scott is a well known young man of this city and the bride is the daughter of Mr. John F. Reynolds, vice commander of Lincoln post.

BOYS AND GIRLS AID SOCIETY

The requisite number of names having been obtained, a meeting of subscribers is called at Ladd & Tilton's bank at a quarter to eight o clock Monday evening, July 27th

BACK FROM THE EAST

Captain J A. Brown is back from his trip east. He went clear down to where they pry up the sun with a crowbar and grind the noses of the sheep once a month. He had fine sport trout fishing in the Maine lakes, and found that his mother had not forgotten how to cook fresh mackerel.

PERTINACITY OF A BULL DOG

The antics of Jailor Dougherty's bull dog, in trying to eat up the stream escaping from a burst hose at the fire last evening created great amusement for the boys. With true bull dog pertinacity it followed up the hose and chewed at the stream till it was completely washed inside and out.

BEAT THE RECORD

The steamer Telephone beat the best record yesterday She left here at 6 A. M., and after making nine landings and being delayed in the river twenty five minutes by fog, reached Astoria at 1 10 and landed her passengers at Ilwaco at 1 30 Returning she left Astoria at 2 [illegible] M. and after making thirteen landings arrived here at [illegible] M

AT CLATSOP BEACH.

The following are arrivals at the Seaside House since the last report Oscar R. Meyer and wife New York, N J Levinson E. C. Duffy, D A. Epstyne, Portland Doc Ackerman, San Francisco W. F. Trimble, Miss Nelly Martin Portland, Geo. F. Sears, Vancouver W T

The latest arrivals at Grimes are Mrs. W. K. Smith and Mrs. C. H. Dodd and family

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT

The Taylor street Methodist Sunday school will give their usual monthly concert to-day commencing promptly at 12 15, immediately following the public preaching services in the forenoon This Sunday school notwithstanding the general vacation is largely attended and no efforts are spared to make all the services connected therewith pleasant and instructive. The programme prepared for the concert to-day is one of unusual interest and the occasion is expected to be of a rarely entertaining character All who attend will be cordially welcomed.

CITY VIEW PARK

The attractions at the park this afternoon will consist of another shooting match between W L Curry and J F McNaught, for $100 and the diamond medal now held by Mr Curry a game of baseball between the Portland Stars and the Willamettes, and two trotting and two running races Steamer Salem will leave foot of Morrison street at 1, 2 and 3 o'clock fare for round trip, including admission to the park and grand stand, 50 cents. Other steamers will leave foot of Taylor street every half hour during the afternoon. The park is a pleasant place to spend an afternoon, and the attractions are of a high order

SCHOOL TEACHERS ELECTED

The board of school directors of the city of Portland held a secret session last evening in the private office of one of its members for the purpose of electing a second vice principal and two supernumeraries who are to relieve the principals of the various schools at certain times and to take the places of other teachers who may be incapacitated through sickness or otherwise The session lasted until after 11 o'clock and resulted in the following election Vice principal Mrs Alice C Gove supernumeraries, Misses Carrie Myers and Francette Plummer Miss Virginia I Goodwin was also recommended for extra supernumerary work

HAS BECOME STONE BLIND

Andy Mabie, who for years past has been the sport of misfortune, arrived here yesterday from the Yakima mining district, totally blind He left here for the mines last February, and soon after arriving there his eyes were badly injured on account of the snow and they have gradually grown worse till about two weeks ago, when he became stone blind Mabie will be recollected as the hackman who was once reported to have had a fortune left him, and who has met with more misfortunes in the shape of runaway teams and smashed hacks than any of his class Andy has many friends here who will be pleased to see him recover his sight

KURNEL HAWKINS IN LITIGATION

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ing their future kind consideration, I
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acked for shipment one dollar per ton
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Crystals, Soda Ash Caustic and Bicarb.
Charcoal and Roofing Tin Plate, Block
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ail to call on FRANK FABRE, the old
Restaurateur. He serves the very best of
ers and Ice Cream, at all hours and at
rices.
e's Model Restaurant,
Fellow's Hall, Cass st., Astoria, Or

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

The Colorado editors and their wives left for home yesterday, much pleased with this country.

Mr and Mrs. Oscar F. Meyer, of New York, returned Friday from a short visit to Clatsop beach.

Miss E. D Allmond, art teacher of the territorial university, Seattle, is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. S. Rosenblatt left for Ilwaco yesterday for the benefit of his health. His wife and daughters accompany him

The Oregon crossed out yesterday at 1 15 P M The Columbia left up at 1 2 M arriving about 7 o'clock last evening

Garfield post, G A. R., has appointed Messrs J C. Miller, W T Atwood and J W Shipley as a committee on the obsequies of General Grant.

Rev. George S Watson of New York, who is visiting relatives in East Portland, will occupy the pulpit at Grace M. E church this morning at the usual hour of service

Wallace R. Struble, a well known writer on the Pacific coast, has been engaged as editor of the East Portland Vindicator. The paper is much improved since the acquisition.

There will be a special meeting of Garfield Post No 8, G A. R., at their hall on Monday evening next, for the purpose of taking action upon the death of General U S. Grant.

Rev Mr Robertson has returned from his sketching trip to Mt. Hood, thoroughly satisfied with one thing, that in order to sketch and write up a mountain one must climb it.

Frank Blake, the popular reporter, writes from New York that if he ever gets back to Portland and "makes a break" towards the Atlantic he hopes a guardian will be appointed for him.

The writer of the ridiculous stuff that appears in those columns of the *News* which in other papers are devoted to editorials, ought to take a vacation and let the police reporter mount the tripod.

The Concordia Society gave an excursion up the Columbia last evening on the Multnomah They expected to go as far as Multnomah falls, but did not intend to land A fine band accompanied the party

The ladies of the Taylor street M E church give an excursion Tuesday, July 28 to Young's River falls, below Astoria, as pretty a spot and as delightful a ride as one could wish for The handsome new steamer Multnomah has been chartered for the occasion

The wedding of Mr R. R Scott and Miss Amy M. Reynolds occurred Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 348 First street, Rev C H. Hobart officiating The rooms were handsomely decorated and nothing was lacking to make the affair pleasant. Mr Scott is a well known young man of this city, and the bride is the daughter of Mr John B. Reynolds, vice commander of Lincoln post.

BOYS AND GIRLS AID SOCIETY

The requisite number of names having been obtained, a meeting of subscribers is called at Ladd & Tilton's bank at a quarter to eight o'clock, Monday evening, July 27th

BACK FROM THE EAST

Captain J A. Brown is back from his trip east. He went clear down to where they pry up the sun with a crowbar and grind the noses of the sheep once a month He had fine sport trout fishing in the Maine lakes, and found that his mother had not forgotten how to cook fresh mackerel.

PERTINACITY OF A BULL DOG

The antics of Jailor Dougherty's bull dog, in trying to eat up the stream escaping from a burst hose at the fire last evening created great amusement for the boys. With true bull dog pertinacity it followed up the hose and chewed at the stream till it was completely washed inside and out.

BEAT THE RECORD

The steamer Telephone beat the best record yesterday She left here at 6 A. M, and after making nine landings and being delayed in the river twenty five minutes by fog, reached Astoria at 12 10, and landed her passengers at Ilwaco at 1 30. Returning she left Astoria at 2 P M., and after making thirteen landings arrived here at 9 P M.

AT CLATSOP BEACH

The following are arrivals at the Seaside House since the last report Oscar R. Meyer and wife, New York, N J Levinson, E C Duffy, D. K. Spatyne Portland Don Ackerman, San Francisco—W F Trimble, Miss Seely Martin Portland, Geo. F. Sears, Vancouver W T

The latest arrivals at Grimes' are Mrs. W S Smith and Mrs. C. H Dodd and family

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT

The Taylor street Methodist Sunday school will give their usual monthly concert to-day commencing promptly at 12 15, immediately following the public preaching services in the forenoon This Sunday school notwithstanding the general vacation is largely attended and no efforts are spared to make all the services connected therewith pleasant and instructive. The programme prepared for the concert to-day is one of unusual interest and the occasion is expected to be of a rarely entertaining character All who attend will be cordially welcomed

CITY VIEW PARK

The attractions at the park this afternoon will consist of another shooting match between W L Curry and J F McNaught, for $100 and the diamond medal now held by Mr Curry a game of baseball between the Portland Stars and the Willamettes and two trotting and two running races Steamer Salem will leave foot of Morrison street at 1, 2 and 3 o'clock fare for round trip, including admission to the park and grandstand, 50 cents Other steamers will leave foot of Taylor street every half hour during the afternoon. The park is a pleasant place to spend an afternoon, and the attractions are of a high order

SCHOOL TEACHERS ELECTED

The board of school directors of the city of Portland held a secret session last evening in the private office of one of its members for the purpose of electing a second vice principal and two supernumeraries who are to relieve the principals of the various schools at certain times and to take the places of other teachers who may be incapacitated through sickness or otherwise The session lasted until after 11 o'clock and resulted in the following election Vice principal, Mrs Alice C Gove supernumeraries, Misses Carrie Myers and Francette Plummer Miss Virginia F Goodwin was also recommended for extra supernumerary work

HAS BECOME STONE BLIND

Andy Mabie, who for years past has been the sport of misfortune, arrived here yesterday from the Yakima mining district, totally blind He left here for the mines last February, and soon after arriving there his eyes were badly injured on account of the snow, and they have gradually grown worse till about two weeks ago, when he became stone blind Mabie will be recollected as the hackman who was once reported to have had a fortune left him, and who has met with more misfortunes in the shape of runaway teams and smashed hacks than any of his class. Andy has many friends here who will be pleased to see him recover his sight

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GOES ON A SAD JOURNEY

Mr Frank T Dodge, the affable and courteous superintendent of the river and sound division of the Oregon Railway and Navigation company has been granted leave of absence and will start east in a few days to visit an invalid sister at Newport, Rhode Island. She has been in poor health for a long time and her condition now become so critical as to excite fears as to her recovery The numerous friends of Mr Dodge while regretting the sad necessity of his visit unite in wishing him a safe trip and hope that no sorrow may cloud his return By eight years of constant and assiduous attention to the duties of his office Mr Dodge has well earned a vacation, and it is only to be regretted that it is to be taken under such sad auspices.

A DISEASE BREEDING PLACE

In the center of the block bounded by F and F, North First and Second streets, is a sink hole which receives all the filth and slops from the buildings on the block. There is quite a large open space in the center of the block, and it contains the most filthy pool of disease breeding matter imaginable The attention of the committee on health and police has been called to the matter, and they are nonplussed as to what to do in the case The only remedy that seems practicable is to fill in the block, and that would only partially remove the horrid nuisance Not long since there were seven dives on the First street side of the block, but high license or the foul smell has driven several of them away Something must be done, and speedily, to improve the sanitary condition of the block, which is bad enough to breed a pestilence The board of health will have to come to some conclusion in the matter

HOLDING COURT IN KOOTENAI.

Sir Matthew B Begbie, bart., chief justice of British Columbia, and Mr P Æ Irving, deputy attorney general for the province, were passengers by H. M. McCartney & Co's steamboat Kootenai, Captain A T Pingstone, from Farwell, B. C, to the Little Dalles, on the 21st inst., en route for Portland and Victoria. They are now in this city His lordship and the learned gentlemen have been attending the assize circuit in the Kootenai district, holding courts at Donald and Farwell. While at the latter place they were the guests of Mr G M Sproat, J P, the stipendiary for the district Both Sir Matthew and Mr Irving expressed themselves as charmed with the excursion down the river Mr W H Henderson, Mr H W Fairweather and Mr H. M. McCartney were also passengers by the same steamer having paid a flying visit to the works on the C P R R

FEARFUL RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

George Landers, a farmer residing near Harris' bridge on Tualatin plains, met with a very serious and painful accident yesterday He was coming into this city with a load of hay and while descending a steep pitch between the poor farm and the canyon the brake broke. His horses, which were very spirited, ran away and he was thrown off His head struck against a log or rock, inflicting a fearful wound the scalp being cut from the left temple across the top of the head and down back of the right ear, torn clean from the skull and laid back on his neck The skull received a small fracture, and several small pieces of bone were removed before the wound was dressed His right shoulder was fearfully bruised and partially dislocated and his right leg broken above the ankle. He was found in an unconscious condition and taken to the residence of his father, Felix Landers at the corner of Eight and Harrison street When the OREGONIAN reporter called there, Mr Landers had recovered consciousness and was seized with a fit of vomiting It is hoped that his injuries will not prove fatal

CANOE RACE.

The first annual race of the Oneonta Canoe club took place last evening There were six entries The start was made from La Chapelle's boat house at 7 10, and the race was watched by a large number of people who lined on the wharves and steamers along the city front, and thronged every row and sailboat in the harbor The course was down around a stake-boat on the east side just above the Mermaid bath house, and thence around a stake-boat off Colonia dock and back to the place of starting, a distance of a mile and an eighth The time made was as follows—L Russell, Acme, 12 45 A. Emmons, Dot, 12 52, H. Bradley, Princess, 13 05 W H Walker, Allene, 13 35 John Gill, Charon, 14 00 A. Graham, Kid, 14 10 The Princess and Kid were allowed twenty five feet start and the Allene fifty feet, but all were passed by Russell in the Acme, and he is now the champion canoeist in this region Arthur Emmons' Dot came in second and Herbert Bradley's Princess third The first prize was a diamond scarf-pin and the second a pair of quartz sleeve-buttons The evening was fine and the three unplaced boats Charon, Allene and Kid had no cause to complain of rough water

FIRE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

A fire broke out in the residence of Justice H W Davis, corner of Fourth and Salmon streets, at 4 20 yesterday afternoon It is supposed to have caught from a spark falling on the roof, and as it had gained considerable headway before an alarm was given, which was done by telephone and a fresh wind was blowing it seemed when the engines arrived as if it would be impossible to save the building Serious delay was caused by the bursting of some of the White Anchor hose, rendering two streams useless for some time The Hooks and Ladders got a hose up on the roof but owing to the way in which the rope had been placed around it to haul it up, it was not got to work for some minutes The nozzle of the hose "got away" and flew round striking H N Seeger a violent blow over the eye and knocking him down into a hole which he had been cutting in the roof All this time the fire had been spreading under the roof and was bursting out at different points At last things were got in working order and the fire was soon brought under control There was plenty of energy displayed by the firemen Chief Morgan was all over the building and ex-Chief Jordan and Jailer Dougherty came across from the court house and got just as wet as anybody Justice Davis, who was sick in bed, was carried out by the firemen and was taken to the residence of his son in law, J Marshall Mrs Davis was almost distracted at the danger to her spouse and their son Herman and daughter Allie also had to be assisted out after being almost suffocated The house was completely gutted of furniture the roof burned off and the interior much damaged by water The damage to the building and furniture will amount to about $ 000 There was $800 insurance on the building, but none on the furniture

BOARD OF TRADE RESOLUTIONS

That Body Determines upon an Appropriate Observance of the Funeral of General Grant—Expressions of Sympathy

The board of trade held a special meeting at its rooms yesterday afternoon at which there was a large attendance It was unanimously determined to appropriately observe the day upon which the funeral of General Grant will be held and a formal request was made that all business houses in the city close on that day out of respect A committee was also appointed who drafted the following resolutions

WHEREAS It has pleased the ruler of all nations to take from our midst [illegible] U S Grant [illegible] and successful [illegible] the [illegible] general of [illegible] gave to [illegible] and who by his [illegible] magnanimity to his [illegible] made them no longer enemies but lasting friends and who as president of the United States fostered and encouraged every [illegible] for the well being of the [illegible] and who [illegible] of his [illegible] sufferings at his last illness has endeared him self to all his countrymen and

WHEREAS, His nation and mankind [illegible] have in his departure [illegible] the world beyond sustained an irreparable loss therefore be it

Resolved, That the memory of his character [illegible] not only by the citizens of his own country but by every [illegible] honorable and patriotic man the world over

Resolved, That the board of trade of Portland Oregon hereby tenders to Mrs U S Grant and the bereaved family its most earnest sympathy and condolence.

CHAS H DODD
WM S MASON
WM KAPUS
Committee

A OREGONIAN representative who called on Dr Vanmonckar last evening found that gentleman busy as usual, and while other people are complaining of dull business, he says he has more than he can attend to. He has patients from all parts of the country, having a wide-spread reputation for successfully treating chronic diseases. He has commodious offices, reception rooms etc., at corner of Third and Alder streets, where he may be consulted in person.

Send your prescriptions to Plummer & Eyerley, First and Main, and have them accurately compounded.

Waukegan Beat House, south side Stark st.

IN ITS TRUE COLORS.

The Bogus Journal Becomes the Laughing Stock of Everyone

Its Pitiable Efforts to Throw Discredit Upon The Oregonian Only Results in Exposing Its Own Contemptible Worthlessness.

It is quite certain that THE OREGONIAN is the only newspaper in the United States which published the death of General Grant in its regular edition of the morning on which the sad event occurred, in time for the mails. Every one of the subscribers of THE OREGONIAN, city and country, received the news on the day General Grant died.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* and *Call* of the 23d arrived by mail yesterday, but neither contained the announcement of General Grant's death By the steamer last evening was received a second edition of the *Chronicle* containing a dispatch announcing the event which was dated 8 10 A M, the same as the dispatch published in THE OREGONIAN. This fact is sufficient answer, if any were needed, to the childish twaddle of the bogus *News*, which with a shameless effrontery which has disgusted the few friends it once had, affected to believe that THE OREGONIAN in imitation of its own mendacity, had published a bogus dispatch

The character of THE OREGONIAN'S news has been too long and too well established to render necessary any notice of such contemptible and palpable falsehood coined by the bogus *News* to conceal its deep chagrin at the exposure it made of its utter worthlessness

The Ammidab Sleek who edits it will now have a chance to explain how THE OREGONIAN and the San Francisco *Chronicle* both guessed at the same hour for the death of General Grant to take place, and also why the *Chronicle* did not guess in time for its first edition.

"It was well understood by everyone who had been paying any attention to the bulletins that the general's death was near at hand, and that his stay on earth was narrowing down to minutes," wails the sluggish *News*. Yet in the face of this information it printed a 2 15 bulletin as "the very latest" and complacently went to press and to bed, and now stands awed and incredulous at the fact of its being "scooped" by THE OREGONIAN.

"Such feats of journalism," yawns our dilatory and sleepy contemporary, "excite a smile of incredulity on the part of our printers." Exactly It is not expected that the plodding force of the *News* can comprehend the achievements of journalism of the present day

If General Grant had died at 2 30 the *News* would have been "scooped" just the same. Even the Puget sound dailies contained bulletins of General Grant's condition more than three hours later than the one which it headed "the very latest. Even the country press, thanks to the enterprise of THE OREGONIAN, went to their readers with the news of General Grant's death hours in advance of the *News*

Speaking of THE OREGONIAN'S publication of the death of Grant on the morning of its occasion, the *News* says "It is a feat that will be more honored in the breach than observance," by papers having regard for their reputations." This, then, accounts for the *News'* failure to announce the fact to its readers. It was solicitous for its reputation of always being from one day to a week behind in the publication of news

The *News* is unwise in holding its defeat up to its readers Like a fretful child, it insists on tearing away the bandage of forgetfulness which an over indulgent public would wrap around its wounds.

In alluding to the splendid work done by the foreman of THE OREGONIAN composing room in making the changes and additions in the forms rendered necessary by the receipt of the dispatch announcing the death of General Grant, the *News* says

"That all this was accomplished in less than fifteen minutes is a pretty story for marines, but only excites a smile of incredulity on the part of printers familiar with the character of the work described, and the length of time it takes to do it, and to them, at least, makes the whole business look suspicious"

Such a feat would be utterly impossible to the butter fingered blacksmith who handles the type of the *News*, who lifts an electrotype gingerly for fear of pieing it, and who is no more "familiar with the character of the work described" than he is capable of doing it.

The utter worthlessness of the bogus journal's news service is only equaled by the utter want [illegible] lack of the mechanical skill and facilities necessary for conducting a newspaper

When this community thankfully saw the departure of the brilliant corps of Eastern journalists who started the bogus journal, successfully introduced the Eastern style and swindled our citizens out of many thousand dollars, it drew a deep sigh of relief and exclaimed, "we never shall look upon their likes again" Such a lot of knaves and fools it was not supposed could be raked together from the purlieus of all the newspaper offices in the Union

But since the bogus journal has been turning itself inside out through its editorial columns, writhing under the lashes of truth in the vain effort to explain away its own inanity and nugacity, it is plain to be seen that there was a second crop

P S—The above may appear to readers of THE OREGONIAN as somewhat out of the usual style of its columns, but as good old Ben Johnson once remarked, "If it isn't poetry, it's the truth

CHURCH NOTICES

Taylor Street M E church—Preaching at 11 A. M Sunday school concert at 12.30 P M Praise service at 7 30 P M Preaching at 8 30 in the evening

Unitarian church, corner of Yamhill and Seventh, T L Eliot, minister—Morning services at 11 A M Sunday school at 12 30 The evening service is omitted

South Portland M E mission, Baker's hall, corner Meade and Hood streets—Sunday school 3 P M Gospel meeting 8 P M Addresses by A W Oliver and others

St. Stephen's chapel, corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets—Divine service will be held in the chapel this morning at 11 o'clock Evening prayer omitted, Sunday school at 10 A. M Seats free

Hall street M E church, corner Hall and Sixth streets —Class meeting at 10 A. M Preaching at 11 A M and 7 45 P M Sunday school 12 15 P M Prayer meeting Thursday 8 P M Free seats

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor Rev E T Lee Preaching at 11 A. M and 7 45 P M Sabbath school at 12 30 o'clock All are most cordially invited to these services.

German Methodist church corner North Eighth and D streets—The pastor Rev F Bonn will preach at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M Sabbath school at 9.30 A. M Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Scandinavian M E church, corner D and Twelfth streets—Preaching by the pastor, Rev C N Hange, at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P M Sunday school at 12 1 Praise service at 6 45 P M Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. All invited

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, corner Taylor and Eleventh—Rev E W Caswell pastor The Rev George S Watson of New York will preach at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12 15 P M Prayer and praise service at 6 45 P M No evening sermon

The First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets—Rev J Q A Henry, pastor Preaching to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock by Rev J S Festison Sabbath school at 12 30 o clock No services in the evening Preaching in East Portland, Stephens addition, at the Baptist Mission chapel, at 3 45 P M., by Rev J S Festison

GRANT MEMORIAL SERVICES —Memorial services on the death of General Grant will be held at the Hall street M E church to-morrow evening A discourse will be delivered on the life, work and character of General Grant Music as follows will be rendered "Sleep Sacred Dust of Noble Dead," "He Rests in Peace" "Our Last Grand Camping Ground

First Christian church, Columbia and East Park streets — Preaching every Sunday by the pastor, J W Webb. Morning subject, "Sanctification Evening, "The Deal War rior" Sunday school after morning service Song service at 7 P M Young Peoples meeting on Tuesday and prayer meeting on Thursdays, both at 8 P M The public are cordially invited to all of the above

THE GRAND ARMY TO WEAR MOURNING

The following has been issued by the department commander of Oregon G A. R

General Orders No. 4

1 In respect to the memory of our illustrious commander and honored comrade General U S Grant posts will drape their colors in mourning for thirty days Comrades will wear for same period a small knot of crepe in the button hole

2 A special memorial service in honor of our departed comrade will be held by each post at its first meeting after the date of this order This service may be public if so desired By command of

F H LAMB Dept. Commander
Z W CHRISTOPHER Asst. Adjt. General.

San Francisco Post Secretaries Whitney and Endicott, accompanied by their wives and a party of friends, arrived at Newport Sunday morning on the United States steamer Dispatch. They claim to be "inspecting fortifications," but in the days of republican administrations the democrats used to call the business "junketing" Singular that a little matter of politics should make such a vast difference in definitions We hope republican journals will not stoop to the level of some of their contemporaries of the opposite faith and criticise officers of the government unjustly

NORTH BEACH.

How Portlanders are Enjoying themselves at this Seaside Resort—A List of the Campers and Cottagers.

NORTH BEACH, July 21

When the sweltering days of an Oregon summer begin to fall upon the average citizen of the metropolis he begins to think that a trip to the seashore or the mountains is to be undertaken, and accordingly draws from the bank his salary for the preceding three months and buys an outfit. At least that is the way some people do but not so your correspondent. With the cheerful assurance that there was waiting for him a "cottage by the sea, and containing fixtures left last year, he stepped aboard the Thompson on Thursday morning and hied away to the briny deep.

The sky was lined with overhanging clouds, which, however did not decrease the pleasure of the trip A merry and sociable crowd on board made the time pass quickly, and Astoria was reached before we fairly knew it. After a short stop here we took the General Miles and reached Ilwaco at 3 Owing to the crowd on our own and on the other boats we found some difficulty in getting wagons to transport our baggage to the beach Right here I would advise those who are coming to engage wagons in advance, if possible, else they may have the alternative of staying in Ilwaco all night.

The beach presented an unusual bustle and air of activity the next morning Buildings going up on all sides and more to follow The person who was here in '81 or '82 and not since, would if he should return now be greatly astonished at the change

The following Portlanders have lately completed cottages here D P Thompson, Frank Dekum, J K Gill, James Steele, Frank Warren Dr Templeton, P F Morey, Miss Jennie Jones Theo Liebe, Mrs. C Robinson, George Walker Mr Hacheney, L M Parrish and others Below is given a complete list of

THE CAMPERS AND COTTAGERS

Mrs. A. B Meacham, Mrs. C T Troup Miss Troup J Allard and family, George P Holman and family, Mrs J C VanRensselaer, Ed., George, Court. and John Vedder, Mrs Browning the Misses Browning, Mr and Mrs. E W Farlow, Frank Warren and family, James Steele and family, Mrs. Morse and family, Mrs. J K Gill and family, Mr. Frank Dekum and family, Otto and George Dekum, Ivan Humason, Mrs. Judge Waldo and children, Ed. Northrup, the Misses Northrup, C. A. Morden and wife, Misses Hacheney and Brannan, Mrs C Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mrs. W P Berger, Mrs. John Wilson and family, L Zimmerman and family, J M Gorman and family, Richardson and family, Mrs Jessie Millard and family, Mrs. Bigham and family, Mrs Hutts, Lot Taylor and family J Manna and family, W F Brown and family S D Smith and family Miss Sue McFall, Mrs. W H Williams and family, Mrs. Captain Lombard and son, Miss May Bates, Miss Morse, Clark Hay, George R Smith, C Smith, George Walker and family, Mrs George Ainslie and family, Mrs Charles McGinn and family, Mrs. J W Whalley and family, the Misses Wallace, N Versteeg and family, P F Morey and family, L M. Parrish and family, Peter Daley and family, William Kapus and family, Dr Glenn, D P Thompson and family, Mr Devaney and wife Mrs John Barrett and family

At the Willows—Ben Lippincott and family, Mr Potter and family, Mrs Wills and family, Mr Virgil and family and others

Among recent arrivals at East Portland camp are Peter Taylor and family, Professor J W Pratt and family, Professor and Mrs Wetzel W T Shanahan and family, W C Noon and family, Mrs. Samuel Moreland Mrs Horace Thielsen Judge Bronaugh and family, Mrs A J Knott and family, Mr Tibbetts and family Miss Pope Miss Cora Wells, Mrs. Nat Lane Jr Weeks and wife, C De Burgh and family, Mrs. West and family, Mr Stoker, Clyde Chambers, Miss Eva Fernan

GUESTS AT THE SEA VIEW

Below are the arrivals at the Sea View since the 15th

W J Berry, Astoria J Logan, Oregon City Harry Boyd, H W Davidson, R. I Zellar Jr N Zellar, W H Diel, H C Eckenberger and wife, A McManus, C A. Dolph, Warren S White C D Dubois Emery A. Averill, E. I Farnsworth, D W Zellar, A. Anderson, W T Cotty, William Pangburn, W B Cory, Charles Cavaline, William Neppach, William H Lout and wife, B W Grover and wife, Miss Sanford W H. Howes, J A. Wilson, E Niles, Charles Holman, Charles F Kuhn C I Swigert Portland Scott Swetland steamer Lurline E B McFarland, wife, child and nurse, The Dalles E F Gardner, J B. Wisser, C Allen. Ft. Canby Thomas Hare, Miss Pike, E. P Parker and wife Mrs. R Caruthers, Miss Caruthers, William Loeb, W Lusstel, Astoria T A Harris, Oysterville Otto H Wangelin and wife, Mrs F I Dawson, Miss Ollie Dickinson J D Dillenbeck, Abe Roberts and wife, A Gallup and wife Mrs W H Stapleton, E. M Hawkins, W S Sloan, Miss Helen Coleman, Colorado W S White, C. A. Dolph, A D Warner Mrs S A Bril Mrs H C Eckenberger Miss Lief Mrs C R. Struble Charles Cardinel I Therkelsen, Portland J A C Reynolds J A Cheely Colorado

NOTES OF THE CAMP

Mr George P Holman caught 115 porgies on the rocks Monday

The bathing is immense Everybody goes in and has a good time

Mr George Dekum leaves here Wednesday on his way to school at Benicia

Mr P F Mordy's cottage, now nearing completion, will be one of the finest down here

The best fishing this year is at the rocks Clams and crabs are plentiful, compared to last year's catch

Better mail facilities should be established between here and Portland A letter was put in at this office Friday night that was not received in Portland until Monday evening

The Colorado press excursion are among us They will stay over till Thursday in an interview with some of their number I learned that they were enjoying their trip hugely F P F

MILITARY MATTERS

Vanco ver Independent contains the following military notes

Cap A S Haggett, Second infantry on leave is visiting at Auburn Me

Brigadier General Miles assumed command of the Department of the Missouri on the 17th inst

Brigadier-General John Gibbon is expected to arrive and assume command of the department about the 29th inst

Lieutenant Wm P Moffat, second infantry, and family, are at Mrs Troupe's, in this city on a visit, welcomed by many friends.

Lieutenant J N Allison, department inspector of rifle practice, has gone to Fort Klamath in the discharge of his duties as inspector

Major W F Drum Fourteenth infantry, has reported for duty at Whipple barracks as inspector general on the staff of General Crook

Captain R. G Ebert, assistant surgeon U S A is down from Boise barracks on a month's leave visiting friends in this city and Portland

Colonel H C Merriam, Seventh infantry, recently promoted from lieutenant-colonel, Second infantry, has been ordered to proceed to Fort Laramie and assume command of his regiment.

A telephone line of 25 wires, connecting all the staff officers quarters with the headquarters building and the depot, has been constructed within the past two weeks

Lieutenant Colonel John Green Second cavalry, has been assigned to duty at Boise barracks, I T, at which post he will report for duty at the expiration of his present leave of absence

He Means Business

It has now been definitely stated that I B Freiman is in his new coffee-house and restaurant, [illegible] between Front and First [illegible] his [illegible] of doing business, and especially the coffee [illegible] I therefore take pleasure in notifying my friends and the public that I have turned my elegant coffee house into a first class restaurant and have my [illegible] less and this is the reason why I serve the best food of any restaurant in the city of Portland and I defy anyone to deny it. I have also [illegible] the services of Mr H Seager of San Francisco, (at a princely salary who is one of the best professional cooks and bakers of the Pacific coast, and who has no equal in Portland for tasty cooking and fine baking Here [illegible] pointer The proof of the pudding is in the eating [illegible] I therefore want you to come and taste my bread and delicious pies all made in my establishment. It is enough to say that if you are on [illegible] you will come again Remember that I am in earnest, mean business and no deception The business speaks for itself I employ 10 men, and have the finest custom in Portland. Satisfaction guaranteed or money not received. I hereby solicit your friendly patronage Yours truly R FREIMAN

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.

New Northwest Lodge G U O O F will give an excursion to Latourelle falls Wednesday, 29th inst., on the steamer Multnomah. Tickets can be had of members.

SOME CIRCUSES.

An "Old Stager" Gives a Brief History of These Popular Entertainments.

The Advent of the Circus in America—Names That Will Recall to Many an Old Man his Boyhood Days.

Although circus performances existed many years before their advent in America, yet it may be safely claimed that these exhibitions as they are now presented before the public are peculiarly American institutions. According to the best authorities the first circus appeared in Newburyport, Massachusetts, May 10, 1810 The managers were two Italians by the name of Cayetro It was a financial failure, and the troupe returned to Europe Hack. Bailey, of Westchester county, New York started a company in New York in 1825 Next was West, an Englishman in New York then Tattnal, but neither of these left the city In 1829 a company was organized by J Purday Brown. He formed a company in New York and traveled south with much favor and profit for many years Among the members of his troupe were Andrew Jack, Levi J North, Moses Lipman, Alfred Lewes and William Birdsall Levi, Birdsall and Lewes have passed away, and North died but a few days ago in his native city, Brooklyn, New York In early days performers were required to ride vault and tumble They served regular apprenticeships and were perfect in every line of their business. Companies were small, and their tents were far from being large They would come into a town and play for six to ten days, making a procession on horseback and the band was also mounted—the tent would not hold more than $500—and when it was filled it was thought to be a good business The advertising bills were small posters, one sheet. They were packed up, and when the company left town they were pulled down to be used in the next place of exhibition The company only had the one tent, in which the performance took place They dressed in the hotel or in some place near the "show," as a dressing room on the ground was a thing not known. The "old" clown and the ring master with their jokes were the life of the "show, and the advent of the circus in a town was a sensation to the boys and girls and "children of a larger growth" But the world moved and so did the circus business New organizations "came to the front," tents were enlarged and great capital was invested in the business, till it has reached a magnitude wonderful to behold Animals were added from all quarters of the globe, while works of art in the way of pictorial bills that astonished the world came into use. Great managers "took the road," and made or lost fortunes. Among the early managers were June, Titus & Angevine, S P Howe, George F Bailey, Avery Smith, G R. Spaulding, Charles Rogers, Levi J North, John Robinson, William Lake. Raymond & Waring, Van Amburg, John Nathans and Richard P Sands Barnum, Forepaugh, Hutchinson, James A Bailey and others being men of a later day

The clowns of "ye olden time" were great features of the ring. Many were men of great and original humor and wit, as well as fine performers, such as John Gossin, Joe Blackburn, John May, Arch. Madden, Wm. Myers, Wm Wallet, Fred Garson, Joe Pentland, Sam Lathrop, Alex. Rockwell and Dan Rice, all of whom save the last named have gone "to that bourne whence no traveler returns."

The famous ringmasters of their day were Captain de Camp, Ben Huntington, Frank Rouston, Horace Nickels and Frank Whittaker Nearly all of them have passed into dusty death In the early days of the ring none equaled Levi J North, who for grace, ease and finish was without a peer Nature gave him a form that Michael Angelo would have loved to contemplate He was applauded, feasted and well paid He was the first man that ever threw a summersault on horseback After achieving a great reputation in this country he went to England and made his first appearance as a vaulter He appeared at "Astley's," in London, in competition with an English performer named Price Levi made him "hide his diminished head," thus demonstrating the superiority of American talent. He astonished the great Ducrow by his riding, who frankly said "North is the best performer on a horse I every witnessed Levi appeared before the queen, who presented him with her picture set in diamonds medals, cups and other valuable gifts rained upon him The press and public showered their favors upon the great American equestrian Having conquered Great Britain in a professional way, North crossed the channel to France, where the same result attended him. Louis Phillippe graced the performances, and during one evening North fell from his horse the citizen king ordered his own physician to attend him during his injuries, and also presented the ruler with a purse of five hundred francs

North afterwards returned to America and appeared in all parts of the country with the old success In Chicago he invested $100,000 in an elegant amphitheater The fire came and destroyed his property and left him comparatively poor But he was now getting old, and what was worse, he went into what Dr Johnson defines as "the last resort of a scoundrel—politics. He became an alderman Of late years North has not appeared in the ring, but resided in obscurity and poverty He died in the present month at the age of 71, in Brooklyn, N Y

Samuel P Stickney was for long time an elegant performer and manager He raised an equestrian family—Robert, Samuel, Rose and Sallie Robert was born in the American theater, in New Orleans, in 1842, where the family had apartments, while under the managerial conduct of the father Robert's initiatory steps as well as his primary essays, were upon the boards of the dramatic stage where he personated Alonzo's child, in the play of "Pizarro, the great actor Edwin Forrest assuming the character of Rolla He next appeared as a tumbler and rider I do not think I can be charged with exaggeration when I affirm that he was the best rider, leaper, tumbler and vaulter combined in one person that ever appeared in the ring unless it was a performer by the name of Hiram Franklyn who could do all that Robert Stickney could do and was also a superb slack rope performer.

Many years ago there appeared in the ring a girl with dark eyes and long, curly hair and beautiful features She created a furore in her day Her history was rather singular One day Spencer Stokes, a circus manager, met a handsome boy in New Orleans by the name of Omar Kinsley His age was 5 years. Stokes saw a fortune and a future in the boy He made terms with his parents and brought him to St Louis, and put him in training for a rider and acrobat He was beautifully proportioned and he made a girl of him Nobody knew the secret the natural long hair was the feature of the deception St Louis called him Ella Zoyara She electrified St. Louis by her marvelous performances on horseback, and Stokes took her east There her triumphs were still more pronounced and her salary grew prodigious Finally Stokes decided upon a European tour with his bonanza. He visited London, Paris, St. Petersburg in fact all the great capitals of Europe He received $500 per night for Zoyara's services. In all her travels she was accompanied by waiting maids, and observed the most womanly propriety in all her actions Stokes kept his "girl" abroad for over eight years and the greatest furore was kept up through the cities of Europe When she came back she had a box filled with diamond rings bracelets necklaces and trophies of every description in the jewelry line, which had been lavished upon her by the nobility Talk about "a masher" she was a queen of them She was followed by a number of dudes just as Langtry was by Freddie But the secret was too good, and it got out at last in Paris and by the time he got back to New York it was a widespread joke all over Europe Not long after his return to America he married Sallie Stickney, a sister of Robert and died a few years ago in China. All things considered, it was one of the best and most prolonged jokes of the circus business

Among the celebrities of the ring was a clown by the name of Dan Rice When a boy he left New York and came to Pittsburg Pennsylvania His first occupation was that of a stage driver, and his real name was Daniel McLaren His first show was "a learned pig He next appeared in the ring as a singer of negro songs and sang "Jim Crow in imitation of Daddy Rice Dan stole his name as well as his song He afterwards became a clown for S P Howe engaged him and was the first to "card him. He left Howe and went with Rufus Welch and in turn left him to join Dr Spalding who advertised him and by judicious management made him the "feature of any circus that engaged him No man was ever so popular as Dan but he quarreled with his manager and "went on the road" for himself He also made a sad mistake—that was, talking politics in the ring. I am abused the south while in the north, and villified the north while in the south, so that between the two stools he came to the ground At one time he was a great "card" and received $1 000 per week for three years, but such was his methods of living that when his engagement closed he was obliged to borrow money to get home. Some years ago he owned a fine residence in Girard, Pennsylvania, where he was surrounded by all the comforts of life, in fact he had retired, but who ever heard of an actor retiring He went out on the road again, made and lost money, and what was worse, drank to excess. He went from bad to worse until today he is giving "a show" in New Orleans for ten cents, having become the exemplification of "a man of misapplied talents and neglected opportunities."

Among the number of circus managers were and are men of enterprise, but they cannot be called "circus men," they are "show men," merely speculators. What "act" did they ever put in a "ring" What boy or girl did they ever educate What horse did they train What did they ever originate?

I now come to the man who was a circus performer, who was an excellent equestrian and a creative manager I mean "Old" John Robinson He began his circus life at the lowest round of the equestrian ladder. When a young man he was an excellent four and six horse rider and was the originator of the finest entrees ever placed in the ring As a tutor he has been the most successful of all trainers. His first pupil was a boy by the name of James Skelley, whom he christened "Hernandez," This boy developed into the most remarkable boy rider of his day He was "a wonder" in tricks, throwing Levi North and T Turner in the shade "Hernandez" won a world wide reputation He went to Europe and afterwards returned to his native country gaining "golden opinions" and coin. Hernandez went to India and died there in the "bloom of lusty youth" Robinson's next wonder was a boy by the name of Michael Fitzgerald—whom he called James Robinson—who is or was the greatest horseman the world ever saw No pen can describe his thrilling feats. He stands without an equal—unapproached and unapproachable To John Robinson he is indebted for his education as an equestrian. Next of old John's pupils was a daring girl performer, "Cordelia," who for skill and fearless acts and perfect balance was without an equal

Then came Agnes Lake, whose fearless performances won the praise of all After she attained preeminence in her profession she married John Wilson, and lost her life by drowning while enroute from Mobile to New Orleans. John Wilson was also an apprentice of "Old John," who taught Wilson to be an excellent performer Frank Robins was another boy that is indebted to the "old man" for his equestrian training, and had Frank not abused the gifts that nature gave him he would have been to-day one of the brightest features of the arena.

John Robinson had a pride in his profession and has done his best to elevate the art. He was not a mere speculator but a circus performer and a manager and not a sordid showman He was one of the most energetic, skillful and reliable men that ever graced the profession I am happy to have it in my power to record that John Robinson, now known as "Old John," has by his intelligence, honesty and activity acquired a fortune, which he fairly deserves, and I hope will long enjoy Young John now succeeds the father, "a worthy scion of a noble sire," who reflects all the genius and *esprit* of his father It is difficult to decide as they gleam out in the constellation of great managers which is the planet and which the satellite I am rather inclined to speak of them both as the major luminaries, and can only think of the son inheriting the legacy of the father as that "gate of steel" recorded in Milton, that

"Turns its hinges and renders back its heat

AN OLD STAGER.

A SUMMING UP.

The General Impressions of an Iowan Briefly Stated

Montezuma (Iowa) Republican.

"Well, what do you think of the northwest," is the question that has been propounded to us times innumerable since our return. It is a wonderful country and has great things in store for the future The climate is fine, the soil is productive, and its scenery is grand Its forests are inexhaustible, its mineral wealth not known The society is of the very best, and there is not that frontier appearance among the people that one would expect to find so far west. Many people wonder why a country with such advantages of climate and so great resources is so sparsely settled, but that is easily explained It has only been a very short time since that country was readily accessible to the people of the "states Of late years the route was over the Union Pacific to San Francisco, and then by boat to Portland. This made it a long and tedious journey But it is not so now Last fall the Oregon Short Line was completed by the Union Pacific company from Granger on the line of the Union Pacific to Huntington where it met the O R & N, and thus formed a direct line from Omaha to Portland without change of cars This was only accomplished last fall, and now passengers can go from Council Bluffs to Portland in four days This will cause a great increase in the population of the northwest. The Northern Pacific railroad is also running trains to Portland and from that city the Oregon and California railroad carries passengers to the principal points in Oregon's great valleys, and the Northern Pacific takes them to the Sound country, and the fine vessels of the Oregon Railway and Navigation company traverse the great rivers, ocean points and Puget sound, thus making every point of interest accessible We think the people of Oregon and Washington territory make a great mistake by wanting only those with means to go there The wealthy settle down in the towns and cities and live at ease and do but little to develop the country That country needs is the industrious laboring man who is not afraid to take off his coat and go to work. Labor will do more to develop the great resources of the northwest than wealth, for labor is the source of all wealth Iowa would never have attained her present greatness had it not been for the sturdy pioneer, poor financially, but rich in indomitable pluck and physical manhood—and these are they who will convert the rich and fertile valleys of the Pacific northwest into happy homes and eventually into rich and prosperous communities That country needs labor far more than it does wealthy nabobs The poor man who is industrious stands a better show there than here if he has the independence to look out for himself Still, they advertise out there for immigrants with means to settle up the country, and this is the very class that don't have to work, and as long as they depend on such people the rich mines will go undeveloped, the fertile valleys will remain sparsely settled and their majestic forest will continue to nod leisurely on the mountain side With all their possibilities they ship their butter, pork and eggs into that country from the "states, as they speak of the east We ate Iowa butter at Seattle and away down in southern Oregon they fed us eggs that had been shipped there from Fairfield Iowa Chickens are worth from six to eight dollars per dozen, hogs are selling there now for $8 dollars per hundred and their cured meats are shipped from Chicago These things ought all to be produced there As a fruit country there is none better, yet there are people who have lived there for years who do not raise anything in the fruit line It is true they raise great crops of wheat out there, but there is not much profit in that. Diversified farming is needed to make it profitable The labor problem is a great question for the people out there The Chinese are there in all their glory and if any of our readers have ever entertained the idea that they are a persecuted set, we are satisfied a visit to Portland would change your opinion They will work and that is all the good you can say of them They stick to their heathenish customs and their habits are simply disgusting. They can live on two bits a week consequently they can save more money at 50 cents a day than a white man at $3. They have no business in this country They don't belong to the type of manhood that America wants consequently the laws restricting their immigration ought to be rigidly enforced, and if there was some way of getting rid of those that are now here it would be a good idea.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

PORTLAND OR July 25—11 P M

Place of Observation	Height of Bar	Change in 24 Hrs	Ther	Wind Direction.	Rain fall inch	State of Wthr
Portland	29 84	08	–	N	00	Fair
Olympia	29 8	—08	0	Calm	00	Clear
Roseburg	16	—06	74	NW	00	Clear
Red Bluff	29 5	08	6	S	00	Clear
Sacramento	29 81	—03	51	S	00	Clear
Fort Canby	29 86	—10	64	[illegible]	00	Clear
The Dalles	29 94	—06	70	SW	00	Clear
Spokane	29	—01	1	NE	00	Fair
Dayton	29 84	—06	7	N	00	[illegible]

Minimum thermometer 5 maximum 8

THE OREGONIAN AT THE RESORTS.

The Daily and Sunday will be mailed from this office to any address during the summer season. On the Ilwaco side John Pilkington makes a lively delivery of the Oregonian

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heppner to arrive here to-day E. Hangran, J R. Gage, Albert Hoffman, A. M. Uty, H Aney, A. O. Behse, J M. Bell, Mrs. M. R. McKinnon, Mrs. C. B. Davidson, H. Haisener, Frank Erwin, Nat Bregman, A. H. Chapman, T. J. Baird, Mrs. L. Fisher, T. J. Shartley and wife and twenty-two emigrants.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week.

The Weddings, Parties, and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People.

Mrs. Charles Kohn is visiting relatives in Corvallis.

Dr Sill will spend Sunday with friends near Rooster Rock.

The Misses Lamberson left Thursday morning for the seaside.

Mr O N Denny of The Dalles was in the city during the week.

Mrs A W Witherell of this city is visiting her mother in Polk county

Miss Francis Wilzinski is visiting the family of Mr Kelrsky, at Seattle.

Mrs Wilkie of East Portland is visiting in Vancouver, with her daughter.

Mr F S Akin and family left on Thursday last for a vacation on Puget sound.

Mrs. H. E. Allen of Spokane, is visiting Mrs. M Hathaway at her home in this city.

Mrs Byron Z Holmes has gone to Victoria to attend her mother, who is seriously ill.

Mrs. Mollie Harrison of Portland is visiting her mother, Mrs Troup, at Vancouver

Mrs Wm Marye and Miss Annie Rider of East Portland have gone to the seaside.

Mrs. F Sterling of Fort Jones, Cal., is visiting her sister Mrs. E. F Heroy, in this city.

Miss May Jay of this city is visiting friends in the mountains and will remain several weeks.

Rev G W Chandler, wife and son left on the last steamer for San Francisco for a vacation trip

Mrs. C. A. Morden is at North Beach, visiting at the cottage of her mother, Mrs. E. J. Northrup

Miss Emma Baum, of Portland, is visiting friends in Corvallis, as the guest of Miss Bertha Neugass.

Mr N J Levinson, city editor of the DAILY OREGONIAN, is spending a few days' vacation at the seaside.

Mrs. Chas Stratton, who has been visiting her mother in this city has gone to the country to visit friends.

Mrs. Whitebeck and daughter, Miss Lottie, left yesterday for Victoria, where they will spend a few weeks

Mrs. Ingersoll of Portland has been visiting at Vancouver during the week, as the guest of Mrs James T Gray.

Mr W W Spaulding and Miss Lizzie K. Herne of East Portland, were married in that city Tuesday evening last.

Miss Emilie Bauer, of Walla Walla, an exceptionally fine pianist, is visiting the Misses Wilzinski, on East Park street.

A very pleasant party was given last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr David Steel, corner of Fifth and Hall streets.

Mrs. Harker and daughter of Portland, are visiting relatives in La Grande. They will remain until the 1st of September

Misses Ella and May Hirsch, daughters of Hon Sol Hirsch of Portland, are visiting in Corvallis, the guest of Mrs. J Senders.

Mrs. J R. Curry and family of East Portland, left Thursday afternoon for Seattle to visit friends and relatives in King county

Mrs J L. Spore of East Portland left on the steamer Friday night for San Francisco, for a few weeks visit to friends in that city.

Mrs. J R. N Sellwood and two daughters, of East Portland, left Friday morning for a short visit to relatives and friends who reside near Salem.

Miss Bessie Turrell arrived at Albany from San Francisco last Friday and will remain there sometime, the guest of her brother, Mr Walter Turrell

The ladies of the Taylor street M. E. church have chartered the new steamer Multnomah for a trip to Astoria and Young's river falls next Tuesday

Mr Frank G Abell and family, accompanied by Mr T A. Otis and Miss Edith Nelson left Monday last for a fortnight's trip to the Cascade mountains

Mrs Henry Winch of this city, who has many friends in Oregon City, entertained a party on board the new steamer Multnomah at the city named, last Friday evening

The reception of Mr and Mrs. McCauley, nee Miss Beckie Knott of East Portland, on Tuesday evening last, was largely attended by friends, and an enjoyable time had

Among those who went to the seaside Thursday on the Thompson were D W Prentice, the Misses Martin, Messrs Hegele and Growell, F M. Warren and Dr Pfunder and family.

Mr P K. Arnold, accompanied by Mrs. M. C. Calhoun, Miss Caples and Miss Davidson of Portland have been spending several days in Victoria and other Sound cities during the past week.

Miss Marion Cole of Willsburg left Tuesday morning for a few weeks residence at the seaside for the benefit of her health. She will camp with Mrs H M. Clinton at Ocean park.

Mr E. L Ireland of Oakland, California, and Miss Emma Hall of East Portland were married at the residence of the bride's parents last Monday evening, and will make their home in California

Mr Cassius M Coe, who has been connected with the city newspapers for over a year past, left for San Francisco on the steamer Friday night to reside He will take a position on one of the dailies of that city

Mrs. Governor Moody, Miss Lizzie Church and Miss Edna Moody, a daughter of Governor Moody, left on the steamer Friday night for Oakland, California, where the young ladies will enter Mills seminary

Messrs. F A E. Starr, Thomas Wells, Lee Stone, Mrs. John Campbell and family, Miss Emma Banks, A. J Knott, Miss Mollie Knott and Mrs J B Parker of East Portland, and Miss Sewell, of Mount Tabor, left for the seaside Thursday last.

Mr J D Spencer of Eugene and Miss Clara F Bond of Irvine, were married at the St. Charles hotel parlors Thursday evening Rev Mr Foute, rector of Trinity church, officiating They left for Newport, Yaquina bay, Friday morning for a bridal tour

The following persons left for the seaside last Tuesday L. W Therkelsen and family, Miss Luda Wilson and friend, Mrs. M S Burwell and family, Bert Pope, Professor J Burnham, professor of Couch school James Sutherland, Mrs. H M Clinton and daughter and Miss Elsie Hamilton, of Portland.

Mr Louis Nicolai wife and family, A. K. Colburn, wife and family, Mrs L A. Patterson, Herman Wittenberg, wife and family, Rev S P Wilson, Mrs L C Wheeler and child, Miss Mattie Wheeler Mr Clarence Wheeler, Mrs. J M Fartlow and Mrs. Tillie Davis and daughter of East Portland left for North Beach on Tuesday last.

Mrs M White of 274 Yamhill street, has rented her residence furnished to J M. Fairchilds Mrs White and her daughter, Miss May, will spend the winter at Monterey, California, where Mrs. W owns a beautiful home. Her son Edgar will remain here and continue his studies at the Portland Business college. They will spend the summer at North Beach

BRILLIANT LUNCHEON PARTY.

The society event of the past few weeks among the ladies of the garrison was the charming luncheon party given last Saturday afternoon by Major and Mrs Frank D Baldwin, in honor of Mrs General Miles and Mrs Captain Carter of the Fifth U S infantry, of Fort Keogh, Montana, and to the ladies of the entire garrison Their residence was brilliantly decorated throughout with the choicest plants and blossoms, evergreens and ferns. Over the entrance to the hall was a floral piece—the initials of the host and hostess wrought in delicate ferns smilax, marguerites and pink and white rosebuds The porch and hall were draped on all sides with the stars and stripes and army corps flags, festooned with maiden hair ferns and twigs of cedar The most conspicuous piece of floral decoration was a large horseshoe over the entrance to the dining room, which seemed a perfect nest of maiden hair ferns, in which nestled fragrant rosebuds double and single dahlias, bright-eyed pansies, brilliant blossoms of azaleas and other blossoms of the conservatory The grates and mantles were dressed with tea roses, japonicas and ferns, set in beautiful feather moss, found so abundant in our forests Above the mantlepiece, arranged in an oval design, were the implements of war of different nations presented to Major Baldwin when abroad some years since. Conspicuous among them were Egyptian swords and pistols, old swords of our wars, and Indian ornaments, and a Prussian hauberk and helmet. From the chandeliers, which were tastefully wreathed in smilax, were suspended large balls of wood roses and red and white roses

At 2 o'clock the window shades were drawn, the rooms brilliantly lighted, and an elaborate luncheon served, the table decorations being especially handsome and numerous. The ladies were in full evening dress, some of the toilets being dainty creations of India silk and oriental laces, and all so handsome that out of the sea of pink and white loveliness it would be difficult to single out any for special mention During the luncheon hour the string orchestra of the Fourteenth infantry band discoursed music. Altogether it was one of the most delightful parties ever given in the garrison, this being the last party to be given Mrs. General Miles before she bids farewell to her many friends.

TWO MAIDS.

They were two young maids that wandered away,
And one wore a silken gown,
And ruffles and ribbons and lace so gay,
And wonderful curls of brown.
Right royal fair in the face was she,
And passers marvelled who she might be—
And they wandered far from town.

The other walked, in homespun clad;
Her face—it was scarcely fair;
No ribbons, ruffles nor lace she had—
And she braided her yellow hair.
But she dropped a coin in a beggar's palm,
She soothed a child with a kiss like balm,
And smiled at the fresh'ning air.

That dainty maiden gathered her lace
From the beggar's touch aside;
She frown'd at the child's small, tearful face;
She scowled when the wind blew wide;
"It ruffles my toilet so complete!"
"Yet, ah," said the other, "it blows so sweet"—
And they wandered side by side.

"Now listen," said she of the yellow hair,
"Do you hear the sheep bells ring?"
But the other answered, "Care—take care—
See that ugly spider swing!"
"It's web is finer than finest lace,"
Said Yellow Hair with a sparkling face,
"And its crown is fit for a king!"

Then that dainty maid in a vex'd despair
Said the marsh had wet her feet;
But Yellow Hair, with the happiest air,
Cried "Violets—ah, how sweet!"
And she plucked them fresh from the moisten'd grass
And deck'd her girdle, and on did pass,
With steps that were always fleet.

"The sun's so hot!" on the meadow crest
Cried the maid so dainty bred;
Afar the forest nodded at rest,
And the new oak shoots were red;
All tremulous shimmered the heated air;
With eyes uplifted—"The world's so fair!"
Was all that the other said.

And ever to one the woods were dim,
And the troublous thorns detained.
There was mud by the river's crystal rim
And the strange wood berries stained,
While the other harkened the forest's hush
And noted the river's gleam and rush,
In the strength of the spring unchained.

When questioned, "What have you seen to-day?"
Then the dainty maiden cried,
"Thorns, spiders, a marsh; so hot the way!—
I'm torn and awry beside!"
But, Yellow Hair, "was so fresh and sweet!
The fair land blossomed beneath our feet,
And the sky was so blue and wide!"

And oft and oft to myself I say,
O maid with the haughty grace,
You'll go through life in the selfsame way,
With a frown on your handsome face;
But give me the maid that can see alway
The beauty that blossoms for every day,
Where you see never a trace.

—*Cottage Hearth.*

AD ASTRA.

A STORY

BY HARIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

PART I.

When the summer sunlight overlay the house on the high hill, embowered in its gigantic greenery and topped by the black screen of pointed pines that touch the burning blue of heaven, its velvet lawns about it, and below the delicately brilliant flower-beds, its enclosing shrubbery and wall, it seemed a fair place enough for pleasure, and the thought did not go beyond the lightsomeness of the scene.

But when the winter moon shone on the snow-covered roofs, with all their glittering peaks and gables, around which the tracery of the bare boughs hung like smoke, while the huge dark pines bent here with the rifted silver of many storms and there lifted their frosty spires to the frosty skies, it seemed in all its sharp black and white variance, its hight and icy splendor, a sublimation of the purpose of those low-roofed buildings far beneath, now unsuspected in the shadow, and now belching out a shifting flame upon the night.

For while the mansion-house maintained its laughing life of revel far above, at the foot of the hill, hidden by a fir-wood, save where their great blaze lit the dark, were the forges, whose smoke only served to ~~remind those of the drawing-rooms and gar~~dens of the sources of their revenue. It never reminded them of people living in an atmosphere to which those gardens had seemed heaven itself. No one thought of them as people, indeed, that underground race like the gnomes. If thought of at all, it was simply as one thinks of any mechanical agency.

They were a gay and careless people there upon the hill. The only one of all who was neither gay nor careless was, perhaps because never entirely well, perhaps because nothing in her life had any charm for her. Once a malarial illness had overshadowed her, and never strong again, her mind, they said, was something morbid, too. To her the hollow world was worthless, we were born only to die—to get through with it all and to die. What was the use, then, of being born at all? One generation fled after another, as the leaves fall, and to as much purpose. Although she loved them, she looked at little children with a shudder, thinking, in the midst of their gambols, of the time when they should wake to wretchedness. She had no religious faith; she doubted men and women, as she met them. She did not believe in love. "Love!" she cried, "when no sooner are you dead than your love finds it possible to love another!" Poetry, then, was vapid to her. "I have seen the wrong side of the pattern," she answered sadly. History was idle, since every new research proved the last a lie. And science was all as it might be—if anyone would believe its fairy fables. "… them "It is of no use to talk to Angela," said one, "she does not even believe in the fixed stars!"

With everything to make her happy, Angela was profoundly unhappy. She had wealth; but she did not care enough for her money even to give it away; of so little worth to her, the fact that it was of worth to others often escaped her. She had a home replete with costliest beauty, full of gentle glances and sweet voices; but it often seemed to her a prison. She had a beauty that men turned to look at twice, as she walked her indifferent way; and she disdained it. Tall, and moulded like a goddess, of slow and stately movements, her ivory skin, now and again blushing like a flame, but returning at once to the creamy tint in which its outlines were chiselled, her hair of bronze gold in loose waves and heavy masses, her great brown eyes, soft as twilight, as luminous as moons, her full red lips, her teeth like rice-kernels, the melancholy droop of her waxen lid, and the slow smile stealing over all as the dawn steals up the sky—it would be difficult to picture lovelier contour and color, difficult as it as to realize that she cared no more for her beauty than for all the rest of life.

Yet the year went by cheerily on the hill for all that. There were riding parties to the woods, and boating parties to the river, musical mornings, grand evenings, guests to come, and guests to go; and to all the rest of the people there, who had not seen the wrong side of the pattern, life seemed well worth living.

Down at the foot of the hill in the forges there was a different sort of life. One must have said that the huge fires there supplied the force that kept all the baubles dancing at the top. Among the dark figures moving to and fro, like souls of the damned, before the leaping flames and showering sparks and lurid light of moulten metal, there was none more stalwart than that of one, a chief among the men by force of character, claiming no other chieftaincy, nor wishing for it. He had early made up his mind as to the impossibility of rising in the world, as it is called, without capital or cunning; and he had neither. He had resolved, then, to stay where he was. He felt no anger nor hostility on account of it toward the controlling powers of the planet, if it were other than a matter of chance. To his mind it had happened, so he must meet it; if it had happened the other way he would have met it; we must take fate as we find it; it might have been worse. The master was the same to him as the man, then; he had no prejudices on the side either of labor or of capital; neither seemed of consequence. If he was not an aristocrat, neither was he a radical; and only in so far as he had nothing, knew nothing, believed in nothing, cared for nothing, was he a nihilist. If any of the hill people chanced to look at him, he was just a common fellow, handsome as any swarthy fellow of the forge could be, but still a fellow of the forge. If they looked the second time, so they would at some bronze image, may be. And yet this fellow of the forge would have given his life for another as Angela, upon the hill there, had once stayed in a burning house to save a servant's body for an existence she herself despised.

I said that he had nothing. That was a mistake: he had his love, I mean his worship. It was nothing less than worship. It filled every vacant spot in his being, as the moon-lit tide fills all the bays and reaches of the coast; but it was a tide that never fell. This worship rose with him and lay down with him, and kept with him through the fire of the forge. It gave him an inner joy that, if it now and then bubbled to his lips, never told to any one the strength of its fiery spirit. He served it with complete self-surrender, and asked nothing of it.

Sometimes, early in the dawn, the sun just touching the crest of the hill and striking along its rime of woven cobwebs into changing jewel-work, ruby, emerald and topaz, lapis and crystal glinting, white long before the second demoniac whistle called the men to work, he came up the slope and walked along beside the stone wall; once or twice he scaled it and found himself in the alleys that her feet had trod—her gown had brushed this box border, her hand had plucked the roses from these stems. Once, in the white, moon-lighted midnight, he came again. The heavy blossoms, half etherealized in the ghostly gleam, shed their fragrant rain upon him as he lifted the branches. The dogs, her dogs, knew him, and fawned upon him for a friend. It was enough that night. The next time he was more bold. He drew nearer, he looked up at the wide house with its gables and towers, and balconies and lattices, and all the stillness and white sleep that folded, and wondered in which part of it she dwelt. It was like profanity. He cast down his eyes and stole away. One night he returned and then he knew; it was starlight, a glorious summer starlight, and he was wrapped in shadow beneath the broad cedar tree. At his feet a bed of flowers sent up a cloud of sweetness on the warm, windless night; overhead Lyra sparkled far in her violet depths; from the river at the foot of the other side of the hill came the muffled sound of oars beating in the rowlocks and singing voices of belated lovers on the tide,—happy lovers, yet to what should all their rapture come at last! There was another sound; an opening window, an unclosing blind; and he saw a white-shawled shape leaning over a balcony, and looking up and out on the night that soared and swept away into such gulfs of space that her thought sweeping after it was lost in infinity. It was only when looking out on the immensity of night, with heaven after heaven of stars retreating into heights of heaven beyond, that Angela felt a thrill of some wild joy, a recognition, as it were, of the power that wheeled those mighty circles on their shining course and scattered her unbelief like spray. Perhaps something like a wish, an aspiration, a prayer, a sigh of praise rose to her lips as she stood there, with her eyes lifted and all the passion of her being awake for once and glowing on her face. He threw himself down among the thyme,—it was as if too much were revealed to him. Had he been the plighted lover, she could hardly have told him more of her interior life. And yet,—it was all his, his only, his and the night's; he rose proudly,—but she was gone. There was a radiant happiness about him the next morning. So one the lady of whose love had given him troth might look; so some young bridegroom. His fellows called him with rude jests, but he heard them as the bridegroom would, with the holy of holies in his heart. He knew he was a forge-man, he knew that troth and marriage with this daughter of the owner of half the furnaces of the country-side was as impossible as with that star he had seen overhead, or, this mortal breath between his lips with some winged spirit in its flight through the vast courts where such sapphire splendor shone as that on which he had gazed by night with her. Earth, and the things of earth, riches, houses, horses, slaves, were not for him, he had long ago understood, then neither troth nor marriage with such as this. But were the best of troth and marriage that satisfaction of the clear soul that now was his, then he had no more to implore. This earth was but the mould of sand and clay; one day it would be cleft; and he held his head superbly as he thought how his being should meet hers, half perfectly fitting to half. Love, then, had become his religion; and immortality was necessary to its fulfilment.

It had been nothing of this wondrous fleshly beauty of hers that had moved him to his depths; other women might have been as fair; he had seen her face from time to time, and simply known that she was fair, he had seen her when clad in sheen of white satin heavy with quilting and embroidery of gold, while diamonds like eternal drops of dew banded her brow, and she had seemed as remote as lovely, scarcely a woman, just a marvel merely. But, one day, on some errand going to the house, she had met him; they had paused a moment face to face, and let the spark be what it will, vital, electric, passionate, immortal, it had flashed into sudden life with the glance of eye to eye; and his soul, he knew, however rough might be his phrase for it, would go through all the eternities unmated til it met that soul of hers. And she—accustomed to withering introspection and condemnation of herself, with all the rest—she would have regarded the love of her father's workman as a base thing, born of the senses; she could not have believed it born of the spirit; and, although she shivered with its force, would not have known how to acknowledge it. Yet denying revelation, rejecting poesy, distrusting history, disbelieving science, where had culture left her the superior of him who had none of these other than as rude nature gave them?

Sometimes of an evening, the warm sunset facing, he, having bathed and put on clean clothes, took his stroll in the upper air beneath the wall of the garden; and paused where the old gardener, clambering up the other side, threw over an armful of prunings and exchanged a word with him. By and by they made acquaintance—the man confided to him some tribulation about a dilatory blossom, or bewailed the marauding foot of some nightly tramp that had trodden down a bulb of which there had been great expectations—his listener's foot, as likely as another's. And then the old gardener reposed in him the secret of the plant he was forcing for Miss Angela—a flower she cared for more than most, she walked the earth caring for so little.

"I think me her heart's in world's beyond," he said.

His listener could bear her name spoken by one who understood her and felt this about her, he could even speak the name himself.

"It looks like Miss Angela," he said, his voice thrilling ever so slightly, when the gardener held up a long flower lily, full of darkest pansies, and gave it to him over across the wall. He put the pansies in an envelope, and wore them next his heart when he was not at work. It was the nearest thing to the touch, the clasp, the embrace, that other lovers have. "Miss Angela has gone to town to-day," he would say to the old gardener on some evening for he seemed to know of her least motion; or "Miss Angela has come home, I see," or at another time, "She is not looking well, Miss Angela. Is anything the matter?" And at last the old gardener opened his eyes. "Yes. Something is the matter," he said, under his voice. "But it must right itself in the next world. It never can in this."

She was wandering down the garden walks, not long afterward, in her listless, languid way, and she dropped from her hand the very blossom that the old man had been so carefully rearing for her.

"Ah, Miss Angela," said he. "You care for nothing."

"For not much, indeed," she answered him.

"That is because you have too much," he said.

"Do you mean all this?" she cried suddenly, with a wide gesture of her opening arms. "If I looked over the wall, once in a while, I might long to be within. If I had to earn my bread, I might bring a relish to it. But"—

"Ah, my young lady," said the old fellow who had held her on his knee before she first went alone, and had known her with the familiarity of the faithful. "What you should have is a sweetheart."

"A sweetheart!" and Miss Angela actually laughed. "You see them all," she said, "the gilded butterflies about here. Which one of them, now? Are they, any of them, fit to round a woman's life?" The old gardener looked, with a bewildered face, at the crowd of silver fritillaries fluttering over the flox, as if she had referred to them. "What would they marry me for? My wealth?"

"Surely none need, with your beauty, Miss Angela, dear," he said gently.

"My beauty! That fails to-morrow," all more to the air than to him. "Who of them cares anything for inner beauty, or the want of it?" she cried, indignantly. "That love is something as perishable as the thing it loves, as disgusting as the perished flesh might be!"

"There is one of them that does," said the old gardener, reverting to the question. "You! I never know him. You'll never see him. It isn't fit you should. His ways are not your ways. You wouldn't be happy with him to-morrow, Miss Angela. He doesn't know the tricks and manners that any one of the little apes dancing round the others do! But his soul is fit for yours. And, Miss Angela, this young man of mine will never cast a glance at anybody else on earth, and he'll follow you up in the next world—you mark my word, if he doesn't."

And Angela laughed again. "Well," she said, "the next world. That is all the lover I want!" and went on.

But as she lay on her bed that night the thought pleased her, the thought that somewhere out in the unknown a soul like her own soul would be hastening towards her, towards her who had felt so alone in the universe, and had so many times shivered with the awful solitariness. Then there must be an unknown after all, as she had half hoped so many times, as she had felt sure that night when Lyra shone heaven over heaven above her. And she fell asleep with a smile upon her face that it was not used to wear; and the moonlight came and swam across her bed, and lay upon her face and glorified it.

Her face kept that glorified look, as if the moon were shining on it, after that. It had in the summer evening, just before dusk, when the horses she drove sheered at their shadow going down the hill, started at a wild run, and were caught by a stalwart fellow who rose from the side of a wall, a dark young fellow, with sad eyes and proud lips, who rose one moment too late, for Angela had been thrown, with the twisting wheel, and hurled against the wall. Yet at the moment he sprang to their head her eyes rested full upon his, and something said to her, as lightning might write upon the brain, that this was the face of the spirit that would come seeking hers in the great spaces of the unknown—the unknown, whither, in the next instant, she had fled.

For when he let the horses go and sprang to her and lifted her in his arms—she was dead;—dead, not from the blow, they said, but because, with the shock the heart had ceased beating, as it had long been liable to do at any time.

Do you think that he profaned the dead, or as he carried his burden up to the house in his arms, under the heavy shadow of the low-branching trees, that he committed the sacrilege of a kiss? He was carrying simply a dead woman in that moment. What he had loved had gone beyond the stars.

Yet when the first night came that she was placed in the earth and the turf beaten down on her beautiful head, some one drew near in the darkness and lay there with his head upon the mound and one arm over it. "My love," he whispered through the night, "my joy, my life," and he kissed the wet grass as if it had been the coverlet upon her. "My wife," he said. And there, for that one night, young, strong and full of this earth's forces, he felt the emptiness of life and all its fires withdrawn. Not for him the rosy hearth, the smiling wife, the shining heads of cherub children. This was the only home that he would ever know. For other men these joys, for him the passion, the despair of loss.

The late moon rose and spread her golden wings above him as he lay there and hushed the sobs that shook him. "You weep," she seemed to say, "when you lie by her side." It was all the earthly note of love he gave himself, he might have lain there many nights; he never did again. By day he went about his work with the rest; by dark his thought was following the stars. "What is she doing now?" he said. "Where shall I overtake her when I go?"

One day something burst in the bloomery. A bit of iron, of flying slag—and the work was done. Only a touch upon his temple—and his soul had followed where his thought had gone. And who shall say that on no sphere he overtook his love?—[Copyrighted, 1885, by S. S. McClure.

LORD OF THE QUARTER DECK.

A steamboat-owner was explaining how he happened to change captains on the Comet. Said he:

"I came down on her from Port Huron, and as we reached the city I says to the captain: 'Better drop in at the foot of Rivard street and let me off.'

"'My first landing is the copper dock, three miles below,' he answers.

"'But this is my boat and I want her to land where I said.'

"'But I'm captain, sir and she goes to the copper dock.'

"'Starboard,' says I to the man at the wheel.

"'Port,' says the captain.

"I rung the bell for the engineer to slow down and the captain rung for him to go ahead at full speed.

"'Captain Comas, has the owner of a steamboat no rights?' I asked.

"'Lots of 'em on shore, but none on the water,' says he.

"'I'll discharge you the moment we land.'

"'Very well, but don't get sassy, me boy, I have twenty minutes to serve yer.'

"With that I starts to take the wheel and in five minute, I was in irons as a mutineer and I went ashore with the handcuffs on."

"But you discharged him?"

"Oh, yes."

"And is the new captain any better?"

"Well, I dunno, I never dared tackle him!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Smarter than the Grocer.

A grocer of Stockton, N. Y., found his cellar overrun with rats and bought a common steel trap, which he set in a large measure filled with meal, and covered it up. Next morning he had a rat and felt sure that he would soon see the last of all his pests. He reset the trap and left it. Next morning it was sprung, the meal was gone, and in its place about a quart of sticks and stones. He tried it again, and with a like result. Investigation showed that the rats threw sticks and stones in upon the trap until they had sprung it, and then coolly devoured the grocer's meal.

Ayer's Ague Cure breaks up the chill and fever, expels the poison from the system, and restores health. Warranted to cure.

THE ALBER FISHERMAN.

ADAPTED FOR THE OREGONIAN FROM THE DANISH OF CARIT ETLAR. BY MRS. BURTON N. HARRISON.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

On an isle and separated from the mainland of Denmark by the fiords of Etarning and Stadil, once dwelt a powerful ruler named Sivart Ring, who exercised over everybody residing within his dominions a despotic rule. All that was cast by the sea upon his shores, whether goods or floating wreck, belonged to Sivart Ring, and it was strictly forbidden to every one to lay a hand upon such property. By far the largest revenue coming to him from this vigilant patrol of his coast was derived from the quantities of amber washed ashore, and woe betide the man who should attempt to remove a particle of that precious substance. At every ebb, after a southwest wind, it was Ring's custom to send his men out to overhaul the sand ridges, and they often carried home a rich burden of the pale yellow fossil resin. Sometimes the harvest was less satisfactory, and Ring bade them keep fierce watch upon any one whom they might suspect of hovering near the spot with intent to pilfer.

Not far from the sand-bank lived a fisherman, who, coming into the neighborhood a few years before a poor man, had accumulated considerable property in a short time. Popular tradition had it that he had found a treasure buried in the sand by some sea king of old. Others suspected him of being in league with the devil, and in consequence Sam, for such was the fisherman's name, was rather shunned than sought in the limited society of the island. Little cared he, however, living comfortably in his cottage in company with his pretty daughter, Maria, who kept the house. Once, indeed, Sam had fallen under the keen scrutiny of Ring, who, sending for him, asked many questions about his mode of life, all of which were apparently answered to the ruler's satisfaction since he let the fisherman go without further molestation.

One winter's evening when the wind blew strong in shore, the inhabitants of Holmsland gathered upon the klit, or sand-bank, to watch the movements of a strange vessel, laboring amid giant waves, from which it seemed hardly possible she could emerge unharmed. Night closed in and the watchers separated, sure that on the morrow they would find a wreck upon their coast. At midnight, there came a knock at the door of Sam, the fisherman, and a handsome young man presented himself, asking shelter on the ground that he was the only one who had escaped from the doomed ship, which had sunk with all the rest of her crew. Sam gave him clothes, and food and a bed, taking all possible care of the fortunate survivor. The young man whose name was Jonas, became in this way a member of Sam's family, remaining with him until the spring, and in the course of time forming a warm attachment for Maria, who returned his love to her. Jonas told the fisherman of this latter fact. Sam answered him that while he had a right to expect a richer son-in-law, he could hardly find one more to his taste. So the young couple were betrothed, and had already begun to talk about their wedding, when, one evening, Sam called Jonas to his side.

"Listen to me, my dear," he said. "Since you are so soon to be my son-in-law it is but proper that I should inform you a little about my property. If you would like to go out with me to-night I will take you into my confidence."

Jonas was nothing loth, and when it became quite dark, he set out with the fisherman. They embarked in Sam's boat, and ~~as they pushed out to sea, the wind~~ mounted to a gale, while the heavens were so black that not a star was to be seen. Nevertheless, they stood out at some distance from the shore, sailing along until they heard from the land the sound of a low whistle.

"That is Maria's signal," said the fisherman to his astonished hearer. "It is meant to inform me that all's safe along the coast, so that we may now return."

He turned the boat, steering into a point near which a number of fine nets had been placed aslant against the tide. Gathering the nets into the boat, Sam pointed out to his companion that their meshes were filled with amber. Silently, and with skilled fingers, he picked out every particle of the precious substance, and then set the nets again. While the work went on, not a word was spoken, and when the boat sailed homeward, she carried a cargo of amber that would have required a month's work from Ring and his men to collect, after the ordinary fashion of seeking it in the sand. When they reached the cottage, Sam concealed his treasure in a cellar, so ingeniously contrived that it would have been impossible for any outsider to discover it.

"And now, my son," said the old man, solemnly "my life is in your hands. I have told you the secret of my wealth. Although I have no fear that you could be so base as to betray me, especially as Maria is soon to be your wife, yet I exact of you an oath that you will never reveal to any one what you have seen to-night."

"I swear it," said Jonas, a deep flush settling in his face.

Summer came and the wedding-day was fixed. Maria, busy with her preparations as she was, could not help observing that a certain constraint had arisen between her lover and herself. She told this to her father, who laughed at it for a girl's fancy, but many a tear was dropped in secret by the bride-elect.

One evening, determined to ask her lover frankly what caused his altered manner, Maria went to meet him on his return from Holmsland, whither he had gone to spend the day. Absorbed in thought, she did not observe how far she had walked, until sitting down to rest behind a sand-dune, she was startled by hearing voices close at hand. One of the speakers was Jonas, and the other, to her extreme surprise, no less a personage than their ruler, Sivart Ring!

"Not a word more," Maria heard Ring say in a low, fierce tone. "You are my son as well as my subject, and I command your obedience. To-night without fail, I shall come in person with my men and seize the thief, whether thou lovest his daughter or no."

Jonas spoke again in evident emotion, but was interrupted by the other.

"I am accustomed to be obeyed without remonstrance, and the tears of a silly girl, the prayers of a hardened old sinner like Sam will prove equally without effect in softening me. What! After I sent you there expressly to solve for me this mystery of the fisherman's wealth, would you seek to turn me from my righteous purpose to punish the scoundrel as he deserves? The girl, too, is an accomplice, and must share his fate. No whining, now, but go back to the cottage, and to-night set a light in the window that looks toward the road, in token that all is quiet in the house."

Great drops of agony stood upon Maria's brow as she listened to this disclosure. To have been betrayed by her love was far more terrible than the prospect of actual danger to herself. Scarcely believing her ears, she staggered to her feet, and selecting a by-path leading to her home by a shorter way than she had come, sped like a dart along it. To reach the cottage and warn her father before Jonas could return was now her one desire. Beyond that all was dark.

Soon after the clock in Holmsland church tower had struck 12 a band of men crossed the fiord to the sand-bank on the opposite side, under a black and starless sky. The wind moaned along the shore and the waves came rolling in with a gloomy sound. Just such a night it was as that on which Jonas had accompanied the fisherman in his search for amber. The men, well armed and vigorous, were headed by fierce old Ring himself, whose heart beat high with the hope of vengeance. In his hand he held a drawn sword, and exhorting his band to silence, he led the way to the fisherman's cottage. In Sam's house no a sound was heard, and a lamp burned in the window toward the road.

"That's my brave boy," said Ring, turning to the others exultingly. "I knew I could depend on him to set the signal there, even at the sacrifice of his silly infatuation for the girl. Lucky for me that the notion came into my head last winter, to make this roving blade of mine who had just returned from a long sea voyage, pretend to be a survivor of the wreck, in order to gain a foothold in Sam's house. By this means I've found out not only how the rascal contrived to fish up amber, but where the stolen goods are kept. Follow me in silence and we'll soon catch a fine rat in our trap. Sam shall swing for it, if I'm fool enough to let the girl go free."

Pushing open the door of Sam's cottage, Ring saw hanging by a cord from the center of the ceiling beam the lifeless form of his own son, Jonas. The fisherman, his daughter, and all their store of amber had disappeared, leaving not a trace behind. Nor were they ever heard of again in Holmsland.—[Copyrighted, 1885, by S. S. McClure.

A NORTH CAROLINIAN MAIL-RIDER.

The mail-rider was a lean, sallow, sinewy man, mounted on a sorry sorrel nag, who proved, however, to have blood in her, and to be a fast walker and full of endurance. The mail-rider was taciturn, a natural habit for a man who rides alone the year round, over a lonely road, and has nothing whatever to think of. He had been in the war sixteen months, in Hugh White's regiment—reckon you've heerd of him?

"Confederate?"

"Which?"

"Was he on the union or confederate side?"

"Oh, union."

"Were you in any engagements?"

"Which?"

"Did you have any fighting?"

"Not reg'lar."

"What did you do?"

"Which?"

"What did you do in Hugh White's regiment?"

"Oh, just cavorted around the mountains."

"You lived on the country?"

"Which?"

"Picked up what you could find; bacon, corn, horses?"

"That's about so. Didn't make much difference which side was round, the country got cleaned out."

"Plunder seems to have been the object."

"Which?"

"You got a living out of the farmers?"

"You bet."

Our friend and guide seemed to have been a jayhawker and mountain marauder—on the right side. His attachment to the word "which" prevented any lively flow of conversation, and there seemed to be only two trains of ideas running in his mind; one was the subject of horses and saddles, and the other was the danger of the ford we were coming to, and he exhibited a good deal of ingenuity in endeavoring to excite our alarm. He returned to the ford from every other conversational excursion, and after every silence. "I do' know's there's any great danger not if you know the ford. Folks is carried away there. The Toe gits up sudden. There's been right smart rain lately. If you're afraid, you can git set over in a dug-out, and I'll take your horses across. Mebbe you're used to fording? It's a pretty bad ford for them as don't know it. But you'll get along, if you mind your eye. There's some rocks you'll have to look out for. But you'll be all right, if you'll follow me."

Not being very successful in raising an interest in the dangers of his ford, although he could not forego indulging a malicious pleasure in trying to make the strangers uncomfortable, he finally turned his attention to a trade. "This hoss of mine," he said, "is just the kind of brute-beast you want for this country. Your hosses is too heavy. How'll you swap for that one o' yourn?" The reiterated assertion that the horses were not ours, that they were hired, made little impression on him. All the way to Burnsville he kept recurring to the subject of a trade. The instinct of "swap" was strong in him. When we meet a yoke of steers, he turned round and bantered the owner for a trade. Our saddles took his fancy. They were of the army pattern, and he allowed that one of them would just suit him. He rode a small flat English pad across which was flung the United States mail pouch, apparently empty. He dwelt upon the fact that his saddle was new and ours were old, and the advantages that would accrue to us from the exchange. He didn't care if they had been through the war, as they had for he fancied an army saddle. The friend answered for himself that the saddle he rode belonged to a distinguished union general, and had a bullet in it that was put there by a careless confederate in the first battle of Bull Run and the owner would not part with it for money. But the mail-rider said he didn't mind that. He wouldn't mind swapping his new saddle for my old one and the rubber coat and leggins. Long before we reached the ford we thought we would like to swap the guide, even at the risk of drowning. The ford was passed in due time with no inconvenience save that of wet feet, for the stream was breast high to the horses; but being broad and swift and full of sunken rocks and slippery stones and the crossing tortuous, it is not a ford to be commended. There is a curious delusion that a rider has in crossing a swift broad stream. It is that he is rapidly drifting up stream, while in fact the tendency of the horse is to go with the current.—[Charles Dudley Warner in August Atlantic.

Drawing the Line at Catfish.

In mercy to men and fishes, writes a correspondent to the London *Times*, I protest against the introduction of the forbidding, ferocious, uneatable and all-devouring "catfish" into any English stream, river or lake as suggested by "M." in the *Times* of to-day. I know the wretch well, having lost lines, hooks and temper and having broken rods in unwilling contests with him in the Transvaal and Zululand and in the Nile, and although I have been spared the misfortune of catching them in the Mississippi, I have seen the "catfish" from it exposed for sale by the negroes at Memphis, etc., and have recognized the identity of the fishes in all but size—the same hideous flat head and leering par-boiled eyes, the same terrible mouthful of teeth, the long wattles or antennæ of forty-barbel power, the greasy, smooth, slimy skin, swollen stomach, attenuated tail and general repulsiveness of aspect—a siluroid which would upset the equanimity of any British Briggs and drive his cook to revolt if caught and carried home, and which, as far as I know, is eaten by no white man willingly. Even a Boer will not touch it if he can get anything else. I observe that, though "M." enjoyed tasting he does not say that he tasted any of his catfish. Our soldiers were provided with fishing tackle to beguile the tedium of their ascent of the Nile, but I do not think we have had any account of their success or of their eking out their rations with the fish they caught. In the Nile the catfish attain enormous size and weight, feed on offal and nastiness, and if taken are generally treated like Dr. Kitchener's salad, unless the Arab crews of the boats will eat them. As to the "black bass"—*alt*o. a capital sporting and eatable fish, I think Lord Exeter and others have tried them, and Mr. S. Barlow of New York, sent some to the duke of Sutherland for his Scotch waters, but neither they nor *salmo fontinalis* seem to have thriven in Highland lakes or rivers.

ONLY A ROSE.

A BURGLAR'S STORY BY WALTER LEARNED.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

"As some of the actors in the following scene are still living, neither the true locations nor the names are given lest some should be pained by the recital." copied that from the beginning of a story I read once. It seems to be about the right sort of thing for me to begin with, as some of the actors in my story might be pained if the true names was to be given myself among 'em.

At the time I speak of I was working with one of the whitest men that was ever in my profession. Him and me was pardners for about six years, and I'm proud to say that there never was a word between us. A sudden change from an active to a sedentary was too much for his sensitive system and he died some years ago.

Me and him used to travel round a good deal a-looking up jobs, and a pleasanter and hearter fellow I never expect to meet again. Such a favorite as he was with children.

We struck in a certain town, name not given, a fair-sized house that belonged to a gentleman which was in the quilt and comfortable business. Pleasant place it was, trees all around it, lawn at the back and as neat as a daisy. Splendid rose in the yard. I don't object to roses in their way but we were looking for something more substantial. They was setting the table when we strolled by there first, and there was as pretty a bit of silver lying round as ever you see.

"Let's see 'em when they puts it up," says Jim.

So we fetched round that way about the time they were a-clearing off the table, and we sees 'em shove the silver in a closet and lock the door. Nothing but a light pine door, you know.

"That's tempting Providence," says Jim. I didn't say nothing, not knowing in what light Providence looked at silver spoons, but I know it was tempting us.

The house wasn't far back from the street, but back of the house was a lawn, and a verandah ran round the corner of the house. The dining-room was a back room, opening out of the sitting room. Now you wouldn't want a better thing than that, would you? Simple and easy as could be, and Jim and me had arranged about melting down the boodle when—but I anticipate, as the story tellers say.

It don't make any difference how careful you be, or how well all your plans are laid. Sometimes they'll go wrong. But I tell you it's mighty discouraging when everything is fixed as far as you can fix it to bring up against something you couldn't help. It takes the pluck right out of a man. We had arranged that I was to get in and Jim was to keep watch. Jim usually took the outside work. It requires a different sort of talent. A man may be good at inside business and yet fail utterly as an outsider, and vice versa. If I had time I should like to point out the lines of difference.

Of course there wasn't any difficulty about getting in. Gentlemen in my profession know that it's perfectly simple to get into any house as far as that goes. I stepped up on the back verandah. Lovely night it was; just a small slice of moon, rather too much to suit me, but it looked nice as I stood on the verandah for a minute. Then I slit a long, thin blade up between the windows and opened 'em and stepped into the dining-room. Pretty little room it was—hard wood floor, side-board and corner cupboard, pictures on the walls, and on one side the closet I was a-looking for. I stepped to the side-board a minute to take a nip, seeing a bottle of three-star brandy there, and then I stepped over and opened the closet with my skeleton key. Pretty lot of stuff it was when I turned my dark lantern on it. Nothing tremendous, but a nice respectable lot of silver that was a credit to the family. I had a green baize bag to pack it in, and I had it all in, up to the spoons, when I struck in the spoon-holder a small, very thin, old-fashioned silver spoon, and the bowl was all marked with little teeth. I looked at it for a minute. "Here," says I, "is a spoon what has come down in the family and from grandfather down all the kids has chewed on it." It seemed a pity to take it and, as it wasn't heavy, being pretty well wore down, I was that tender-hearted that I put it back on the shelf again. This little bit of thoughtfulness on my part give me a tender glow and I laid down the bag and went over to the side-board to sample the three-star brandy again, when I heard a step outside. I shut off my glim and stopped just where I was. I thought maybe Jim had spied something, and come up to give me the tip. Then I heard somebody cough kinder light, and heard two or three notes on a guitar. Blowed if I wasn't mad. I crept to the window and peeped out. There he was—cussed fool—a-standing there in the grass with his guitar over his shoulder and a-strummin' away like mad. Pretty soon he began to sing—some rotten nonsense about his being a gondolier, about as if we only look for heaven's sake as much pains as we did for woman's we'd all be angels, and a-ending with "Hush—hush—hush," very soft and delicate. I'd a-hushed him if I could a-got a rap at him. Liable to wake up the whole house. I heard somebody a-stirring up-stairs when he started the second song, worse than the other, something about her being maid of athens and giving him back his heart, and a lot of nonsense at the end. I'd like to have had a crack at him. There I was. I darsn't go out the front way, while he was a-standing there, and I didn't know how soon the family might come down and ask him to take some refreshments. Nice place for me, wasn't it? with all the silver in my green baize bag. It seemed as if there was more than four hundred verses to his song, and I was that excited and nervous about it that I should have had to have thrown the soup-ladle at his head in another minute, when I heard another step on the grass. I was a-wondering whether I could stand a duet or not, when, by George, I see it was Jim. Oh, he was a fly boy, Jim was. He's got onto the serenade, and he knew what a blamed nuisance it would be to me. I got close to the window, where I could hear and see everything. The young fellow was just beginning another verse when Jim tapped him on the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" says Jim very gruff.

"A-serenading," says the young fellow.

"A what?" says Jim.

"A serenading," says he.

"What's that?" says Jim.

"Why its—its—oh, its singing, you know," says the young fellow.

"Who got you to do it?" says Jim.

"Who, what?" says the young fellow.

"Who got you to do it? Who hired you?" says Jim.

"Nobody," says the young fellow.

"Are you a singing here without permission? ain't you got no license?" says Jim.

"Why," says the young fellow, "I tell you I'm a serenading."

"I don't know nothing about no serenading," says Jim. "I know that I'm hired as night watchman on this ere street, and if you're a-singing without any orders I'm a-going to run you in."

So saying, Jim walks the young fellow off. Neat, wasn't it? I was a-feeling pretty good at the way he'd got me out of it. But I'd heard steps a-stirring upstairs and I thought I'd better cut as soon as I could. I poured me out a snifter of the three-star and was just a-going to down it, when I heard a step in the hall and the door close by me was opened just a crack.

"Harry!" I heard her say.

I mumbled something.

"It was lovely, dear, so sweet. But you must go, and hurry. Papa is coming down the stairs." She reached her hand through the door. There was something in her fingers. I took it. At that minute the light streamed in from the front room. I saw my green baize bag, too far off to get it, and a man coming toward the dining-room, and then I jumped through the window, out on the lawn and ran. When I got well out into the street I stopped and looked at what she'd give me. It was a white rose, and by the way, that was all I got for my night's work—[Copyrighted, 1885, by S. S. McClure.

FIFTY YEARS A CLERK.

A State Department Employe Who Knew Webster and Calhoun.

"I entered the state department as a messenger in 1835, when Andrew Jackson was president of the United States," said William P. Faherty to a reporter Monday, "and I have remained there ever since." Mr. Faherty celebrates to-day his eighty-second birthday. He is a native of Baltimore, where, as a boy, he helped to dig trenches during the war with England in 1812, but has been a resident of Washington sixty-six years. At 82 he stands as straight as the Washington monument, and his character is as upright as his figure. His eye-sight is undimmed, and a defect in his hearing is the only evidence of his advanced age. He can recall and relate a number of incidents illustrative of the individual peculiarities of Webster, Calhoun, Buchanan, Cass and other secretaries of days gone by. He was on terms of intimacy with the most of them, and held by them in the highest esteem.

"I received my first appointment," continued Mr. Faherty, "from Jackson's secretary of state, John Forsyth, in recognition of my services to the democratic party in Montgomery county, Maryland. It was not long before I complained that I had not enough work to keep me occupied, and on that ground offered my resignation, but being bluntly informed by the secretary that I was a fool I withdrew my resignation. When Daniel Webster became secretary of state he sent a messenger to me to tell me that I was too tall for him, that there was a man ready to take my place. This is my first recollection of Mr. Webster, but it did not turn out so badly after all, for he found a place for the other man without removing me."

"What were Mr. Webster's peculiarities?"

"I remember him particularly as of often borrowing small sums of money from me, which sometimes he paid and sometimes forgot. Calhoun afterward, following Webster's example, used frequently to borrow small sums of money from myself and others, but, unlike Webster, Calhoun never failed to pay up. I recall an instance of Secretary Calhoun stopping his carriage on the way to a conference at the president's house to pay fifty cents which he had borrowed the day before to give an old beggar-woman. Webster was no teetotaler, but he knew that I was, and I have a vivid recollection of one night, about forty years ago, when Webster, after delivering an eloquent speech in the Odd Fellows' hall, in favor of Irish independence, came to me, and, slapping me on the back, cordially invited me to go to his house and drink some water with him. But the fondest memory which I cherish is that nearly the last writing done done by Webster was an inscription on a printed copy of the great speech which he delivered before the Historical society in New York. Here it is," and Mr. Faherty brought forth an age-stained pamphlet. Its inscription, "With Daniel Webster's best wishes to Wm. P. Faherty," was in the great statesman's own handwriting.

"No," continued Mr. Faherty, "the removals in the state department on a change of government were never as numerous as in other departments. Mr. Forsyth used to say that the state department had nothing to do with politics. I remember when Marcy was appointed secretary of state a very clever Irish fellow, who had been in this department for some time, said to me that he was sure to go quick, as he had threatened to throw Marcy out of the window when he was secretary of war. But Marcy was not vindictive, for, instead of dismissing the young man who had threatened to throw him out the window, that young man was the very person he selected to go with him on a holiday he was about to take. And I remember another notable instance, to show that men then were not pushed out because they did not belong to the party in power. During the war I myself was a strong union man, but my son was a lieutenant in the southern army, and complaint was made to Secretary Seward that I was a rebel. Well, instead of kicking me out, Mr Seward sent for me and asked me if I could not get somebody to swear I was not a rebel. Of course I got a friend who was ready to give the necessary testimony. And I knew that same secretary to actually do the same thing in another case to enable him to retain the services of a messenger who was indeed an out-and-out rebel."

"You were always a democrat, of course?"

"Well, I had been a democrat, but after I had been in the state department for some years I was disgusted at a democratic meeting that I attended in Washington one night, and I determined never to go to another, and neither I did. But I must say the democrats have always been far more saving and economical than the others. They would make a messenger walk when the other parties would have hired a carriage for him."

"You remember Mr. Cass?"

"O yes, he was one of the finest secretaries of the whole lot. He was a very generous man, and took delight in giving a helping hand to a young man who needed and deserved it. He was quick to recognize talent and encourage it. I remember one young fellow whom he found hollering at the door of a traveling circus and put into a nice situation in the state department. He raised my salary from $1200 to $1400, and when his term of office expired he wrote a magnificent letter to Judge Black, his successor, in my favor."—[Washington Post.

Sham and Crazy Roofs.

The *American Architect* has done a good service in depicting, in its last number, a collection of some of the sham and crazy roofs that may be seen in and around Boston. The originals of these will be readily recognized as they stand in all the enormity of their architectural sinfulness out on the back bay, in the business sections, in Brookline and other suburbs. Although fashion has given many of these astounding creations a certain popular attractiveness, their real ugliness becomes more and more evident as the time goes on, whereas the really artistic in architecture never becomes stale, however the fashion may change. These pretentious, uneasy looking turrets, dormers, pinnacles, pavilions and windows that protude on every hand like warts, wens and other excrescences, are to our buildings like the millinery of past years' styles to the human figure; but, unfortunately, they cannot be cast away so easily as old hats and bonnets, but remain to become the laughing stock of the public as the old follies are superseded by new. All this architectural frippery adds greatly to the cost of building, while it has not the slightest utility. The buildings of past styles that endure in the esteem of the public teach that simplicity of form and the avoidance of all adornment that is not strictly subordinate to the requirements of masses and lines are essential to true architectural beauty. The sooner architects and their clients learn this lesson the better will it be for the reputations of the former and the pockets of the latter, and also for the feelings of both, if they are in the least sensitive to public comment upon their work and their property.—[Boston Herald.

THE SCANDAL AT GIBSO

A STORY.

BY FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

Author of "Gernelshausen," "Tom's Little Star," in Harper's Magazine; "The Sheik's Curse" "One Christmas Long Ago."

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

SPECULATION.

Mrs. Whipple and Mr. Betts were sittin
the piazza at Gibson's, when a carriage bro
some passengers from the New York mor
train. There alighted a gentleman and lady
lowed by a maid.

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Whipple, "here c
Philip Stevenson; and he has actually bro
his wife to Gibson's."

"Eh? Ah! yes, yes," answered Mr. B
craning his neck after the three persons as
passed and entered the hotel; "that must b
wife—the heroine of the mysterious marria
not a word known about it at the club—n
word beyond the bare printed announceme

Mrs. Whipple was a stout widow of 55,
as to complexion, juvenile as to the nut-b
curls of a dainty "front," and given to a
scrutinizing, peering action of the head
eyes, which not even the dazzle of a peren
smile could render quite agreeable. She
popular in New York society, partly thro
traditions regarding the importance of the
ceased Whipple, but mainly through an ine
itable energy in attending dinners, balls,
ters and races, whereby she became a valu
trumpeter for those who made and loved a
play, and a gazette of fashion for social s
gles. She was the sort of person that "
company" and must be "on the go;" but
had many amiable traits, was fond of
friends, busy in charities, familiar with
excellent precepts, often consulted a gente
educated conscience and believed in its inf
bility.

"Why," she exclaimed, "a month ag
opened a newspaper and there I read: 'Ste
son-Barnwell—On June 10th, Philip Steven
to Edith Barnwell.' No notice to his frien
not a call paid since he came home from Eu
in April, not a whisper of an engagement
reference to the bride's family or parent
Barnwell! Humph! Now who on earth is E
Barnwell!"

"Nobody, I suspect," said Mr. Betts solem

"Nobody, or worse—too much of a so
body," returned Mrs. Whipple. "A man in
Stevenson's position owes it to society to giv
account of the woman he marries. Edith B
well, indeed! She's one of those gamb
women picked up at Monte Carlo, Tatti
Prime says."

"Hey? what? Beg pardon; didn't so
body take my name in vain?" asked a br
natty, light-built young man who was just p
ing and stopped short, bringing his heel
gether with a click. What's up? what's
row? who calls so loud? eh? Hello! come
let's have it!" and through his rapid, jerk
speech he kept tossing up and catching a te
ball.

"You reported that Stevenson marrie
woman whom he met at the tables at M
Carlo," said Mrs. Whipple.

"Did I?" answered the rapid young m
with a lurch after the ball, which had c
down out of reach. "Did I? Shouldn't w
der if"—another lurch—"if he had. I kne
fellow just as rich and just as good lookin
Phil who made such a match—stunning wo
—ber-u-tiful ber-londe. Saw her with him
the Derby."

"You certainly told the story of Phil Ste
son?" Mrs. Whipple insisted.

"Maybe I did. Very likely. Whoop! co
back!" as the ball went askew again. "H
to keep up conversation—keep the ball rollin
eh? See? The ball, eh? Pretty good."
Mr. Prime, who was considered by his frie
very lively and amusing, laughed at the apti
of his illustration and made another skil
catch. "Why everybody asks me about
phenson's marriage, and I must say someth
eh? Of course I must. Can't refuse an ans
to the ladies. Oh! dear Mr. Prime, do tell us
about it" This last was given in a comical
setto.

"Philip has just arrived here," Mrs. Whip
informed him, "and with his wife."

"What? Phew! Don't say so! Where
they? Bound to see the ber-r-ride. Wonde
she's a ber-londe. *Au revoir.* Ta-ta!"
off shot Tatty Prime.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Whipple, "how should
act in a case like this? Tatty certainly did spe
of Monte Carlo in connection with Phillip's wi
and yet, with my little income, I can't affo
you know, to—to—to be uncharitable." M
Whipple had her own delicate phrases for mo
problems. "Oh, Mr. Betts," and she shook
head impressively, we must never, never for
'believeth all things, hopeth all things;'
then, again, 'thinketh no evil!' Dear, dear!
Stevenson estate was appraised at ten milli
and Philip inherited the whole of it."

"Can't we," suggested Mr. Betts, emp
sizing his words by pointing at Mrs. Whip
with his delicate middle finger, "can't we
serve the—ahem! the lady carefully, and t
act according to a prudent judgment."

"Oh, I suppose we can," the widow retur
peevishly; "but, dear me, we all went to
horrid French countess' receptions, we did
stick at the moralities then, and she was, a
proved—well, no matter what. Come,
Betts, you were dangling after that counte
you can't deny it."

"Ahem!" began Mr. Betts evasively, "th
were circumstances that—ahem!"

"Bah! Nonsense! She was the fashion,
you like to be in the swim. Don't counter
to me." For these two, having weak sense
common, loved to stab at each other now
then. Being savage against certain faults w
we see them in other people seems almost
an atonement for having them ourselves.

"Ah! what a world this is!" Mrs. Whip
ejaculated. "Sometimes I wish myself alre
over the dark river, and in that happier l
where social complications are unknown." T
casting up her eyes, to indicate that she refer
to a heavenly region, she sighed and amb
away.

Mr. Betts sneered mildly at her broad
panse of pudgy back, then clasping his ha
behind him, began a quiet constitutional w
up and down the piazza, his long, slend
neatly dressed feet coming down toe first
every step with elegance and precision.
Betts was a bachelor of 60, possessed of a co
petence, idle and boasting sundry little
ments—a little rheumatism, a little dyspep
a little bronchial cough. He was rather
and thin, had a small head, closely cropp
gray hair, a carefully trimmed mustac
delicate hands and irreproachable accent.
Betts, in fact, looked patrician, and he gave p
ple to understand that birth and breeding w
the points upon which he had the advantage
most republicans. His quiet yet impressive w
of saying, "my father's house" or "my gra
father's will," was as good as a patent of no
ity. He always arrived at Gibson's sharp
July 1, and left for West Point not a minute
fore or after the stroke of noon on Septembe
It was his habit to sit all day long on Gibso
piazza, inhaling the sea air for the good of
health, and observing, in an eminently gen
manlike and unobtrusive manner, everyth
and everybody that passed within eyeshot. N
urally, in this way he picked up a good d
that came useful for winter days when, at
Fogy club, conversation turned on the pecul
ities and peccadillos of persons in good sta
ing.

Of course it is quite superfluous to descr
Gibson's. Everybody has been to Long b
everybody has wondered why a stretch of
coast is called a "bay," and everybody kno
Gibson's—the picturesque, low-roofed, r
bling hotel, with its cluster of dependen
pretty villas known as "Gibson's cottage
The great merit of Gibson's lies in its exclus
ness; one meets in that establishment only
"very best people." There is a Queen An
chimney piece in the wide hall, a spinn
wheel in the parlor, and little eyes
stained glass stare at one from unn
ural hights and out of queer niches and ang
in the walls. The patrons exclaim, "H
quaint!" and "how æsthetic!" and every y
Gibson calls in an architect and orders "m
o' them colored winders—don't care whe
so's they look odd; and more zig-zags
crookedness. The folks like a house all sor
crazy like." So the sleek landlord studies
his way, the prevailing taste, bows before
shekels, makes big bills, has them paid witho
a murmur ("the place is so very nice,
know") and Gibson's is famous. Why, Tat
ton Prime spends his summers there, keep
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...Y YEARS A CLERK.

...rtment Employe Who Knew Webster and Calhoun.

...d the state department as a messenger ... 85 when Andrew Jackson was ... the United States," said Wil... aherty to a reporter Monday, ... remained there ever since." Mr. ... ebrates to-day his eighty-second ... He is a native of Baltimore, ... boy he helped to dig trenches ... war with England in 1812 but ... resident of Washington sixty six ... 82 he stands as straight as the ... monument and his character ... at as his figure His eye-sight ... ed and a defect in his hearing is ... dence of his advanced age He ... nd relate a number of incidents ... of the individual peculiarities ... Calhoun, Buchanan, Cass and ... aries of days gone by He was ... of intimacy with the most of ... held by them in the highest es...

...ed my first appointment," con... aherty "from Jackson's secre... e John Forsyth in recognition ... ces to the democratic party in ... y county Maryland It was not ... e I complained that I had not ... rk to keep me occupied and on ... d offered my resignation but ... ntly informed by the secretary ... fool I withdrew my resigna... en Daniel Webster became secre... ke he sent a messenger to me to ... at I was too tall for him that ... man ready to take my place ... first recollection of Mr Web... did not turn out so badly after ... found a place for the other man ... moving me

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...mber him particularly as of often ... small sums of money from me, ... etimes he paid and sometimes ... Calhoun afterward following ... xample used frequently to bor... sums of money from myself and ... unlike Webster Calhoun never ... pay up I recall an instance of ... Calhoun stopping his carriage on ... a conference at the president's ... y fifty cents which he had bor... day before to give an old beggar ... Webster was no teetotaler, but ... that I was and I have a ... ollection of one night, about ... go when Webster, after de... eloquent speech in the Odd Fel... in favor of Irish independence, ... e and slapping me on the back, ... nvited me to go to his house and ... e water with him But the fond... n which I cherish is that nearly ... riting done done by Webster was ... tion on a printed copy of the ... n which he delivered before the ... society in New York Here it ... r Faherty brought forth an age... phlet Its inscription With ... ebster's best wishes to Wm P ... was in the great statesman's own ... ng

...ntinued Mr Faherty the re... e state department of a change ... ent were never as numerous as ... artments Mr Forsyth used to ... state department had nothing ... politic I remember when ... appointed secretary of state a ... Irish fellow who had been in ... ment for some time said to me ... sure to go quick as he had ... to throw Marcy out of the win... ... was secretary of war But ... not vindictive for instead of ... the young man who had threat... ... him out the window that ... very person he selected ... ...ly was about ... And I remember another ... to show that men ... ...ed out be use ... to the party in ... myself was a ... my son was a ... ... army and com... ... secretary Seward that I ... Will instead of kicking me ... ward sent for me and asked me ... ot cet so nobody to swear I was ... Of course I got a friend who ... to give the necessary testimony ... that same secretary to actually ... thing in another case to enable ... retain the services of a messenger ... ...dent and-out rebel ... ere always a democrat of course? ... I had ... a democrat but after ... n the state department for some ... it must d at a democratic ... ...tend in Washington one ... I determined never to go to ... in ... I did But I must say ... rats have always been far more ... economical than the others, ... d make a messenger walk when ... rts would have hired a carriage.

... ber Mr Cass? ... one of the finest secre... he whole lot He was a very ... an and took delight in giving a ... to young man who needed ... it He was quick to recognize ... encourage it I remember one ... when he found bolhering at ... a traveling circus and put into ... ...ation in the state department ... salary from $1700 to $1400, ... term of office expired he ... gentleman Judge Black, ... favor —[Washington ...

Sham and Crazy Roofs.

... has done a good ... in its last number, a ... some of the ham and crazy ... and around Bos... ... these will be readily ... all the enormity ... sinfulness out on the ... ...tions in Brook... Although fashion ... astounding crea... ... attractiveness their ... more and more evi... ... realty the really ... becomes stale, ... These ... ...king turrets, dor... ... ...tions and what... ... every hand like ... other excrescences, ... like the millinery ... to the human ... they cannot be ... and bonnets ... going stock of ... superseded ... frippery ... cost of building while ... ...test utility The build... styles tend more in the ... tend to that simplicity of ... the avoidance of all adornment ... truthfully subordinate to the re... ... of mass and lines are ... architectural beauty The ... ...ted and their clients learn ... the better will it be for the repu... the former and the pockets of the ... also for the feelings of both If ... the least sensitive to popular ... upon their work and their prop... —[Boston Herald

THE SCANDAL AT GIBSON'S

A STORY

BY FANNY FOSTER CLARK

Author of "Gerndelhausen," "Tom's Little Star," etc in Harper's Magazine; "The Shell's Curse," "One Christmas Long Ago."

(Written for the Sunday Oregonian.)

SPECULATION

Mrs. Whipple and Mr Betts were sitting on the piazza at Gibson's, when a carriage brought some passengers from the New York morning train. There alighted a gentleman and lady followed by a maid

"Goodness" said Mrs Whipple, "here comes Philip Stevenson and he has actually brought his wife to Gibson's"

"Eh? Ah yes, yes," answered Mr Betts, craning his neck after the three persons as they passed and entered the hotel, "that must be the wife—the heroine of the mysterious marriage—not a word known about it at the club—not a word beyond the bare printed announcement."

Mrs. Whipple was a stout widow of 55, pasty as to complexion, juvenile as to the nut-brown curls of a dainty "front," and given to a little scrutinizing, peering action of the head and eyes, which not even the dazzle of a perennial smile could render quite agreeable. She was popular in New York society, partly through traditions regarding the importance of the deceased Whipple, but mainly through an indomitable energy in attending dinners, balls, theaters and races, whereby she became a valuable trumpeter for those who made and loved a display, and a gazette of fashion for social strugglers. She was the sort of person that "loves company" and must be "on the go," but she had many amiable traits, was fond of her friends, busy in charities, familiar with many excellent precepts, often consulted a genteely educated conscience and believed in its infallibility.

"Why," she exclaimed, "a month ago I opened a newspaper and there I read 'Stevenson-Barnwell—On June 10th, Philip Stevenson to Edith Barnwell.' No notice to his friends, not a call paid since he came home from Europe in April, not a whisper of an engagement, no reference to the bride's family or parentage. Barnwell! Humph! Now who on earth is Edith Barnwell!"

"Nobody, I suspect," said Mr Betts solemnly.

"Nobody, or worse—too much of a somebody," returned Mrs Whipple. "A man in Phil Stevenson's position owes it to society to give an account of the woman he marries. Edith Barnwell, indeed! She's one of those gambling women picked up at Monte Carlo, Tattleton Prime says."

"Hey? what? Beg pardon didn't somebody take my name in vain," asked a brisk, natty, light-built young man who was just passing and stopped short, bringing his heels together with a click. "What's up? what's the row? who calls so loud? eh? Hello come on let's have it!" and through his rapid, jerking speech he kept tossing up and catching a tennis ball.

"You reported that Stevenson married a woman whom he met at the tables at Monte Carlo," said Mrs Whipple.

"Did I?" answered the rapid young man, with a lurch after the ball, which had come down out of reach. "Did I? Shouldn't wonder if"—another lurch—"if he had. I knew a fellow just as rich and just as good looking as Phil who made such a match—stunning woman—beu-tiful berlonde. Saw her with him at the Derby."

"You certainly told the story of Phil Stevenson?" Mrs. Whipple insisted.

"Maybe I did. Very likely. Whoop! come back!" as the ball went askew again. "Have to keep up conversation—keep the ball rolling—eh? See? The ball, eh? Pretty good?" And Mr. Prime, who was considered by his friends very lively and amusing, laughed at the aptness of his illustration and made another skillful catch. "Why everybody asks me about Stephenson's marriage, and I must say something eh? Of course I must. Can't refuse an answer to the ladies. Oh dear Mr Prime, do tell us all about it!" This last was given in a comical falsetto.

"Philip has just arrived here," Mrs. Whipple informed him, "and with his wife."

"What? Phew! Don't say so. Where are they? Bound to see the ... ride. Wonder if she's a ber-londe. ... Tatt ... and off shot Tatty Prime.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Whipple. "How should one act in a case like this. Tatty certainly did speak of Monte Carlo in connection with Phillip's wife, and yet, with my little income, I can't afford, you know, to—to—to be uncharitable." Mrs Whipple had her own delicate phrases for moral problems. "Oh, Mr Betts," and she shook her head impressively, "we must never, never forget 'believeth all things, hopeth all things,' and then, again, 'thinketh no evil.' Dear, dear! the Stevenson estate was appraised at ten millions and Philip inherited the whole of it."

"Can't we," suggested Mr. Betts, emphasizing his words by pointing at Mrs. Whipple with his delicate middle finger, "can't we observe the—ahem! the lady carefully, and then act according to a prudent judgment."

"Oh, I suppose we can," the widow returned peevishly, "but, dear me, we all went to that horrid French countess' receptions, we didn't kick at the moralities then, and she was, as it proved—well, no matter what. Come, Mr Betts, you were dangling after that countess, you can't deny it."

"Ahem!" began Mr Betts evasively, "there were circumstances that—ahem!"

"Bah! Nonsense! She was the fashion, and you like to be in the swim. Don't counterfeit to me." For these two, having weaknesses in common, loved to stab at each other now and then. Being savage against certain faults when we see them in other people seems almost like an atonement for having them ourselves.

"Ah! what a world this is!" Mrs. Whipple ejaculated. "Sometimes I wish myself already over the dark river, and in that happier land where social complications are unknown." Then casting up her eyes, to indicate that she referred to a heavenly region, she sighed and ambled away.

Mr. Betts sneered mildly at her broad expanse of pudgy back, then clasping his hands behind him, began a quiet constitutional walk up and down the piazza, his long, slender, neatly dressed feet coming down toe first at every step with elegance and precision. Mr Betts was a bachelor of 60, possessed of a competence, idle and boasting sundry little ailments—a little rheumatism, a little dyspepsia, a little bronchial cough. He was rather tall and thin, had a small head, closely cropped gray hair, a carefully-trimmed mustache, delicate hands and irreproachable accent. Mr Betts, in fact, looked patrician, and he gave people to understand that birth and breeding were the points upon which he had the advantage of most republicans. His quiet yet impressive way of saying, "my father's house" or "my grandfather's will," was as good as a patent of nobility. He always arrived at Gibson's sharp on July 1, and left for West Point not a minute before or after the stroke of noon on September 1. It was his habit to sit all day long on Gibson's piazza, inhaling the sea air for the good of his health, and observing, in an eminently gentlemanlike and unobtrusive manner, everything and everybody that passed within eyeshot. Naturally, in this way he picked up a good deal that came useful for winter days when, at the Fogy club, conversation turned on the peculiarities and peccadillos of persons in good standing.

Of course it is quite superfluous to describe Gibson's. Everybody has been to Long bay. Everybody has wondered why a stretch of sea coast is called a 'bay,' and everybody knows Gibson's—the picturesque, low roofed rambling hotel, with its cluster of dependencies, pretty villas known as "Gibson's cottages." The great merit of Gibson's lies in its exclusiveness; one meets in that establishment only the "very best people." There is a Queen Anne chimney piece in the wide hall, a spinning wheel in the parlor, and little eyes of stained glass stare at one from unnatural hights and out of queer niches and angles in the walls. The patrons exclaim, "How quaint!" and "how æsthetic!" and every year Gibson calls in an architect and orders "more of them colored winders—don't care where, so's they look odd and more zig-zags and crookedness. The folks like a house all sorts o' crazy like." So the sleek landlord studies, in his way, the prevailing taste, bows before the mandate, makes big bills, has them paid without a murmur ("the place is famous so very nice, you know") and Gibson's is famous. Why, Tattleton Prime spends his summers there, keeping up his reputation as a society wit, and bringing his good company two dozen carefully studied tennis suits. Then, Miss Popsie Bennett has persuaded her father to buy one of Gibson's cottages, and she almost lives on the hotel piazzas. Popsie is such a well known belle that her real Christian name is lost. Baroni, the photographer, sells her portraits, and even the newspapers speak of her as "Miss Popsie." Then there are General Carter's daughters, tall, slender, accomplished, given to faultlessly executed duets, water colors, German and "culture." There is Miss Fox, a kindly spinster of uncertain age, who prefers Gibson's to her own fine place at Newport, and there is Duncan Scott, the languid and elegant, and there is ——. But the list would be too long. As Gibson says, when enjoying, among some choice friends, the midsummer spree which alone saves his mind from giving way under the pressure of so much genteel property "If folks as has money and puts on airs don't make a high-toned place, well, what does, I'd liketerknow?"

II. OBSERVATION

Evan Gibson himself, who only tolerated what was indisputably "high-toned," felt rather sorry for the modest, slender young lady who entered the lunch room with Philip Stevenson and came under the remarks of the company.

"Ha! So that is the bor ride! Looks rather niceish, doesn't she?" said Tatty Prime. "I used to know a girl that time at the cirque in Paris, and outside of the sawdust she seemed as mild as milk and as sweet as violets."

"What's all this?" asked Popsie Bennett, coming to the table with her tennis racquet in her hand. "Who rode at the cirque?"

"Houp la. Allez! A pair of shoulders like those," indicating with a glance Mrs Stevenson's graceful figure, "I've seen many a time behind a Roman chariot. Pass me the lobster John." Mr Prime rattled this off in his own rapid, inconsequent fashion, and Popsie exclaimed

"How lovely! Was she really one of those splendid Bohemian creatures?"

"State secrets," answered Tatt. "Nobody knows anybody may guess. Look at that, now. Give a poor old woman a penny," and he held up a lobster claw curiously folded in his napkin and made to resemble an old woman's face.

Everybody laughed, and Popsie, sitting down sidewise to the table said "Oh, you're so funny, Tattleton! And did you really see Mrs Stevenson in the circus? Oh, be serious, do."

"Go away child. Don't bother your grandfather," answered Tatty, putting on his eyeglasses and poring over a newspaper in imitation of a crusty old gentlemen.

"But, Tattleton, please" begged Popsie, "do you really think she was at the cirque?"

"Miss Bennett, I prefer not to be interrogated," Prime responded in a deep bass and with the frown of a stage bandit.

"Oh, you've heard something about her that's perfectly dreadful and lovely," cried Popsie ecstatically. "How delightful to actually have for a friend somebody who has been something dreadful or out of the ordinary, you know. I shall be introduced straight away after lunch. Pass the bread, Tattleton." And the hearty belle proceeded to make a good meal.

"Ah," said kindly Miss Fox, whose table was near Popsie's, "I'm sure Mrs Stevenson looks very pretty and very modest. Poor girl. For my part I don't believe in persecution, and I shall know Phillip's wife."

"Of course, ahem! of course," said Mr Betts, in an impressive whisper. "Decidedly. As Philip has made a disinterested and unworldly choice it is our duty to uphold and applaud him. A most romantic affair—quite poetical." Then he gave Miss Fox a peculiarly sweet smile that had long been reserved for her alone, but luckily for Mr. Betts the rich spinster was a woman of sound sense who knew the value of her property.

"'This beggar maid shall be my queen.' So swore the King Cophetua," declaimed Tatty Prime, using his fork by way of scepter.

Presently Mrs Whipple appeared carrying the coquettish basket of work which was sword, shield and buckler in her country campaign. If she wished to appear unobservant she knitted on some bright complication if people were to be surprised, she came upon them with "Oh, dear, I'm looking for my basket" if she had schemes afoot she fumbled in it with an innocently perplexed air." Just now she advanced lightly tucking some stray ends of crewel into the wicket trifle and by chance as it were, looked up just when she arrived at Mr Stevenson's table. With a start she exclaimed

"What! is that you, Philip? Can it be? Yes. Oh, naughty naughty boy! Been home so long and haven't called on me. And did you enjoy the year abroad?" And "Ah that's right," as Philip pronounced "My wife, Mrs Stevenson." "That's right. Married and settled. That's a good fellow. Ah! Mrs Stevenson you've caught my favorite boy. If I'd been a quarter of a century younger I'd have disputed the prize with you. But it's very nice to see him married, after all—very nice—very—ar very nice" said Mrs. Whipple in a murmuring diminuendo as she adjusted certain things about that basket, yet surveyed Mrs. Stevenson from head to foot. Then, with a "bye-bye, my dear—see you after lunch," she ambled off with a step that was as soft as a cat's, yet shook the floor by reason of solid weight. She stopped a moment ... to the Misses ... who looked up from their German novels.

"I've spoken to Stevenson's wife and I'm in a perfectly friendly way though, really, the poor thing never opened her lips—only sat and stared at me. But, of course, she is his wife and she has fine eyes and a good complexion, and, at any rate, she must be noticed."

"I do not see the necessity," remarked Miss Agatha, as she turned a page in Ebers' latest. Then Miss Clara, who was exactly like Agatha—tall, fair haired, with a small, regular, passionless face—added

"Really, it is quite unkind to embarrass the poor woman with attention. She cannot be accustomed to society." Neither of the Misses Carter allowed elisions or abbreviations to lower the tone of their Addisonian English.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Popsie Bennett, bouncing down at the table. "It'll be awfully jolly to know her. Just think what a treat to be on familiar terms with a lovely Bohemian—a creature who has driven a chariot or acted on the stage or gambled or betted or been at the *bal de l'opera*. I do so like something out of the common."

Popsie, being a beauty and a general favorite, could say or do anything with almost the certainty of being admired, quoted and imitated so she saucily shouldered her tennis racquet and marched straight up to Mr and Mrs Stevenson.

"Do forgive me," she began, "but I am not a bit formal and I so want to know your wife, Mr Stevenson. So glad to meet you, Mrs. Stevenson. Do you play tennis? Yes. I'm sure you do. Now I mean to take you under my wing. I'm always on the go, and you must be on the go too. You ride? Oh, of course, and you shall have papa's black Bess this very afternoon. She's wicked, awfully, but no doubt you're a capital horsewoman." Here Popsie looked searchingly at Mrs. Stevenson. "Tattleton Prime is going with us. You must know him. Everybody that is anybody knows Tattleton."

The bride's large, gray eyes had been opening wider and wider as Popsie rattled on, and at the end of her platitude of phrases there came a cold little answer

"Excuse me. I shall stay at home this afternoon."

But her husband, looking quite amused and delighted, said "If you won't go with Popsie, my dear, we can ask Mrs Whipple to our sitting room. She will be most improving company."

"Yes," Popsie hastened to second him, "Mrs Whipple can tell you ever so much that will make you *au fait* of things next winter. But do," she added coaxingly, "do let me take you under my wing."

Mrs. Stevenson bit her lip, looked appealingly at her husband, who nodded pleasantly in return, then she mastered some emotion and finally consented.

"Very well. Take me under your wing."

Whereupon, Philip laughed and sauntered away, while Popsie dropped into a chair and proceeded to business "Now," she began "you won't hang back or be overcome, will you? There's a dear! Just take everybody in a jolly way as I do. Don't show any shyness, any embarrassment, and the battle's half won. Frankly, you haven't been much used to society have you? Now, don't have any reserve with me for I do like you so much indeed, I do."

Mrs. Stevenson, for an instant, showed a little blaze of anger then she accepted the cordial grip that Popsie gave her hand under the table and replied, with shyness and hesitation

"No, truly, I've—I've never been used to anything like—like—New York society."

"Of course not," exclaimed Popsie delighted, "but that's nothing. Why, Petrolia Spurt came from the wilds of Pennsylvania, and in one season picked up our ways nicely, and had lots of *chic*. And there is Mrs. Clifford—she came right from the stage, and now she's ever so stylish and a capital hostess. By the way, you came from—" and Popsie held her breath interrogatively.

"From London," answered Mrs. Stevenson quietly.

"Oh, yes, one can hear by your speech that you're English, but—but—aren't you lately from Paris?"

"No," said Mrs. Stevenson, looking confused.

"But you've been in Paris?" asked Popsie, eagerly, "surely you've been in Paris?"

"Very often."

Popsie seemed somewhat satisfied, then said "Black Bess is very wild. Are you afraid?"

"I'm not afraid of any horse." was the answer, and it sent Popsie away in a flutter of delight to say to Tattleton Prime "She's very ladylike, but there's certainly something in her antecedents that she wants to hide. She was dreadfully overcome, poor thing, when I proposed to take her up. Now, Tattleton, I've invited her to ride Black Bess. Observe her well, and see if you can't place her exactly."

Meanwhile Mr. Betts had buttonholed Philip Stevenson. "Ahem!" said he. "Barnwell—Barnwell. I know people of that name in Boston. Did you happen to marry into some English branch of the family, eh?"

"No," answered Philip shortly, "I didn't."

"No?" drawled Duncan Scott, who was a lazy, long-limbed, heavy swell, with a blonde mustache and sleepy blue eyes, "No? then perhaps Mrs. Stevenson is some relation to the Connecticut Barnwells."

"No, she isn't," replied Philip, as he lighted a cigar.

"Aw," Scott went on, "there's a Barnwell who keeps a vewy good hotel in London. He has several pwetty daughters."

"Never heard of him," said Stevenson and turned on his heel.

"But he—aw—didn't offer to explain who Miss Edith Barnwell was," Scott remarked to Mr Betts. "Well—aw—there are fascinating women in the London shops, and the Bwitish barmaid is a charming creature and some governesses are——"

"Nonsense!" said Popsie, appearing in her riding dress, "my Mrs. Stevenson was no mere drudge. I won't have it so. She shall have trod the boards or kissed her hand from a trapeze, or presided at some wild revel like one of Ouida's heroines. Look at her in her habit, there standing by Black Bess. Did you ever see any ordinary woman with that poise of head or those shoulders?"

"Aw—well," returned Scott, "you cawn't be certain in judging women by their points. They're such deucedly favored creatures by nature and then so adaptable, too. Now, there's Mrs Stevenson's maid, look at her." Margaret, a pretty, well-formed girl, was just bringing her mistress a handkerchief, and passed close by. "That girl has a good figure—as good as her mistress by jove. Her skin is fair. Her hair bright and abundant. Let her chance to bewilder some old fogy or some well-intentioned young chap who has lots of money, and aw—what's to prevent such a maid servant from becoming a society leader and the toast of the town?"

"Margaret," said Mrs Stevenson in her clear voice, "you've forgotten my whip. Bring it."

"Is it the wan wid the goold handle?" asked the handsome creature, in a soft brogue.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Popsie, as the peasant stood betrayed, "there's the confutation of your theory. Mrs. Stevenson speaks charmingly. Of course riders and dancers and singers and such people have to be refined and clever."

"You've no doubt, aw, penetwated Bohemia to its heart, young lady," answered Scott, exchanging amused glances with Prime, "but as to refinement and cleverness, draw your line at the sawdust."

"Oh, well, pshaw! I won't be exacting. Let Mrs Stevenson have been an opera singer then, but a governess—never. She must have a history—a splendid, wild history she must be talked about, wondered about, scandalized and defended. Why, we shall go everywhere together next winter. My blue eyes and black hair will set off her dreamy gray eyes and blondeness, and I shall make an immense success of her. Goodness!" she screamed. "Look at Bess!"

The horse was executing a savage plunging war dance, but Mrs. Stevenson used the spur keeping her seat admirably, while the brute reared and kicked, and presently Bess subdued her nostril, lifted her slender legs to the slight touch of the rider's whip and owned herself mastered.

"*Acte de manège*, by jove!" exclaimed Tatty Prime and Popsie, with a triumphant gesture and "I told you so," hurried away to mount her own horse.

Then Mr Betts and Mrs Whipple proceeded to exchange very sensible views on the subject of mesalliance.

"Ah," began Mr Betts, "a low marriage is a great mistake. 'Birth and breeding,' as my grandfather used to say, 'birth and breeding can't be counterfeited.'"

"Undoubtedly," said Mrs Whipple, "this poor woman must keep herself well in hand to avoid committing solecisms. Why, although to spare her embarrassment, I waived ceremony and took her up as kindly as if she had been properly accounted for, she colored bit her lip, and was very ill at ease."

"Ah!" and Mr Betts pointed the words with an action of the middle finger, as if he were spearing some invisible prey. "Ah if there were to be dreaded nothing worse than mere solecisms, no low standard of taste and morals, no return to coarse associations. Well, well!" and Mr Betts paused from very repletion of matter.

"Yes," quoth Mrs Whipple, "and as to receiving doubtful people, between one's own conscience and the recklessness of society it's a sore struggle Mr Betts. Yet let us think of 'Forget not to entertain strangers' then again 'Angels unawares.' And with my little income—"

"You cawn't afford to cut Stevenson's millions," Duncan Scott cruelly finished the phrase. "Mrs Stevenson is beautiful and has ... manners, and perhaps she was merely a governess or there's no mystery at all about her antecedents."

"Bah!" snapped Mrs. Whipple angrily. "Why does a man go secretly to marry a lady? Does he keep his engagement hidden from his friends? Does he stick in the newspapers merely a couple of names and no word of his bride's parentage? 'Stevenson Barnwell' indeed!" For a moment Mrs Whipple was, of all spiteful creatures, the worst—a gossip balked. then remembering the other horn of the dilemma, she sighed "Well, well, there is a shining home above," and began to fumble in her crochet basket.

Miss Agatha Carter, who had overheard part of the conversation, looked up from a book to say "It is my opinion that Mr Stevenson's wife gives an *excellent imitation* of good manners."

III

APPROBATION

Whatever the whispered conjectures, within a week Mrs Stevenson was the most courted woman at Gibson's. She was singularly unassuming, gentle and courteous she sang pleasantly, sketched a little, rode, swam, and played tennis with the strength and courage of a man. As to her beauty that was indisputable. There were some who held that her shoulders betrayed too much muscular power, or the firm column of her throat was a trifle too long but nobody could cavil at the brightness of her hair or the purity of her complexion. Then her full, ripe lips were tender and womanly, and she had great eyes that were gentle and attentive when any one spoke to her. In short, Mrs. Stevenson had so far conquered prejudice that Mr Betts would say each morning, as she came down to breakfast

"Good morning—ahem! Mrs. Stevenson. The sun—ahem—seems hardly risen until you appear." To which compliment she always replied graciously, and sent Mr Betts away smiling and making bronchial murmurs of self satisfaction after the fashion of old gentlemen when they are flattered by pretty women.

Any questions as to her former life Mrs Stevenson evaded and was plainly on her guard against giving the slightest clue that Mrs. Whipple might follow up. "My dear," said that lady, smiling and peering even more than usual, and coming upon her quarry suddenly, "we are talking of the prince of Wales. Is he really growing bald? You're so lately from London that you can surely tell us."

"I really forget what people were saying about the prince when I left," answered Mrs. Stevenson. "They say so much, you know."

"But, my love, when you saw the prince was he bald?" persisted Mrs Whipple, quite folding away her eyes in beguiling wrinkles of good nature, and toying slightly with the work basket.

"He was—he was—oh, it's a long time since I saw him," said Mrs Stevenson, and began hurriedly chatting with Duncan Scott.

"And where did you last see him, my dear?" asked the pertinacious questioner

"At—at—the theater I believe. Oh anybody may see the prince. He goes everywhere," Mrs Stevenson answered, plainly anxious to be rid of the matter.

"Ah," remarked Mrs Whipple to Miss Fox, "that was a leading question. Did you observe?" She had seen the prince at the theater.

"Why, what's the use of harping on her origin any longer?" said kindly Miss Fox. "She is a delightful person and I really love her."

"So do I," declared Mrs Whipple with quite passionate warmth. "Don't, pray don't misunderstand me. I've no vulgar curiosity—not the least—but by knowing just what her position had been I would advise her more to the purpose in matters of etiquette next winter. I intend to be quite a mentor for the dear girl, and run about with her all the season. Philip has already secured an opera box, and an opera box is so much to my winter's comfort. We shall be quite sisters, shan't we, Edith, dear?" and Mrs Whipple touched Mrs. Stevenson playfully with the tip of a crochet needle.

"I beg your pardon?" said Edith coldly.

"I'm saying that we shall be quite sisters in next winter's campaign. I so long to hear the divine Patti with my sweet Edith's eyes beaming into mine. Sympathy is so much to the pleasure of music." Then the widow sighed the sigh ecstatic which was somewhat more *tremolo* than the sick devotional.

Once or twice there were disagreeable little scenes brought about by Miss Carter's sententiousness.

"To marry out of one's station is a most dangerous blunder and one that can never be kept secret," she ejaculated one day, suddenly looking up from a page of Heine and as suddenly abstracting herself again. Whether the phrase was in the book nobody knew and nobody inquired, but a general embarrassment fell on the whole group. Worst of all Mrs. Stevenson gave Miss Carter a quick inquiring glance, and then colored deeply.

Upon this, Miss Fox seized one of Edith's hands, caressed it and said emphatically "Persons are said to be judged by what they are, not by the accident of birth or station." Then Mr. Betts made an assenting murmur, and Mrs Whipple, with a dazzling smile, exclaimed "Of course." Tatty Prime's delicacy not being equal to his curiosity, he fastened his eyes full on Mrs Stevenson's face, which, while Mrs. Fox was caressing her hand, kept working painfully. Even Scott managed to indulge himself in a glance at the helpless victim. Presently Popsie broke through the constraint, and crying "Oh, you sweet, sweet, lovely darling!" threw herself upon Mrs Stevenson's neck in a transport of affection. So the flurry of opposition passed in a triumph for the gentle and courteous beauty.

IV

INFORMATION

That very evening, as Mr Betts, to breathe the air, yet avoid a draught, sat sheltered in one of the meaningless niches on Gibson's piazza, Mr and Mrs Stevenson passed close by him, taking the lover like walk which Philip claimed from his wife every night. The shadow was so deep in that ridiculous angle that they never observed the slender, motionless figure bolt upright against the side of the house, and they were talking freely. Although the snatches of conversation which reached Mr Betts concerned their own private affairs, as there was no intention in his choice of a seat, he felt no moral obligation to discover himself.

"Well," Philip was saying, "it was less bother to come here for a while than to take a house, when our own country place will so soon be finished." Then they sauntered on and when they passed again Edith was speaking

"Oh Philip, can they suspect anything? Poor, kind Miss Fox is so intensely American, and so anxious to impress me with the republican principles. Then, I fancy, old Betty Betts eyes me strangely at times and that dreadful Mother Whipple eternally tries to trap me with questions."

Mr Betts shrank still more into the corner and almost petrified there. "Betty Betts!" He tried to repeat the words to realize their full horror, but his parched lips refused their office. He made himself as small as possible and waited for further developments. They came soon enough. Mr Stevenson had slipped an arm under the drapery which Edith wore over her head and shoulders—a most graceful drapery it was—a gauze scarf of oriental design, curiously wrought in silver thread and rose color. One stray moonbeam was imprisoned in its meshes, and, as the loving pair stopped in front of Mr Betts to indulge their overflowing sentiment, they made a charming picture.

"Edith, my darling," said Philip, "ours was a true love match."

The young wife very beautiful with that glistening film about her face, laid her head against his shoulder and answered

"If we had waited for everybody's approval, we wouldn't be so happy at this minute, Phil dear."

There followed that little sound which defies all alphabets and lends itself to no phonetic system then Mr Stevenson, stroking his wife's hair and laughing softly said

"Ha! If the old tabbies here knew who you really are!"

"I suppose there would be quite an uproar in the house," said Edith contemplatively. "Yet how absurd it is that Americans should consider wealth and station so much."

"Yes," said Philip, "for half the aristocrats at Gibson's are descended, and not so remotely either, from soap-boilers or patent medicine or petroleum. Why, there's Betts, now, with his humbug about 'my grandfather.' That worthy ancestor kept a small rum and tobacco booth behind my grandfather's frontier fur trading station. The red man's depravity soon made 'Whisky Betts,' as he was called, very rich, and he gave his children education."

"Ha ha!" came Edith's musical laugh (though it sounded fiendish to the listener). "And so the poor, vain old creature poses as a patrician. How funny. Yet, after all he's not a very much worse cheat than I am, Philip. Oh, I do feel so guilty."

"Yes and what's worse, sometimes you look guilty," answered Philip. "Don't you think the truth had better come out?"

"Oh not here," pleaded Edith earnestly. "Wait at least until we get away from these dreadful people. There would be such a talk."

"And couldn't you bear it for my sake?" asked Philip.

"... fellow," she exclaimed, "you have the worst of the unequal match."

"Have I?" said Philip expressively as he held her closer.

"Do you think there was any meaning in the speech Miss Carter made to-day? Did you feel it, Philip?" asked the wife, anxiously.

"Bah! that girl is ... " said Stevenson. "She's an epigrammatic goose and happened to light on an unpleasant phrase. Don't torment yourself. Nobody suspects you—not even Betts."

"That worthless old Betty Betts. He's a stupid prig," said Edith. "But Philip," she added with spirit, "one thing is certain, I will not be bored by him nor tortured with that prying, offensive, old woman next winter. Mother Whipple shall never put her foot into our opera box—never, nor shall she adorn our receptions. Think of being confronted everlastingly with that ghastly smirk."

"She's an old nuisance," replied Philip, laughing, "and Betts is a genteel humbug. We shall not see them after they leave here." Then there came that unspeakable sound again, and the married lovers strolled away.

MACHINATION

In the morning when Mr Betts, as usual, went on sentinel duty, Mrs. Stevenson was already down stairs and stood in the sunshine talking to Tatty Prime. She said "Mr Stevenson has gone to the city upon business. He will be away a whole week." Then she took her parasol from Margaret, her comely and respectful maid, and sat down to enjoy the sea breeze. In a few moments half a dozen people had gathered around her and Duncan Scott was about joining the group when Mr Betts detained him with this sneering remark

"In my opinion, your devotion will have its reward, young man. That sort of a married adventuress is always vulnerable."

"In my opinion," returned Scott quite frankly, considering the cultivated impediment in his "vewy swell" speech, "in my opinion no gentleman will speak in that way of a charming woman like Mrs. Stevenson."

"I could answer you," retorted Betts, his small face blanching with angry passion, "but, by the way, "who was she?"

"Well—aw—puritanism is deucedly out of date and principle is wather—aw—bad form. I don't go in for either, but there's something about Mrs Stevenson that makes a fellow—aw—believe she's all right."

"Bah! Who was she?" demanded Betts again, with almost an audible snap of his thin lips.

"Tut, tut," said Mrs. Whipple as she brought the little basket to the fore, "that question is taboo. And ye are all children of—" A statific expression, as with an ivory needle she indicated the meridian, more than supplied the rest of the text. "Why dear Edith will be a society queen next winter. Philip has already bought a proscenium box for the opera season and I shall chaperone his sweet wife."

"Will you?" cried Mr Betts in a shrill tone and quite forgetting his bronchial difficulty. "Come with me," he added in a whisper. "Mrs Stevenson has, in my hearing, called you old mother Whipple—a prying and offensive old woman. Come with me if you care to hear more."

"What!" gasped Mrs Whipple, "what! Oh my dear sir, oh, my dear friend, tell me all you know. It's quiet in a corner of the large parlor."

Fully half an hour it took to impart the information and to make the necessary moral aphorisms thereon. But the deepest reason for Mr Betts' rancour he failed to expose. That story of his grandfather, which he believed was forgotten, if indeed it was ever known, had in a moment turned his very soul to gall. Although he impulsively repeated some epithets that insulted his pride, he would not, could not blot out the magnificent fairy tale of "birth and breeding," which he had conjured himself into almost believing.

When Mrs Whipple rose from the colony she declared, shaking both uplifted hands "Dear, dear! I've supposed full of horrors, full—of—horrors. Oh, how are we to keep the precepts when the wicked beset our footsteps? But, never fear," she added, savagely "never fear. Society shall know what a viper we've nourished in our bosoms. Feels guilty, does she? I should think so, indeed. I'll watch her, and I'll catch her." Then she emerged from the piazza, and choosing a station near Mrs Stevenson, who was looking very pretty under the glow from a pink sunshade, she remarked with effusion "You are charming this morning, my sweet Edith, perfectly charming."

Within five minutes Mr Betts had rehearsed the whole tale to Duncan Scott but this time, on cooler thought, he held back the epithets that touched his own dignity.

"We—aw—suspected as much," said Scott, philosophically. "Owns she's a cheat, eh? Well, she's a confounded clever woman to carry off her new position so gracefully. Morality and all that is a deuced bore, you know. Admire her. I do, by Jove."

"But she called our esteemed friend old 'Mother Whipple,'" explained Mr Betts.

"Deuced good name, too," mumbled Scott, under his breath. Whereat Mr. Betts wickedly smiled, but hastened to add "Mrs. Whipple can't be expected to endure the insult, but I'm quite with her."

Then up ambled Mrs. Whipple herself to whisper "She called him 'the wretched Betty Betts,' and 'a stupid prig.'"

"Well, if it's personal spite, you know," said Scott, "why—aw—heaven help the new beauty."

Shortly the band appeared and the players were making ready to give the usual morning concert from a little pavilion on the lawn. As the leader, a very good looking young German, strode by, resplendent in the fine uniforms furnished by Gibson, Tatty Prime mimicked his carriage and expression, and waved in derision an imaginary baton. The young man glanced up, saw the travesty and flushed to the roots of his hair, while Mrs. Stevenson turned on Prime sharply with a reproof

"Even a poor musician may chance to have human feelings," she said, then rose and with Popsie strolled across the lawn to the music stand, civilly beckoned to the leader and asked respectfully

"May I beg to hear that Strauss waltz you played so well yesterday? We enjoy the music very much." After adding a few more friendly words she returned to her chair, leaving the German beaming with delight. Prime, meanwhile, stood plucking at his mustache and trying to look unrebuked and comfortable.

"Isn't she a kind hearted darling?" Popsie whispered to Mrs Whipple, who, in her turn, whispered to Mr Betts "She naturally feels for persons of low station."

All went quietly for a couple of days, Mr Betts and his colleague sewing here and there, strange hints and pregnant questions, but in a quite impersonal way and only for the protection of society while they wore fac similes of their old smiles and kept very close to "dear Mrs Stevenson." Once she walked up and down the hall with a certain professor who was a learned man as well as a great catch, and Miss Carter, who aspired to marry into the liberal arts, remarked "Although underbred instincts may be subdued by authority, withdraw that authority and they run riot."

Mrs. Whipple promptly sighed out "Ah! I fear poor Philip ought not to have left his wife alone. She's a sad flirt."

Popsie Bennett, hearing this, spoke up very angrily "She's no such thing. I'm a flirt, if you please. Why don't you scandalize me? Here, I'll sell you my portrait by Baroni for twenty five cents," and the daring belle struck an impudent attitude.

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Mrs Whipple, flatteringly. "You're Popsie our own New York beauty. You're only brilliant, not improper, and (this with emphasis) we know your antecedents."

"Bother!" retorted the young lady ungratefully, and from that moment persisted in turning her back on Mrs Whipple's most affectionate advances. This defection was keenly felt by the widow and she complained bitterly to Mr Betts. "It's very hard for me, with my little income, to be at odds with Popsie. She goes everywhere, and this estrangement puts me off from a great deal. Now, to-morrow, for instance, I lose the races. I always went in the Bennett drag. Dear dear! Mr Betts people only laugh over our innuendoes, they haven't the slightest effect. I really can't be alone against the whole house and—and—there's judge not, remember, judge not, Mr Betts."

"'Old Mother Whipple shall never adorn our receptions,'" quoted Betts with quiet viciousness.

The flabby face took on a purplish color as she retorted "Oh, don't harp forever on that. Your own insult was quite as bad and much more amusing. 'Betty Betts!' Quite witty! Ha ha! Why, it really makes me laugh. For pity's sake let us end all this and find something that will take us out of this ridiculous position, that will openly disgrace her, something—we something tangible."

Mr Betts narrowed his eyes slightly as he recognized that Mrs Whipple was quite ready to pocket her pride and go over to the majority, and he congratulated himself on having kept secret the slur on his respected grandfather. Wrapping a silk handkerchief round his throat in preparation for an evening walk he said calmly "I have found something tangible."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs Whipple eagerly, following him as he moved away. "What do you mean? Why that provoking creature is prudence itself. She's under our eyes all day, and she goes to her rooms regularly at 10 every night. I heard her, but an hour ago, refuse a moonlight stroll to the professor, to Scott, and to Tatty Prime, one after the other."

"Come out," said Betts, coolly, "to that little sheltered nook by the parlor window, at 12 o'clock when the house is all still and you'll see why she doesn't walk with gentlemen."

"Good gracious! 12 o'clock?" I heard her say that by 11 she was always in bed and taking her ..."

"Indeed!" was the only reply, but so sinister was the tone that Mrs. Whipple stirred by a delightful horror whispered "I'll be there, don't fear. I'll be there." Copyright, 1885.

(Concluded next week.)

A BOY'S GRIEVANCE

What ails you? asked a policeman of a boy on Fort street, east, who had a rock in his hand and was menacing a woman in a dooryard

Look here, answered the boy as he dropped the stone and sat down on the horse block, she's been driving me in the awfulest manner

How?

She's my mother. Pap died two years ago and we've never been up to see his grave since. Every week she's promised to take me up on Sunday, and every Sunday she's said to me

Never mind sonny. We can't go to day but your pap's grave won't run away all the same. He's there to stay.

That's kind o' unfeeling, the ... remarked the officer.

You'll ... but don't begin with what she's said and done. She talk'd of mourning and began to drink lemonade and chew gum inside of three months and she keeps speaking of him as the late deceased. Last Sunday I wanted to go up and put some pansies on pap's grave but she gin me a clip on the ear and said

"Your pap's grave be hanged! I had to wash for six shillings a day to buy his whisky and tobacco and I'll pay to you if you don't quit your pestering."

I don't say as pap was perfection but I do blame mam for feeling so kinder gay over it.

Will she marry again? asked the officer in a cautious voice.

Will she! She's dying to! She's on track of five or six different men and she'll run one of 'em down unless they jump the town. I guess that's why she don't want to ... pap's grave ... before ... something I says to her.

... its a beautiful day ... you and I go up and see if anybody's ... a sunflower on pap's grave.

And he wheeled out ... and rolled off.

Pap's grave again! ... I'll have a pap around here that'll ... who'll wallop pap's grave out of you, if it takes a leg!

Humph! sighed the officer.

And so said the boy as he slowly counted the five coppers out of his vest pocket. I guess I'll skip. I guess I'll go to Arizona and become a stage robber. I'll learn to shoot with both hands and I'll rob everybody and when I get rich I'll come back here and take that second husband and mop him all over pap's grave and pound him to a jelly! You bet I will.—[Detroit Free Press.

Why He Never Missed

The prairies of the west are great places for wind said a telegraph operator. "I used to have a station in Nebraska, right out on the open prairie, and the way the wind blowed was a caution. But it was a lucky wind for me. At a station about thirteen miles west my girl lived and as I had no Sunday trains or business of any kind I used to go up there and stay over Sunday. But a livery horse from Saturday night to Monday cost me too much money so I rigged up a sail on an old tie car. All I had to do Saturday night was to hoist my sail, push the tie car out on the main track and in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. For more than a year I went to see my girl every Saturday night by means of that sail car. Pretty slick wasn't it?"

Yes pretty sleek. But do you mean to say that the wind blowed in the same direction every Saturday night during all that time?

"Of course I don't."

Well how did you manage it those nights when it blew in the other direction?

"Easy enough. I had another girl at a station fifteen miles east."

Miss May Ulrich, 1213 Southall street, Louisville Ky., states that she suffered four years with rheumatism in her shoulder, and received more relief from St. Jacobs Oil than anything she ever tried.

MADGE'S LETTER.

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21.—Upon the face of the civilized globe is expressed that veneration for wealth which lies at the heart of its social construction that servile respect for the individual of acquisitive propensity which condones the attributes of vulgarity, blatancy and lawlessness.

Paris, gay Bohemian that she is, laughs in her sleeve at the pretentious richness of Americans doing the continent, yet throws open her biggest hotels for their patronage, racks her fertile, feminine brain to design costly garments for their numerous women-kind, and shrugging her elegant shoulders at lack of breeding, priceless invaluable breeding, not to be suddenly acquired even with colossal fortune admits them familiarly to the fireside where nobility sits at home.

London, confirming her cold prejudice of caste in the children of her own soil, respects the equality of a country which sends heiresses from its bourgeoise to replenish the coffers of her impoverished best families, and graciously allows the gates of her aristocracy to swing back when the magic golden key is applied to the lock.

But this is condescension born of necessity fear engendered by power.

In California, young, free, glorious California, where caste is unknown and grades of society are levelled, and ancestry, heredity and blood are but epithets of scorn upon democratic lips, the aristocracy of wealth cries out for consideration.

Hark to its metallic voice! See, on every side its priests, in glittering mantles clad, bow before their gilded idols. On San Francisco's hills behold the golden calves in mangers appropriately adorned.

Oh! European cynic, and blue-blooded Bostonian and New Yorker, whose circulation courses in the respectable channels dug by Dutch ancestors, speak not lightly of the primitive west! In the religion of the nineteenth century she has surpassed you all. She makes no invidious comparison of individuals. She draws no line. She asks no credentials. She requires neither honor, integrity, respectability nor personal cleanliness. If there be Astors who will not receive Vanderbilts, there are no O'Connors who refuse to meet Finnigans. The San Francisco money buys everything. It buys virtue and it buys brains. It buys art—chaste, beautiful captive, bound and marked for sale. It buys position, privilege, opinion and the press. When "Her Majesty's Opera" visited this city appropriately styled the City of the Golden Gate the "Echoes from the Foyer," sung as a sort of pæan in triumph of the victory of wealth over the brains of the *Chronicle*, nearly drowned the sweet tones of soprano, contralto and baritone whose power had held the audiences of the world in silent awe. Rapidly the opportunity was seized upon to exalt the idol of the day to the hights of Olympus bravely it sang the joint praises of Calliope and Plutus. It was the exponent of that free democratic spirit which bows its neck before the aristocracy of wealth, spoken by the tongue that licks the feet of Crœsus.

Poor Crœsus! He needs all the plastering that he can get. Let us consider him stripped of the shining cloak in which toadyism has enveloped him naked to the eye of just unbiased opinion. His shape is manifold, his mood is various. He is not one, but many. His family is extensive. His origin ambiguous. He has been a miner, a jockey, a coachman, a saloonkeeper. He has dug the gold and driven the horses and mixed the drinks of the men who to-day eagerly seek his greeting of the hour. *N'importe!* He dug lots of it and he drove fast and well and he mixed carefully and he has succeeded. Hist! he approaches.

Observe that he is small of stature, wizen of face, mean of mind and shrunken of soul. Behind him, trailing through the mire, the record of his life, a dark and closely covered page whereon the names of men are written in shame and the names of women foully blurred, bearing the illustration of a divorce (?) case whose disgusting details are unequaled in the annals of his age or country, or any age or any country. His Nemesis, defiant, shameless, drives him before her, sharing yet increasing his ignominy. When the power of his gold has turned the tide against her, the working of her ruin will bring his release. Wealth is omnipotent, and ye faithful who receive him at your gates, ye have but to abide a little in patience and he shall yet marry one of your daughters.

Presto! change! Crœsus is big and black and blustering and bold. He is inflated with vanity filled to repletion with the flattery of his mistresses. He tires of the domestic life which recalls to mind the humble beginning, and pines for new worlds of women to conquer. Impatiently he flings aside the matrimonial noose, returns as no longer desirable the love of a wife, and gives her the legal right to bestow it upon a handsome youngster of journalistic tendency, who will make a nice play-fellow for her son.

This son is like papa. He is big and bold and he blusters, too. He is somewhat smoky. There clings about him an aroma which is neither *Frangipani* nor *St Jacobs oil*. He is endowed with the ready wit attributed to the land of his fathers, and it is not often tempered with decency, he is *un peu prononcé*, not quite refined. But he is nicely powdered over with gold dust. You may sprinkle above his a drop of Lubin's double-distilled—*pouf!* the rest is easily forgotten!

When Crœsus is large and bald and jolly when he has a charming, unaffected, unspoiled family and a generous recollection of the friends of earlier days upon whom fortune has not kindly smiled when he freely dispenses the wealth accumulated in California upon California industries and charities, one views him with consideration, and his fortune does not appear a personal affront.

To the hyper-cultured his manner may be offensive. The over-fastidious man of honor may object to the principle of monopoly which has carried him to the summit of success over the necks of other men, but, at least, it may be said, that he has no past against which he stands in bold relief upon its blackness.

Why is it that Crœsus is so often large? Is it that he fattens upon success? Just now he appears before us running over with bigness, coarseness, redness. His walk is a swagger. His air is a boast of wealth. His speech a beautiful unbridled brogue. His carriage is a flashing, dashing equipage. His house is built upon another man's stable. His wife, a singularly pretty person, with a face like a cameo set in gold, with a curious taste in husbands and a profound appreciation for money that makes the mare go.

Crœsus has families. *Place aux dames.* Madame is young or old, grave or gay. She is exquisitely dressed or she is execrably attired. She is less objectionable than her lord, since she possesses the adaptability of her sex, and she often brings up charming daughters to forget their grandmothers. She has usually a past as well as a present—but here our feet are stayed, for she has buried it and built above its grave a gilded sepulchre, and on it is inscribed "Let no one enter here."

Oh, ye *nouveaux riches* ye *nouveaux riches* How ye have brought the proud neck of cultivation and refinement beneath your plebeian hoof and danced on it.

MADGE.

Lincoln and Grant Literature.

The demand for readable matter about Abraham Lincoln writes a Washington correspondent to the Philadelphia *Times* is very great. The country is being closely canvassed for it. Original anecdotes especially meet a ready market. Contemporaries and actors with Mr Lincoln of any prominence are addressed personally and by letter for contributions. It is to be feared that some of them will owe more to the invention of writers than reality. The early life of Mr Lincoln is far from exhausted of material for entertaining narrative. It is hard to get, however. The explorer to the remotest period of his existence would be richly rewarded. No doubt time has given a value to what were trifles once. It would not be hard to gather many trifles of Mr Lincoln's presidential life in Washington from the mouths of those who knew him intimately and have very little idea how interesting they become when woven in the fabric so much in demand. General Grant's demise, recently occurring, will be followed by a flood of publications of this description. His lingering illness has given rise and afforded ample time for feeding the universal appetite. And there is no want of material. Grant's part in the war has been read and re-read and will still be read for a long time with ever growing appreciation of its incalculable value. It is what relates to his personal history that is in greatest demand now. His life in camp and field his ways and manner of speech have not been much thought of alongside of his great achievements as commander and his career as president. The simplicity of the man, his perfect devotion in the field to the one sole object of putting down the rebellion, and at the same time the total absence from that great purpose of the slightest tinge of animosity are not the least of what goes to make up his imperishable fame. A great character himself, Grant never acted or felt that he was great. Abundant as the supply of Grant literature will be it will be none too much for a considerable time at least. To come it will be a rich harvest and there will be few conscientious gatherers of this description of literature who will not be well rewarded. The universal wish is proof of the place Grant has in the popular heart, and how deeply stirred the sensibilities of all the people have been since the day it was known that he was suffering from a distressing and mortal illness.

At Easton a horse envied his master the comfort of a hammock and while the gentleman was dining the horse left his pasture and took possession of it. The hammock had to be cut to pieces to get the animal clear.

THE HOTELS.

QUIMBY.

A W Fly Tacoma
Ben Holgate do
C Button do
W W Acharn S L
Mrs W Byers Iowa
C Robinson Sden
A Nelson Independence
P Quinn Or
MrsNG Blalock WallaW
Miss B Harrison Alkali
C Rhodes Sparts Wis
C H Shedd St Paul
P Schneider San Fran
J J Hayward do
W I Crubb do
G F Adalson do
Mrs E Geisler do
J E Ferguson do
F Stock do
J P Jones do
J B Post do
R Redman do
H E Chipman do
J M Nooney do
T Youngberg do
O Dalley do
J M Melton do
P Praeper do
A Somers do
A Marks do
Mrs T E Brook do
I Wimer do
A E Cooper do
M C Beamer do
G Phillips do
I Hill do
D R Flint do
Martin Upper do
J T Williams do
H James do

C W Shaarkt Roseburg
D Walker ForestGrove
J F McQuaid Summit
J Campbell, Eugene
A G Shepard Omaha
Mrs A G Shepard, do
Miss Shepard do
John Shepard do
Miss Foster, Dalles
Mrs Foster do
J West Richmond
J Creary San Fran
J Watkinds do
H Hayward do
R I Sargen do
J Jaleler do
S Hamer do
MrsLEFerguson, do
M Fieldsend do
C N Pettys do
A C Hoyt do
C Petten do
J Maney, do
I Schafer do
W H Clarke do
N Laws do
Master Melton do
F C Clifford do
J Dute do
T E Brook do
H M Webb do
H Wagner do
M Gallagher do
J J Pringle do
A C Johnson do
Mrs E Wstechan do
P Lotter do
N Lamson do
W A Church do

INTERNATIONAL.

Thos Fisher, Fargo
O N Colby Grant's Pass
J B Anderson do
C T Brown Colville W T
Patrick Lee do
Mrs Lee do
C H McCowan Clarksville
John Segerprist do
Lewis Bergman do
Oll Anderson do
A Pederson do
Peter Johnson do
J J Larsgen, Eagle Cliff
John Frost Forest Grove
W Neelands Salem
A J Johnson Cal
R Winkley San Fran
C W Winkley do
G F Woodard do
Miss A Wingle do
B Wilson do
D McCabe do
M A Smith, do

Wm Willis Albina
Isaac Lucerne do
L A Churcher Evanston
W B Beardley Coyote
J J Watson Oakland, Cal
John Harris Kansas
Mrs J Harris do
John Shannon do
H W Heagy Missoula
Geo W Seatt, CoopersV
Ed Reese Kalama
H N Bacon Seattle
Mrs Harris The Dalles
Henry Harris do
John Doyle Tacoma
Dr I G Bryant Cal
Henry Craig San Fran
M C Lay do
George Volkers do
Mrs G Volckers, do
John Timms, do
W O Hobten do
C Natinlawitz do

GILMAN.

J J Murphy Salem
Miss Murphy do
Sam Creger N Yakima
F M Stout Dalles
Wm L McCabe Astoria
J F Betts do
H A Betts do
Gov Moody Salem
J H Thorpe Cleveland O
J F Robinson Cincinnati
Fred Loomis Jamestown
D J Long do
Ernest Wente Buffalo
Mrs J Werde do

C McCauley San Fran
W E Waters do
J R Harris do
Mrs J R Harris, do
M Danenbaum do
Wm W Dodd do
Mrs W Dodd & ch, do
F H Robinson do
Mrs J H Robinson & children San Francisco
S T Josselyn, Omaha
Mrs S T Josselyn & 2 ch
Omaha Nebraska
F W Dritz Dalles

MERCHANT.

C W Cool San Fran
R J Land Chicago
L D Goodsall Portl Me
Miss E Goodsall do
H J Dixon & wf Phila
H S Cook & fm do
E J Stolsburg do
R C Lippincott do
W G Hunter & wf S S
J J Hammond do
W Carlton do
J H Herkerner do

R Parmer Helena
J E Roberts do
C Paxton The Dalles
C C Grennell St Paul
H J Gilbert S F
F J Allow Visalia
H E Knight Ohio
Miss Hudson, S F
M McWilliams Canada
S J Davis & wf, S F
W G Hurman do
Mrs W G Hurman, S F

HOLTON.

J I Hallett Dilly
J A Porter Forest Grove
J J Dawne Salem
J F McNaught Seattle
E B Boarman do
B Barlow & wf Tacoma
O Sprague do
M J Kinney Astoria
F Higham Orkland
F Mungar N Y
Andy Mable N Yakima
H M Grant S F

Samuel Jenkins, S F
D S Hyde do
H F Deane do
John Prach do
M Ehrman & wf do
A H Mallory do
J C Eubank do
M Schuline do
C D Kyne do
A Becker do
F Y Young do

ESMOND.

J A Cheeley Evans Colo
T Moody Jr Idaho
B D Buford Illinois
D B Wilson S F
A H Sellers & wf Chicago
E H Sellers, do
J Stafford & wf U S A
Dr H Alderton Brooklyn
Mrs Alderton do
J B Drumenon Japan
W H Markell & wf, S F

Mrs Mead, Beaverton
Mrs Hamilton, do
W C Waite Omaha
W A Porter Philadelphia
H L Hall & wf, do
F Battles, do
W H Crosby S F
Mrs Clift & chd, Oakland
Miss L Clift, do
W H Hughes China

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

Letters remaining in the postoffice, East Portland, Oregon July 24 1885

WOMEN'S LIST

Brownell Jennie
Call Mrs Alice
Carlile Miss Hattie
Charleston Miss W I
Dame Miss Lizzie
Duncan Miss Emma
Douglas Mrs C
Fowler Mrs N D
Gra hart Miss Lilla
Haines Miss Violet
Harris Miss Ollie
Johnson Miss Jennette

Keaton, Mrs Ollie
Myers Lizzie
Moody Mrs Jessie
McDonald Mrs M—2
McCoy Mrs Mary
Morse Mrs Annie
Sager Gora Etta
Smith Miss Nettie
Schener Sarah
Smith Miss Cora
Smith Miss Ada—3
Tyler Miss Bertha
Witzig
Waldron Mrs H J

MEN'S LIST

Brann W A
Baker Chester B
Behan W
Broetje Fred
Bennett Hiram
Bouran John F
Buble J T
Bounes D
Bowker W I
Clark Ed
Chapman W F
Chapman H B
Chubbuck Henry
Coffman G W
Darling Norman
Deans W I
Dempsey Dan'l
Darling A S
Dolan Wm
Leles, Fred
Ferguson Dunc
Falling C D
Frang James
Fisher David
Green Austin
Green Mr
Graham Jas H
Gusord O
Gonzales Mr

Hoesly R
Harris & Glorteim
Huett Robert
Hill B F
Hamilton Al
Hamilton, Randolph
Johnson Chas
Kylea, H
Kousterman Al
Kelly A
Lyman H S
Lyniff Tom—2
Linderman C H
Moore C W
Morgan R
Murphy, J H
Maher Martin
Martin, Thomas
Marr James C
Murphy John F
Merrill G F
Myers H C
Margey Steamer
McNance Geo 2
McMahon J M
Nudenthal
Christ

Porter, J W
Porky, C
Pope J V
Plymath, S
Reims, Wm
Rath John F
Remelery & Co
Rhodes, A C—2
Roberts, J W
Strong T O
Schaeffer J W
Strain, W
Suksdorf, H F
Sjogrein, E H—2
Seaman, H A
Sutton, James N
Sents John S
Suttons C E
Sager Thomas L
Shell George
Turpin
Trowbe Thomas
White, Wm
Wrangle
Whitney H C
Wilson, Mr
Wilcox
Wranglef F H
Walker Mr
Wood, Frank W

M. COUGILL, P M.

That Mountain Mule.

"...knocks em all higher than a Rocky Mountain mule can kick."

As I was passing a car stable between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, St Louis one day last summer the above remark caught my ear. Turning, I saw two of the stablemen in earnest conversation. Now I confess to a friendly feeling for the mule. His meek endurance of insults and lashings excites my admiration. To be sure he is homely but then he does not aspire to shine in society and never even presents his claims to office upon the more highly favored politicians of his ward. But when his soul is stirred within him he can and does kick. It is his one protest against grinding despotism. Why should vain man ridicule and asperse his only accomplishment?

Filled with these reflections I demanded of the speaker why he too joined the thoughtless crowd in talking lightly of the mule. He replied "My name is Charley Smith and I work in this stable. I meant no offence to the mule. I was just telling Bill here, about that big attack of rheumatism I had awhile ago, and what cured it. I told him nothing touched it till I struck Benson's Capcine Plasters and they soon fixed me up all right."

Plasters, Mr Smith said I, 'as Brete Harte says about the Mississippi steamboat engineers—are 'pretty much all alike'

Scarcely said Smith there's no end of odds between em. I tried all they had in the drug stores and Benson's leaves em all out o' sight.

In what way?

"Why when you first put em on they warm up the sore spot, they go down to the pain and stop it, and make your muscles limber and strong again. The rest of the plasters don't do that. There's no use talking, they just knock all the rest higher'n a Rocky Mountain mule can kick."

Smith was incorrigible and probably rich and in mentioning the incident I only regret that it gives Benson's plaster people the benefit of a free advertisement.—J R W in the Tribune.

THE DEAD GENERAL.

Many Telegrams of Condolence Received by the Family.

ONE OF THE GENERAL'S LETTERS.

Mrs Grant to Realize a Fortune from her Husband's Book—A Rabbi Pays Tribute to the Dead Hero—Some of the Arrangements

MT. McGREGOR, July 25—The morning is still and sultry on the mountain. Hundreds of visitors are coming up on trains. A Sabbath-like silence prevails since the death of General Grant. Mrs. Grant has been seen by no one except by the immediate members of her family and Mrs. Dr Newman. Yesterday afternoon it was rumored she was so utterly prostrated that serious results might be feared, but it is now known that although the widow suffers greatly, yet she bears up bravely and no serious results are anticipated. President Cleveland was this morning requested to name the pall bearers to act at the closing obsequies. He will attend to that matter.

General Hancock telegraphed this morning to the mountain that he had received the instructions of the secretary of war, and that details of the military pageant would be attended to as here ordered.

The subject of the spot for a sepulchre in Central park is now to be settled. Authorities in New York City will doubtless exercise discretion in this matter, though Colonel Fred Grant has signified a feeling that a location at the north end of the Mall, near the lake, would be nearest to meet the wishes of the family. Either one end or the other of the Mall will undoubtedly be chosen.

~~A message~~ was this morning sent to Mayor ~~Grace, asking if he could and would furnish a~~ temporary vault for reception of the remains of General Grant, the suggestion being made that the family would prefer that the remains should not be placed in any vault that had already been used for reception of others.

One month ago to-day General Grant received his last retired pay check from Washington, and had he lived till to-day another would have been at his disposal.

General Horace Porter will arrive here to-day and Potter Palmer and family of Chicago will reach here Monday.

MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE.

The following messages of condolence were received:

METHERINGTON, July 24

Mrs. Grant—Allow me to offer sincere sympathy on your great loss. LORD RIPON

LONDON, July 25

Mrs. Grant—Heartfelt sympathy for the sad affliction that has befallen you. MRS MACKAY

TOKIO, Japan, July 24

Madame General Grant—I learned with much sorrow of the death of your husband. I tender you my sincere condolence and deep sympathy. PRINCE JOWHITO

Confederate soldiers of Helena, Arkansas, to-day sent a message of sympathy.

Mrs. Grant—Delaware tenders its warmest sympathy of her citizens in this great hour of private and public grief. CHARLES E STOCKLEY

Mrs. Grant—I offer my expression of deep sympathy to the widow of the great leader of the Union armies. COMTE DE PARIS.

President Diaz, of Mexico, sent a telegram, expressing his sorrow at the loss of so distinguished a soldier and statesman.

Ignacio Mariscal, Mexican premier, sent the following: "By instruction of President Diaz, I send you the most sincere condolence of the Mexican government for the loss of our great friend, the illustrious General Grant, and personally I tender my own and my family's heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement."

Mrs. Frelinghuysen, widow of the late secretary of state, telegraphs: "Pray receive my loving sympathy. We feel deeply for you all. I so highly appreciated the general's kindness to me in my sorrow, even when he was such a sufferer."

Governor Hill has tendered the family the use of the executive mansion during their stay in Albany.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

The letter of President Cleveland to Mrs Grant, and of which Adjutant-General Drum was bearer, is here reproduced:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 23.

My Dear Madam: Obeying the dictates of my personal feelings, and in accord with what I am sure is the universal sentiment of his fellow ~~countrymen towards your late Husband, I am~~ solicitous that every tribute of respect and affection should be duly rendered, and with constant consideration of your personal wishes on the subject. Adjutant-General Richard S Drum is charged with the delivery of this note, and will receive and convey to me any intimation of the wishes of yourself and children in respect to the selection of the place of burial, the conduct of the funeral and ceremonies and the part which may be borne by those charged with the administration of the government. With sincere condolence, your friend and servant,

GROVER CLEVELAND

Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mt. McGregor, N Y

The formal letters of Governor Hill and the mayor of Albany, asking that the remains of General Grant lie in state in Albany, and tendering the capitol for the purpose were also received.

TOKIO, July 21

To Mrs. U. S Grant: By command I present you the condolence and sympathy of their majesties, the emperor and empress, in the sad death of the illustrious and honored friend of their majesties. ILO HIROBIME, Japanese Imperial Household Minister

DES MOINES, Ia., July 25.—To Colonel Grant: Governor Sherman of this state suggests that the governors of all the states be invited to attend the funeral of General Grant. No doubt all, both north and south, would be glad to pay this tribute to the nation's greatest hero. Please give this to a committee authorized to extend the invitations, that immediate notice may be given. CYRUS BUSSING

ATLANTA, GA., July 25

To Colonel Grant: I sympathize deeply with your family. General Grant was a brave and successful soldier, and a generous adversary. G. T. BEAUREGARD

The suggestion of Governor Sherman will undoubtedly be referred to General Hancock.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S TELEGRAM

Following is General Hancock's telegram to Colonel Grant: "I have been directed by the secretary of war to take charge of the ceremonies connected with the funeral of the late ex-President General Grant, to command the escort and also to confer with you as to the time when I shall take charge of the remains, and as to the wishes of Mrs. Grant in regard to all matters pertaining to the obsequies. Please, therefore, send me full information at the earliest moment convenient, in order that proper and fitting arrangements may be made, and such as shall meet the wishes of the family, as expressed by Mrs. Grant, through you."

Colonel Grant replied, saying substantially that he would like to have General Hancock take full charge of the body and ceremonies, after the service here on August 4th.

A CONTRADICTION

It having been stated in some quarters that the remains of General Grant would lie in state here during the interval before their removal, it is desired that the statement be contradicted. On the morning of the removal the public will be permitted to view the remains, and not until then.

This afternoon a committee of citizens of Saratoga called upon Colonel Grant and requested that the general's remains be removed to Saratoga, to lie in state there in one of the spring parks. The request was denied. The family have accepted an invitation to occupy the executive mansion while the remains lie in state there. In New York they will be guests of W. J. Arkell.

THE GENERAL'S CHAIR.

The willow chair in which General Grant was wont to sit on the cottage veranda has been draped with black, and will be placed at the usual spot on the porch, where the general was so often to be seen. A heavy scarf of black is to-day seen on the entrance to the door of the cottage.

THE GENERAL'S THOUGHTS

An Interesting Document Written for Doctor Douglas on July 2

MT. McGREGOR, July 25—While in conversation to-day with a correspondent of the Associated Press, Dr Douglas read the following remarkable document, written by Grant in Douglas' presence, July 2:

I ask you not to show this to anyone, unless the physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it, and they (the family) will get it. It would only distress them all beyond endurance to know it, and by reflex would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain strength some days, but when I do go back it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of you being able to keep me alive until the change of weather towards winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that might carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under the circumstances I am very thankful [for "thankful" "glad" was written, but scratched out, and "thankful" substituted] to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to suggest themselves to anyone else. Under the circumstances I will be happiest at the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say to you and colleagues to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call, without a murmur. I should prefer to go now to enduring my present sufferings for a single day, without the hope of recovery.

As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time, to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprang up between those engaged but a few years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear kind expressions toward me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, all religions, and no religions, of confederates and national troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. So, to you and colleagues, I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death, to enable me to witness these things. U. S. GRANT.

A RABBI'S TRIBUTE

He Compares General Grant to Moses, and Recites a Special Prayer

NEW YORK, July 25.—Rabbi Browne, a personal friend and admirer of General Grant, this morning preached a sermon eulogistic of the deceased, in the temple of the Gates of Hope, in this city. The rabbi said:

"I wish to say, from this sacred spot, that the Jews have lost a great friend in the death of General Grant. I know that a great deal of irritation was at one time caused by Order No 11, and in reference to that order I will speak the whole truth. Last April, you may remember, I wrote an article on the subject, quoting my conversation with President Grant in his cottage at Long Branch August 27, 1845. General Grant later read my communication to the press, and said to Dr Newman:

"I consider it now my duty to make known a secret that I have kept these twenty years, and locate the responsibility upon the proper parties. That order came to me from Washington direct. I protested against it, but I had to promulgate it against my will. I shall make this statement in my book likewise."

Dr Newman communicated that message in the name of General Grant, the following Monday in his own house. Grant was a providential man and this was carried providentially round the world so that all races and religions should see the noblest American. Moses liberated three millions of people, his own brethren, from Egyptian bondage. Grant liberated three millions of people, of a race not his own, from American bondage, over the bodies of his own brethren, breaking the negro's chains. These three millions of broken chains the angels of heaven have been linking together, so that our American Moses might climb on his self-made path to the realms of bliss, and shake hands with his prototype, our own Moses of old. The day of Grant's death comes so near the anniversary of the fall of Jerusalem that the fact is fixed in the Jewish calender to be remembered by all Jews."

At the conclusion Rabbi Browne prayed for the departed soul, the whole congregation, by order of President Frey, rising and reciting the Kadish.

"This is a prayer," said Rabbi Browne, "never recited for a non-Jew before."

"We say it only for our dead parents," said one of the officers, "and no rabbi ever heretofore bestowed such an honor upon a Gentile."

Rabbi Browne and congregation shed tears during the eulogy and prayers.

GENERAL GRANT'S BOOK

Its Sale Will Place a Fortune in the Hands of Mrs. Grant.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The first check which Charles L. Webster & Co will pay as royalty upon General Grant's "Personal Memoirs" will be for a larger amount than any publisher has hitherto given an author at one time. The largest sum ever paid an author to the present time was $100,000, about the amount Lord Macaulay received for his "History of England." The ~~profits given Mrs. Grant for the first edition of~~ her husband's work will be from $150,000 to $200,000, and the publishers believe she will receive from it in all about $500,000. [No $50,000 as incorrectly announced a day or two ago.]

"The general's book bids fair to have the largest circulation of any book ever printed in this country," said Webster. "We have now about 4000 agents canvassing for it throughout the country. We expect to have at least 5000 out before its publication, December 1. The agents have not covered the whole territory, or nearly all of it, but their general success has been astonishing. Many of them dispose of thirty or more copies a day. No publication ever announced has sold so rapidly in advance as this has done. Sales have been equally great in the east and west. Our orders from the south have not been as large as from the north, but we did not put agents in the field so soon, nor have we as yet begun to cover the ground so thoroughly there. The first edition was originally intended to be 50,000, but we subsequently changed the order to 100,000 and it is now probable that 200,000 copies will be issued at first, the largest first edition ever printed. The paper to print it on will weigh in the neighborhood of 600 tons, which is far more, I believe, than was ever before ordered for any edition of a work of this kind. No one book binding firm in New York could handle so vast an edition at one time, so we will divide the work among several and for further convenience we will issue the second volume about three months after the first one, to give us ample time to handle it."

INSANE

John Schoolataker, became insane to-day, and went along the streets bemoaning the death of General Grant. He was arrested, and in court was told by the officers that Grant was not dead. At this he clapped his hands, and jumped and laughed with joy. He was committed to the care of the commissioners of charities.

AT VARIOUS PLACES

A STRONG EDITORIAL AGAINST NEW YORK

BALTIMORE, July 25—The *American* will to-morrow editorially oppose the burial of the remains of General Grant in Central park, on the ground that it is a place of pleasure and devoid of the solemnity that befits the grave of a hero. The article says: "There is an evident purpose on the part of shoddyhood in New York to make the grave of Grant a sort of show like the obelisk, the Bartholdi statue and Brooklyn bridge, and it will be impossible for American citizens of the future to feel for it the sort of reverence they feel for Mount Vernon. The burial at Central park will, to some extent, denationalize the grave. It will become New York's show like the elephant at Coney Island. New York is the scene of all that is most painful in Grant's life. It was there he fell among millionaires and sharpers and was dragged through humiliations unspeakable. It is true he received kindness and assistance there also, but who is it that is not grieved to remember Grant as a receiver of charity? The Grant that the people love and desire to hold in remembrance is not the Grant of Wall street, but the Grant who led the Union armies to victory, and who for eight years was president of the United States. At the soldiers' Home in Washington, he might find a fitting resting place, amid union soldiers who poured out their blood to earn his fame."

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN LONDON

LONDON, July 25—A number of American gentlemen assembled this morning at the residence of Mr Phelps, American minister, to arrange for memorial services in London the day of burial in New York of General Grant.

Cyrus W. Field proposed a resolution to appoint a committee to wait upon the Dean of Westminster and make suitable arrangements with him for commemorative services in Westminster abbey on the 8th of August, the day of the burial of General Grant in Central park. Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut seconded the resolution, which was adopted by a unanimous vote, and the committee was at once appointed. It consists of Mr Phelps, who is chairman, Mr Hawley, Mr Field, Senator Eustis of Louisiana, Geo. W. Smalley, Manton Marble, B. H. Brewster, ex attorney general, J. S. Morgan, J. T. Lord, Thos. M. Waller, American consul general, Howard Potter and Dr Harwood of New Haven. A sub-committee consisting of Messrs Phelps, Field and Smalley was subsequently chosen to see the dean and arrange to visit him during the afternoon. The sub-committee saw the dean who readily granted them the use of the abbey for the desired service.

AT SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25.—The executive committee appointed by different associations of this city to determine what should be done on the day of the funeral of General Grant, decided this morning only to have religious rites in the churches and pavilion. It was also decided to have a Methodist minister conduct the services, as the deceased was a member of that church. There will be no military nor civic parade.

Memorial services in honor of General Grant were held at Dr Messing's synagogue to-day.

THE CITY OF MEXICO

MEXICO (via Galveston), July 25—A meeting of American citizens, for the purpose of taking action regarding the death of General Grant, will be held here early next week. The tone of the Mexican press referring to General Grant is highly sympathetic. They eulogize him as a true and faithful friend of Mexico, and unselfishly devoted to the interests of this republic. It is noted here with pleasure that almost his latest words spoken by General Grant were those of friendship for this country.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT

ST CLAIR SPRINGS, Mich., July 25—Vice President Hendricks has added the following to the senate committee to attend General Grant's funeral: Allison of Iowa, Hawley of Connecticut, Cockrell of Missouri, Manderson of Nebraska, Ingalls of Kansas, and Camden of West Virginia. To-night Hendricks addressed 1500 people from this place and points around, speaking touchingly of the nation's great loss in the death of General Grant.

AT ST LOUIS

ST LOUIS, June 25—A very large public meeting was held at the Merchants' Exchange this noon. Eloquent speeches were made by both Union and Confederate soldiers, paying high tribute to General Grant as a soldier and a man. Resolutions highly eulogistic of the General, and expressing deep sympathy for the family in their bereavement, were unanimously adopted. The Merchants Exchange will be draped for thirty days.

CINCINNATI WILL OBSERVE THE DAY

CINCINNATI, July 25—All civic, military political and other organizations in this city have united in providing for a suitable observance of the day of General Grant's funeral. Beyond determining that a meeting shall be held in Music Hall the programme is incomplete.

IN FAVOR OF WASHINGTON

INDIANAPOLIS, July 25—In speaking of the place of burial for General Grant, the press of this city is unanimously of the opinion that Washington is the proper place for interment, and advise that if possible the change be made.

AT WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON PEOPLE STILL COMPLAIN

WASHINGTON, July 25—Continued expressions of disapproval and disappointment at the selection of New York as the burial place of General Grant is heard from officials in every grade, and citizens generally in Washington.

Said one of the most prominent officials in the new administration to-day: "The burial of General Grant at New York, with the ceremonies preceding it, will make it more of a state than a national affair. His body is to lie in state in Albany and New York city. It ought to be placed in state in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and then be buried here, beside the soldiers who fought with him. Under the present arrangement the army can do nothing more than it would do should it be called upon to assist in the burial of any other prominent general."

Citizens express sentiments similar to the above indicated. They admit, however, that if it were the wish of General Grant, or if the family have a decided preference that the burial take place in New York, further controversy is precluded.

This selection of Central park as the place of burial rather than other public reservations in New York is also specially criticised here, and the suggestion is made that the centre of Union square, for instance, would be a more fitting place for interment of the dead hero's remains, and the erection of a noble monument to commemorate our gratitude.

A general order in the name of Sheridan has to-day been issued to General Hancock, directing him to take charge of the military ceremonies connected with the funeral. An order giving directions as to the details will be issued early next week.

THE SENATORIAL COMMITTEE.

It is understood that the committee of senators appointed to attend the obsequies of General Grant will go to Mt. McGregor to be present at the private funeral at that place. They will accompany the body to Albany and remain with it in that city until it is taken to New York. They will also stay in New York City until after the burial.

VACATION POSTPONED

The President contemplated leaving Washington next Saturday, on his vacation, but the death of General Grant has made it necessary for him to change his programme, and he will not leave town for that purpose until after the ~~burial of General Grant~~.

THE GENERAL'S PAY

The amount due General Grant as officer on the retired list of the army, which will be sent to Mrs Grant by the treasury department, is a little less than one month's pay, there being no authority to allow pay beyond the actual date of his decease.

AT WILHOIT SPRINGS

The following persons have registered at the hotel at Wilhoit Springs up to July 22:

Mr Miller and wife, N Mansfield, John S Hawkins and wife, Wm Carpen, Mrs W C Barker, J J Shaw, Miss Jennie Gray, G. W Gray, Salem; Wm Jewell, B F Linn, B E Shepard, Oregon City; Miss M. Simpson, T A Otis, T F Hamblin, B L Stone, Joseph Harris, W Gill, J. K Hardie, H M Clinton, wife and two children, Portland; E. Duncan and wife, J Umphlies, Wheeler Church, W B. Gibson, East Portland; T J Harcley, Spokan Falls; Isaac Munson, Sprague; M. Geisey, Aurora; A Stogsdill, Canby; J D McCully, wife and child, Salem.

The following persons have been camped at Wilhoit Springs up to July 22: Mr Wade and wife, Marshfield; Mr Shields, Mr Arnold, Howell Prairie; Mr Kelly and two others, St. Paul; John T Foster, Hillsboro; Mr Kline, Mt. Angel; Mr Graywar and three others, St. Paul; Mrs Reid Thompson, Mr Allison, Mr Lambert and two others, Lafayette; William Murphy, wife and son, Howell Prairie; William Raney, wife and daughter, Salem; M. Gildow and four others; J D Ritter and two others, Silverton; J Roop and wife, Glad Tidings; J W Hedges and eight others, Howell Prairie; William Wehrum and three others; M Connor, St Paul; T W Clark and three others, Woodburn; M McGugan and two others, Oregon City; F Thornton and three others, Hubbard; M Johnson and two others, Independence; Mr Preston and two others, East Portland; Mrs Fryer, Mrs Lurber, Salem; S F Northcote and wife, F B Jones and two others, Brooks; Mr Durett and four others, Fairfield; W Herman and wife, Mr Stout and wife, Butte Creek; G P Walling and two others, Dayton; J Deryan and six others, Brooks; Mrs Brown and five others; Mrs Bower and three others, Woodburn; Mr Butler and two others, Independence; C I Hartley and two others; Elder J. Fullerton and two others; A Stevens and four others, Salem; Mrs Shepard and two others, Oregon City; Mrs. Umphries and three others; Mrs. I I Leathers and two others; J Buckman and three others, East Portland; Mr Pelland and five others; J Bellinger and two others, St. Paul; Mr Durnell and two others; Mr Miller and four others; Mr Rickey and two others, Needy; B. F Hamilton and two others, Gervais; J M. Smith and two others; B. Phelps and six others; Mr Judson and one other; William Isom and two others; F A Allen and five others, Silverton; O Neddal and one other; Mr Sayles and one other, Needy; Mrs Cook and one other, Amity; J Masher and three others; J Porter, Wm Boothe and one other; Dr Davis and wife; Mr McMiller and two others; Mr Ramsby and three others; Mr Mount and three others; J Skiff and three others; J Smith and wife; A. Wolf and four others, Silverton; Mr Van Cleve and two others, Howell prairie; Mr Stanley and six others, Tygh valley; Mr Gilbert and two others, East Portland; T C Simpson and wife, Russellville; J Knight and seven others, Canby; Mr Vandervort and wife, Needy; George S. Martin, Woodburn; Mr Thompson and five others, Butte creek; Mrs. Clarke, Woodburn; J N Grabbel and wife, Oregon City; Mr Kline and three others, Butte creek; George Morely and wife, Silverton; Mrs Dr Kessler, Oswego; Judge Bonham and three others, Salem; Mr Ramsby and three others, Silverton; Mr Aldrich and four others, Oregon City; T T Cox and one other, Silverton.

We Shall See

Boston Record

The New York *Sun* speculates as to the amount of "service to his party" that the president will wink at in democratic officials.

No words now can tell. The test will come when the fall campaigns begin to get hot. It will be like a leopard changing its spots and the Ethiopian his skin for democrats of the Pillsbury type to refrain from "offensive partisanship."

We shall see what we shall see.

A Mystery

From the Sunday Welcome

I can't get through my wool how the OREGONIAN makes out that there is three hours or any difference of time between here and Moun Mc Gregor, N Y. I didn't hear of any such as that in Indiana, where I went to school.—Editor *News*.

Thirteen is an unlucky number. It is for this reason that when a shopkeeper halves a twenty-five cent piece he invariably gives you twelve cents. The shopkeeper is unselfish, and as somebody must run the risk of bad luck, he freely takes it himself.—Boston Transcript

THE EAST.

Many Cases of Prostration Caused by Intense Heat.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN GEORGIA

Millions of Standard Dollars Being Secretly Coined by Private Parties—The President Makes a Number of Appointments

NEW YORK, July 25—The record of the week's mortality shows for the seven days ending noon to-day, 1094 deaths against 895 in the same week last year. In no week in 1884 did the number of deaths reach 1000, the highest being 980. The highest number of deaths ever recorded in an ordinary season was that of the week ending July 6, 1872, in the dreadful heat of that summer, when the record reached [illegible].

BOSTON, July 25—At the conclusion of the parade of the Second brigade to-day, just as the rear of the column reached the common, about 100 of the men fell to the ground prostrated by heat. About 100 others were afterward obliged to seek the shade of trees, and in a short time the services of all the physicians of the brigade were needed. Ambulances were sent for and some of the worst cases taken to the hospital. At least a dozen men are dangerously ill, and it is feared that two cannot recover. The men had been in camp for a week at Framingham.

PITTSBURG, July 25—The intense heat is unabated. This afternoon the thermometer stood at 98½. Several cases of sunstroke, two fatal, are reported.

NEW YORK, July 25—The highest the mercury stood to-day was 96. The close, humid atmosphere was at no time relieved. Twenty-three cases of prostration and four deaths were reported after 8 o'clock. At 1:10 to-night the thermometer stood at 80, and the air was next to stifling.

MEETING OF CATTLEMEN

ST LOUIS, July 25—A meeting of cattlemen interested in Indian territory leases was held this morning, when a committee was appointed to draw up a statement and submit it to the president, setting forth the inability of cattlemen to comply with the president's order requiring them to remove their cattle from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations within forty days, and asking an extension of the time to twelve months, before the expiration of which it is hoped to establish the cattlemen's claims in the courts. A delegation will go to Washington next Wednesday. Delegations from Kansas City and St. Joseph also go to Washington at the same time.

AUSTIN, Tex., July 25—The university board is about to offer a large body of Texas state lands for lease, and it is suggested that the board notify owners of cattle on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations, who have been ordered to move away by President Cleveland, that they can lease university land on very reasonable terms.

TO INSPECT INDIAN RESERVATIONS

ST PAUL, July 25.—Congressmen Holman of Indiana, Cannon of Illinois and Ryan of Kansas, special committee of the house of representatives, are in the city, on the way to visit all the Indian reservations in the northwest. Leaving here to-morrow afternoon via the Northern Pacific, the committee will look into the status of all the Indian tribes, their school facilities, etc., and many other things, see if the Piegans and other tribes are willing to relinquish their reservations and settle in Indian territory. The committee will also look into the feasibility of extending the limits of Yellowstone park down into Wyoming, so as to embrace several thousand acres of valuable timber lands.

AWARDED THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

NEW YORK, July 25—[Special.]—The committee on awards of the New Orleans exposition has announced that the highest prize for surgical appliances and medicinal plasters has been given to Seabury & Johnson of this city. This award covers the celebrated Benson's Capcine plaster, and their mustard plaster, both of which are recommended as specifics in cases of cholera morbus and kindred complaints.

FIRST BALE OF CALIFORNIA HOPS.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The first bale of California hops of the crop of 1885 was received in this city on the 23d inst., from the yard of R. J Merkley at Sacramento. The bale was sold to the Philadelphia brewery in this city at 25 cents per pound. This is no criterion of the market, it being the custom for brewers to pay fancy prices in order to have the credit of securing the first hops of the season.

MEETING OF STOCK GROWERS CALLED.

ST PAUL, July 25—The announcement is made that a meeting of live stock growers of Montana will be held at Helena August 26. The most important subject to be considered is the modification of the quarantine laws, the enforcement of which it is claimed has lessened shipments at least 30 per cent.

DEATHS FROM TRICHINOSIS

BALTIMORE, July 25—Johan Fougaru, his wife and a three old son have died in this city from trichinosis, and a daughter is lying in a dangerous condition. Pork was eaten on the 10th of May. These are the first cases of the malady known in Baltimore.

WILL BOYCOTT

PITTSBURG, July 25—Delegates from seventy eight labor organizations in western Pennsylvania met here to-night, and organized a trades assembly for the purpose of boycotting business men employing non-union workmen.

HOT WEATHER AT NEW YORK

NEW YORK, July 25—The thermometer at 5 P M registered 96 degrees. Six cases of sunstroke were reported up to that hour.

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS

PRIVATE COINAGE OF STANDARD DOLLARS

NEW YORK, July 25—The *Herald's* Washington special says: There is much more silver in the treasury and in circulation than has been coined by the United States government, and consequently some private enterprise must be engaged in making standard silver dollars and fractional currency of good silver, of proper weight and fineness which cannot be distinguished from those issued by the government. This has been for some time the subject of investigation by the treasury department. The government buys $24,000,000 worth of silver bullion per year, and with that coins from $27,000,000 to $28,000,000 standard silver dollars, making a profit of from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 per year. A private establishment, possessing itself of counterfeit dies, made from a proof piece from the mint, might easily make this or greater profit, if they could secrete themselves beyond detection. It is believed that a great quantity of silver current is the unauthorized coinage of some private establishment.

APPOINTMENTS

WASHINGTON, July 25—Charles Shackelford, of Colorado, has been appointed agent of the land office.

The president to-day made the following appointments: To be surveyor of customs, Richard Slinat, for the port of New Orleans; Joseph B Baker, appraiser of merchandise at the district of Philadelphia; Daniel J Moore assistant appraiser of merchandise in the district of New York; to be agent for Indians, J B Kinney of Missouri, at the Uintah agency in Utah.

Theodore D Jervey has been appointed by the president to be collector of customs for the district of Charleston, South Carolina.

PACIFIC COAST APPOINTMENTS

WASHINGTON, July 25—The following appointments of officers of the interior department have been made: J A Burns, to be agent at Yakima agency, Washington territory, vice R H Milroy suspended. Mr Burns served in the Union army throughout the war, part of the time on the staff of General Hancock. Truman A Allen of California, to be pension agent at San Francisco vice Henry Cox, suspended. Mr Allen was also a union soldier.

WASHINGTON, July 25—As the following appointment seems not to have reached some points it is repeated: Truman Hallen California to be pension agent at San Francisco, vice Henry Cox suspended.

COMPLAINT FROM MONTANA

WASHINGTON, July 25—Complaint has been made to the interior department that the Montana Improvement company has assumed the right to prevent lumbermen from cutting timber on odd sections within the grant accorded their road, and had also assumed the right to cut all the timber even on the odd sections of the grant. This company is said to be a limited partnership, more than half the stock being held by the Northern Pacific railroad company. The matter is under consideration by the secretary, and a special agent will be sent to Montana to investigate the complaint.

DEATH OF A RETIRED OFFICER

WASHINGTON, July 25—Brevet Brigadier General Charles McDougall, assistant medical purveyor, U. S. A., retired, one of the oldest officers of the army, died at Berryville, Virginia this morning. He had served over fifty years.

JOUETT ORDERED NORTH.

WASHINGTON, July 25—Admiral Jouett, who has been in Central American waters for some weeks has been ordered to collect the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron and proceed with them to the coast of Maine.

MORE TIME WANTED

WASHINGTON, July 25.—The secretary of the interior has received a number of communications from cattlemen since the promulgation of the president's proclamation ordering them out of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations, asking for an extension of time—forty days—allowed them for removal. In no case have they protested against the order of removal.

SPORTING NOTES

THE SARATOGA RACES

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 25—The weather was warm and cloudy, attendance good, track rather sticky.

The first race was won by Conkling, Girofla second, Aratin third, time, [illegible].

Second race, Alabama stakes for three year olds—Ida Hope won, with Elizabeth second, Banana third, time [illegible].

Third race, handicap—Won by Boatman, Euclid second, George L third, time [illegible].

Fourth race—Rossore first, Navarre second, Thady third, time 1:45.

Steeple chase, about two and a quarter miles—Major Pickett won, Captain Curry second, Ichintle pulled up, time 4:01. There were only three starters.

MONMOUTH PARK RACES

MONMOUTH PARK, July 25—First race, free handicap sweepstakes, three-quarters mile won by Richmond, Duplex second, Slasher third, time, 1:15.

Second race, won by Electra, with Buffalo second and Bard third, time, 1:14.

Mile and a quarter, three-year olds—Exile won, Katrine second, Maumee third, time, 2:12.

Mile and three furlongs—Lennox won, Pontiac second, Thackeray third, time, 2:25.

Mile—Rica won, Strathspey second, Elmendorf third, time, 1:47.

Mile, three year olds and upwards—Tattler won, Lelia second, Rico third, time, 1:43.

Steeple chase, full course—Aurelian won, Sunstar second, Rory O'More third, time, [illegible].

BRIGHTON BEACH RACES.

BRIGHTON BEACH, July 25—The track was sticky early, but later in fine condition.

Three-quarters mile, maiden two-year-olds, Unity won, Glance second, Unique third, time 1:19¾.

Seven-eighths mile, Joe S won, Inconstant second, Eulogy third, time, 1:31.

Seven-eighths mile, Belle B. won, Hickory Jim second, Prosper third, time, 1:31.

Mile and a quarter, Nettie won, Kellar second, Vibrator third, time, 2:15½.

Mile all ages, King Fan won, Radnor second, Marsh Redon third, time, 1:44.

Mile and an eighth, Harry Mann won, Jules Griffiths second, Talleyrand third, time, [illegible].

BASE BALL

ST LOUIS, July 25—St. Louis 1, Pittsburg [illegible].

NEW YORK, July 25—St. Louis 0, New York 1.

Brooklyn 10, Metropolitan 6.

PHILADELPHIA, July 25—Philadelphia 21, Detroit 1.

BOSTON, July 25—Boston 7, Buffalo 3.

PROVIDENCE, July 25—No game: rain.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN GEORGIA.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 25—Peter Stamps (colored) was lynched last night at Douglasville by a mob of 500 men, for alleged rape committed upon Ida Abercrombie, daughter of a well to do white farmer. The girl was 15 years old. A few days ago her parents discovered that she was about to become a mother, and she confessed that Stamps, who worked on the place, was the father of the child, and said he had a year ago outraged her, and at various times since compelled her to submit to his desires. Stamps was arrested and placed in jail. Yesterday Ida called her father and told him she was going to die, and before help could be secured she expired in convulsions. A mob was organized and the negro was taken from the sheriff, while he was trying to leave the country with him last night, and hanged to a railroad bridge. The negro said he secured the girl's consent to what he did. A post-mortem examination showed the presence of strychnine in the girl's stomach. Her child was found to be colored. Great excitement prevails over the girl's death. It is a mystery as to whether she committed suicide.

A DEFAULTING TREASURER

CHICAGO, July 25—The statement is published that William Starr, treasurer of the bricklayers' and stonemasons' union, is missing and that he is short in his accounts $5000. Starr was re-elected two weeks ago and was looked upon as a man of strict integrity. The funds taken leave the treasury of the association completely empty.

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION

KANSAS CITY, July 25—John W. Noble, (colored) was arrested here to-day, on suspicion of connection with the recent murder of Mary Baldwin at Atchison. The theory is that Noble was employed to murder the girl, by chloroforming her.

A ROW ACROSS THE CHANNEL

LONDON, July 25—The Oxford crew started from Dover at 10 15 this morning, to row across the channel to Calais. The weather at the time of the start was fine, and there was a dead calm. The crew expected to reach Calais at 3 o'clock this afternoon. A great crowd of persons witnessed the starting of the boat. At 10.30 the boat was one mile out, but at 10 45 it was making slow progress, as the tide was causing it to drift seaward. A dispatch from Calais at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon stated that the boat had just been sighted from there.

CALAIS, July 25—The Oxford boat crew arrived here at 2:45 o'clock this afternoon.

RUSSIA

BURNED BY INCENDIARIES

MOSCOW, July 25—During last night eight incendiaries set fire to a number of houses in Klein, a town forty miles from this city, and property valued at 500,000 roubles was destroyed.

ANNAM

NEWS FROM DECOURCY

PARIS, July 25—General DeCourcy telegraphs that the partisans of Thuyet are deserting him. DeCourcy has arranged to occupy Thanhoa, a rich province devoted to Thuyet's cause.

SOUTH AMERICA

DEATH OF A FRENCH CONSUL.

PANAMA (via Galveston), July 25—Count Savelle, newly appointed French consul, died here this morning of yellow fever.

POLITICAL EXPRESSION

Chicago Inter Ocean: If the historian wants to dwell on contrasts he will take the democratic party of to-day, after it has been in power for [illegible] days, and compare it with the republican party of twenty four years ago after it had been in power the same length of time.

Indianapolis Journal: Mayor Harrison of Chicago, is a reformer after the same pattern as Cleveland. Speaking of the contest for the mayoralty now before the courts, he says he will hold the office two years "in spite of h—l." If Mr Harrison were a republican he might be suspected of being an offensive partisan.

Boston Herald Mug.: The democratic party is in need of reform. This may seem a hard saying to the narrow partisans of that connection, who consider all democrats to be "good men" and all republicans to be "rascals," but it is nevertheless true that the democratic party must be reformed before it can reform the government.

Chicago Inter-Ocean: St. John proposes to live on yellow legged chickens and French temperance at $100 per day in Ohio this summer. St. John knows a good thing for St. John when he sees it. The whisky shops in Ohio would have contributed double the amount if he had stood out for it. They know a good thing for the whisky when they see it.

The Vicksburg Post (Dem.) says that two party organizations are essential to the public good. It calls attention to the fact that they exist in all northern states where the republicans constitute a majority. It further intimates that it is different in the south, and asks if it is not probable that if the republicans in that county should attempt to exercise their political rights the *Commercial Herald*, the bourbon organ, would not advise the killing of the leaders of the movement.

The Fisherman's Bait

This is the bait the
fishermen take.
The fishermen
take the fishermen take
when they start out in
[illegible] to wake so
early in the
morning. They
take a nip before they go—
good one all and long and slow
for fear the chill would lay them low
so early in the morning. And then when
they're on the street which they repeat each
time they meet for—luck—for that's the
way they greet and hail the morning. And
when they are on the river's brink again
they drink with a wink—to fight the
[illegible] the doctor's warning.
They tip a flask with true delight
when there's a bite. If fish is light
they "smile" the more till by night
all fishing they are scorning. An
other nip as they depart; one at
the mart and one to part, and some
when in the house they dart, ex
pecting there'll be mourning.
This is the bait the fisher
men fry who fishes buy at
prices high, and tell each
one a bigger lie of fish
ing in the morning.

H C Dodge

GENERAL NEWS.

Taylor and Cannon Issue an Address to the Saints.

THE OLD CRY OF PERSECUTION

Returning Apaches Killed Near the Boundary—The Queen's New Son in Law Considered a Poor Match for Princess Beatrice

FIRE AT OAKLAND

OAKLAND, July 25—Fire to-day destroyed a building and contents belong to the Manhattan Marble Company. Loss $4000, partially insured. The fire was evidently the work of incendiaries. The prevalence of incendiary fires lately here has induced the city council to offer a standing reward of $300 for the arrest and conviction of incendiaries.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25—Arrived—United States steamer Oliver Wolcott, Port Townsend. Cleared—Steamer State of California, Astoria. Sailed—Steamer Beda, Astoria; steamer Willamette, Port Townsend; ship Yorktown, Port Townsend.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER

4 P M—Weather indications for the next twenty four hours, fair all along the coast.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SAINTS

President Taylor and George Q. Cannon Issue a Characteristic Screed

SALT LAKE, July 25—A long address from President John Taylor and George Q. Cannon appears in the church organ to-night. It reviews the history of their coming here as settlers, reiterates the old story of "persecutions," makes the old charge of oppression here by the courts and deprivation of their "rights," defends the half masting of flags on the Fourth, says Zion will emerge from its trials pure and stronger than ever, compliments the saints on their heroic forbearance in enduring insults and outrages perpetrated by the present crusaders, and continues: "The conduct of the saints under these trying circumstances has been eminently proper. If the nation can bear and put up with such infamies as have been witnessed in these mountains we can. We cannot, however, at the behest of man, lay aside these great principles that God has communicated to us, nor violate those sacred and eternal covenants which we have entered into for time and eternity. It is admitted as a fundamental principle that states shall make no law 'impairing the validity of contracts.' If this is a correct principle concerning dollars and cents, how much more is it concerning the eternal happiness and salvation of man. While we always have a disposition to 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's' we feel it infinitely more important to 'render unto God the things that are God's.' We can afford to live for our religion, and if needs be die for it, but cannot afford to violate our covenants or perjure our souls before God and we call upon the saints, as we have done heretofore, to lean upon the Lord while passing through these afflictions, which are now being so unmercifully heaped upon us by implacable and deadly foes, who are seeking to crush out from our souls principles of human liberty, and place us in a condition of serfdom. Our hope and trust are in the living God, and he will come to our deliverance in his own due time, and will scatter the enemies of Israel."

They close saying: "Although we have changed our office from time to time, we have been able to perform our duties, with the exception of public addresses, as much as when at home. How long it shall be the good pleasure of God, our heavenly Father, that we shall continue in our present condition, it mattereth not. We have always to be resigned to his providence, and accept at his hands all that it may be his good pleasure to call us to endure, whether prosperity or adversity, freedom or imprisonment, life or death."

ARIZONA.

SEVEN RETURNING APACHES KILLED

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25—*Bulletin's* Tombstone special: Bandmaster Krager, 4th cavalry, just in from Huachuca, says a courier brought news from below Bisbee that Captain Lawton's command, now guarding the pass which leads to the reservation, intercepted a band of returning Apaches and killed seven. Krager also reports Captain Davis still in the Sierra Madres, making special effort to capture Geronimo.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

NEWS ITEMS FROM VICTORIA

VICTORIA, July 25—The run of fish is unusually large and packers are busily employed.

Arrived—Ship Helicon, San Francisco, to load at Nanaimo with coal.

Mrs Gallick, wife of the pugnacious Portland shoemaker, was arrested for debt to-day and is now in prison. She has the proud distinction of being the first woman debtor ever confined in jail here.

ENGLAND.

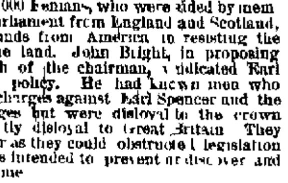
THE QUEEN'S NEW SON IN LAW

LONDON, July 25—Prince Henry of Battenberg has been gazetted as his royal highness and Knight of the Garter. This gives him precedence over the oldest, proudest and richest of the British nobility, and puts him in all court ceremonials far ahead of Princess Louise's husband, who is only marquis, and a subject.

NEW YORK, July 25—The *Times* special from London says of Prince Henry: It is not charged that he is vicious or specially bad, but in Germany he is spoken of always as "Schafskopf," and in England every one at least thinks of him as a dull Dutch beggar. Berlin held itself grimly aloof from the wedding and Potsdam snubbed Windsor openly. A request was made that Adelaide and her husband, the German crown prince, should attend, and that their younger daughter should be included in the list of brides-maids. The refusal is said to have been extremely curt. Everybody feels that Berlin in rebuking the marriage as a mesalliance, the Battenbergs as a family of poor adventurers, and Prince Henry in particular as a numskull, only put English thoughts into words and actions. It is known too that the Prince of Wales was vastly indignant at the match and only bore his part in the ceremony because he could not help it.

EARL SPENCER'S BANQUET

LONDON, July 25—A banquet was given last evening to Earl Spencer, late lord lieutenant of Ireland. Two hundred members of the house of commons were present. The Marquis of Hartington presided. He proposed the health of Earl Spencer in a eulogistic speech, in the course of which he commended the earl's administration of the vice royalty. Earl Spencer replying, said he had tried to do his duty to his sovereign and his country fearlessly in the sight of the world. He said that the crimes act was justified when passed, by the presence in Ireland of 30,000 Fenians, who were aided by members of parliament from England and Scotland, and by funds from America in resisting the laws of the land. John Bright, in proposing the health of the chairman, vindicated Earl Spencer's policy. He had known men who brought charges against Earl Spencer and the Irish judges but were disloyal to the crown and directly disloyal to Great Britain. They had so far as they could obstructed legislation which was intended to prevent or discover and punish crime.



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Dr. E. C. Brown, Diseases of Eye & Ear, 113 First st.

Pre— Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR and, not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded, and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliancy of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures

Hereditary Baldness.

GEORGE MAYER, *Flatonia, Texas*, was bald at 25 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is not a dye, but by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is

Turning Gray.

MRS. CATHERINE DEAMER, *Point of Rocks, Md.*, had her hair suddenly blanched by fright during the late civil war. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.

Scalp Diseases

Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and unsightly sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It cured HERBERT BOYD, *Minneapolis, Minn.*, of intolerable Itching of the Scalp; J. N. CARTER, JR., *Occoquan, Va.*, of Scald Head; MRS. D. V. S. LOVELACE, *Lovelaceville, Ky.*, of Tetter Sores; MISS BESSIE H. BEDLOE, *Burlington, Vt.*, of Scalp Disease and Dandruff. Torpidity of the roots of the hair, which, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As

A Toilet Luxury

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has no equal. It is colorless, cleanly, delightfully perfumed, and has the effect of making the hair soft, pliant, and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made, Bills Discounted and Commercial Credits granted. Deposits received on current account, subject to check; also on certificate. FRED'K TOWNSEND, Manager.

D P THOMPSON, President. | F DEKUM, Vice Pres't. | R L DURHAM, Cashier.

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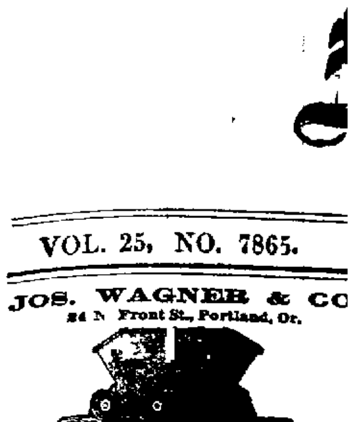

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